

THE



SIGN

A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

RICHELIEU

By Hilaire Belloc

CONDITIONS IN MEXICO

By Michael Kenny

CARDINAL GASPARRI

By Denis Gwynn

WAR UPON GOD

By G. M. Godden

MILITARY TRAINING

By Edward A. Connell

FLIGHT FROM PITY

By Arnold Lunn

THE FORGOTTEN MAN PRAYS

By Patrick J. Flynn

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THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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The Mexican Persecution

MEXICO has a new President in the person of Lázaro Cárdenas, and a new Cabinet, but the Calles terroristic persecution of Catholics continues unabated. There is small comfort to be gained from the fact that the new President studiously avoided all mention of religion in his inaugural address, or that Tomas Garrido Canabal, the leading Mexican Catholic-baiter, was not appointed to the Ministry of Education. The future presents a dreary and hopeless outlook.

The stories of suffering and brutality that eventually find their way north of the Rio Grande and into print are such as to astonish mightily the average American, whose liberty is the greatest and noblest prerogative of his citizenship. He has been taught from earliest school-days to hate and resist all tyranny and unjust subjection. The Catholic mind shudders at the thought of a land where all public worship is prohibited, where priests are shot down in the streets, where Sisters and nuns are forcibly evicted from the institutions of charity and mercy which they labored so long and hard to erect and conduct. Bigotry as we have seen it in this country is but the faintest shadow of the horrors of Mexico.

At the same time, a curious apathy exists among Americans and American Catholics toward conditions in foreign lands. Surrounded by the comforts and the safeguards of a stable and democratic government, and enjoying the benefits of full liberty and equality, it is difficult to envision the state of affairs in a country where such things are denied. It is still more difficult to become alarmed or incensed over them.

SUCH an attitude is easy to understand, but it is selfish and contrary to all principles of human brotherhood. As a consequence of this indifference and delay of American Catholics to unite and decry such evils, the United States is making no move to protest the atrocities in Mexico. The whole world knows that if pressure were brought to bear by our Government the Calles gang would think twice before acting so tyrannically.

Catholics themselves realize that the government must necessarily proceed cautiously in such business, lest a diplomatic *faux pas* be made. However, there are other ways of securing justice, mercy and tolerance in Mexico that are quite in harmony with the canons of diplomacy. The State Department must certainly be aware of these, in fact has used them when treating with other countries. Even aside from all thought of preventing religious persecution in Mexico, the Government ought to realize that any such radical and communistic machinations at our borders can have a very harmful influence if allowed to prosper.

The Mexican Government is insisting that religion, especially the Catholic religion, is antagonistic to the political and social reforms which it is seeking to put into effect. Naturally. The Catholic Church cannot stand aside and view without protest the denial of human rights or the inculcation and forcible acceptance of atheistic and communistic teachings.

It cannot be denied that the Catholic Church in Mexico has had more than its share of scandals, abuses and unfortunate blunders on the part of ecclesiastics, both

high and low. However, it is beside the point to argue that because of these sporadic unfortunate incidents there is a just cause for the persecution of the innocent or for the complete extirpation of religious worship.

The Mexican people themselves never complained about the so-called "evil influence" of the Church. The Church was always their friend and protector. For hundreds of years the Catholic Church in Mexico was the only one to defend and help and care for the poor peon. Meanwhile, the government sat idly by, enriching itself by the levy of unjust taxes. Now the Government, of a sudden, turns out the Church and asserts that it will care for the peons. The peons themselves do not want this. They want their priests and their churches and their parochial schools.

THE social science of the Catholic Church, Pope Leo XIII tells us, is: "not merely compatible with true liberty, but is always its promoter, often its author." We have but to recall the Church's outspoken attitude on the brotherhood and equality of man, her vindication of liberty of conscience, her constant fight for the betterment of the working classes and her vigorous pleas for genuine patriotism.

The Mexican people cannot help themselves in their sad plight. They are, the majority of them, poverty-stricken, uneducated, reduced to near serfdom and unable to organize. They appeal, through their bishops and priests, to those of us here in America who are bound to them by the ties of Faith. The answers to their appeal have thus far been very weak. With few exceptions, there has been practically nothing worthwhile done.

It is all very well to beat the air and bleat about prejudiced press reports, or to write individual denunciatory letters to newspapers, or to take a silly satisfaction in the fact that many Jews and Protestants agree with us, or to issue Jeremiah-like official statements, but such things can get us nowhere and can be of no help to the suffering Catholics of Mexico.

THE only action that can avail must be united and persistent. We are all members of the Mystical Body of Christ and should be willing and ready to raise our voices in protest and give our cooperation as soon as ever our leaders formulate a plan of action. It is high time that American Catholics shook off their apathy and unconcern in this matter.

The representatives of the Catholic Church in Mexico while fighting for freedom of worship are likewise working for the national welfare of the Mexican people and the advancement of Mexico against the lust for power and riches on the part of a handful of criminals. They are fighting for God and for humanity against a group of men who respect neither. It is up to the Catholics in America to aid them in their valiant struggle. Theirs is a cause to which none can turn a deaf ear.

Father Theophane Maguire S.J.

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CURRENT FACT *and* COMMENT

IT is very seldom that a member of the Rockefeller family breaks into print with any statement or opinion. The Rockefellers, as a rule, neither seek nor make the headlines. However, a few weeks ago the youngest of the Mrs. John D. Rockefellers delivered a short address which may well be taken to heart by others of the

Some Timely Words On Charity Affairs

great and near-great in Society. At the gathering of delegates of the Family Welfare Association of America, at the Hotel Astor, in New York City, Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, 3rd was asked to say a few words. It was her first public address and the committee in charge had quite a time of it in persuading her to say something. She finally acquiesced after two conditions were agreed upon. She was to be permitted to say what she wanted to say and she was not to be interviewed. Her ideas on charitable work and welfare endeavors have about them a ring of sincerity and manifest sound common sense.

"There is much committee-forming and arranging of benefits, and along with these a large amount of publicity. There is the use of influential names without much spirit behind them, and continual buying of tickets for one's own and one's friend's so-called 'pet charities.' All this leads a conscientious person to wonder whether things are not done for reasons far removed from the cause at stake. It is a fine thing to be known as a public-spirited citizen, and it is pleasant to read of one's activities in the papers. It is also much easier for some people to lend their names and subscribe a few dollars for tickets than to have to contribute time or thought. However, this is not the kind of contribution the social worker is primarily working for, nor the finest type of layman seeking to give."

Extravagant and elaborate charity benefit performances are too common in these worrisome and straitened days, when charitable institutions are finding it increasingly difficult to exist from one week to the next. How often does it not happen that some society will decide to run a benefit performance for some charity or other, and enter into all manner of disproportionate, foolish expenditures and unnecessary frills, while the hard-pushed recipient of the proceeds must be satisfied with a meager, often inadequate and even, at times, almost insulting percentage.

Most of our readers will remember the incident of the Beaux Arts "charity" orgy, with which the authorities of St. Joseph's Hospital on Long Island sensibly refused to cooperate. After the expenses for the dinner, the music, the decorations and other incidentals were deducted, there was left the magnificent sum of \$20.88 to be distributed among four charities.

There is no harm in staging spectacular extravaganzas, but when most of the box-office or gate receipts are used up in

paying the expenses, it is an egregious misnomer to call them charitable affairs. Charity is patient; Charity is kind; Charity seeketh not her own.



WE in America have our Fourth of July. Its corresponding day of pyrotechnic celebration in England is known as Guy Fawkes' Day. In years gone by, it was a day on which

The C. T. S. Celebrates Its Golden Jubilee

no Catholic dared to venture forth into the streets, for it was the day on which all Englishmen celebrated the discovery of the infamous Gunpowder Plot of Guy Fawkes. Peculiarly enough, it was on Guy Fawkes' Day that the great Catholic Truth Society was born. On that day, fifty years ago, four courageous and zealous English Catholic gentlemen gathered together and contributed sixty dollars in order to issue a few pamphlets from the private house of one of them—the late well-known James Britten, K. S. G., whose writings are familiar to many of us.

From this little beginning, there grew the flourishing C.T.S., which today is one of the greatest contemporary instruments for the spread of Catholic teaching and in the dispelling of anti-Catholic sentiment. In the fifty years of its existence, the Catholic Truth Society has distributed over 37,000,000 pamphlets. Last year alone, they sold or distributed 1,331,311 pamphlets, 21,761 books and 203,700 leaflets. It has, moreover, become the pattern for all such Catholic organizations, especially those which flourish here in America.

The statistics which are mentioned above disclose merely the lesser part of the great work of this organization. It would be impossible to estimate the good that has been wrought in the fifty years life of the Catholic Truth Society. The pamphlets or leaflets which were handed on from one to another served to open the eyes and soften the hearts of more than one Non-Catholic. As the London *Tablet* well remarks: "Even among our Catholic intelligentsia, there are men and women whose first drawing towards the Church came from these modest brochures rather than from heavy tomes of apologetic." Among Catholics themselves, the "cheap reprints of Gospels and psalters, the translations of Encyclicals, the Lives of Saints, the little monographs on crucial moments of history, the popular explanations of ceremonies and the Liturgy, and the booklets on Theology, moral and dogmatic, have done an incalculable work among layfolk whose Catholic reading" might otherwise have not included much more than an occasional glance at the Parish Calendar. In this way, the spiritual as well as the intellectual life of British Catholics has been wonderfully enriched.

THE SIGN heartily congratulates the Catholic Truth Society of England on its Golden Anniversary, and wishes it even

greater success as it enters upon its second half-century of Catholic Action.

At the same time, we would like to remind American Catholics that they have the very same opportunities of bettering themselves intellectually and spiritually, of becoming more intelligent Catholics, by supporting and reading the Catholic Press.

With the advancement of time, new problems and new objections have arisen to perplex and disturb the average Catholic. Anti-Catholic propaganda is not so much in evidence today. It has degenerated and become even worse and more inimical because, as was hinted, it is no longer anti-Catholic, it is anti-Christian. Day by day, there pour from the secular press floods of error and mendacity, conscious or unconscious, and there appear with increasing frequency clever jibes at old beliefs. Such things meet us on all sides today. The Catholic Press is probably the greatest bulwark of defense against them and is certainly their greatest enemy. Moreover, with the disintegration of Christianity outside the Catholic Church, the necessity of such a counter-Apostolate becomes daily more imperative.

The Catholic Press of this nation needs and deserves the support of every convinced American Catholic; every convinced Catholic needs the spiritual and intellectual advantages offered by the Catholic Press.



DURING the exciting weeks of the recently-closed football season, the sports columnists and writers for leading syndicates and on hundreds of different dailies were more than once hard-pressed for something interesting to write about. In such periods of mental jejuneness or when ever hampered by lack of material, it seems to have become an accepted custom to pad with cheaply humorous observations anent the fighting "Irish" of Notre Dame. The usual procedure is to run a list of "Irish" names such as Melinkovitch, Pojman, Schiralli, Vairo, toss in a few "begorras" and a column or story is presently born. One apt reflection on such procedure could well be that Notre Dame, even when not playing championship football, is still news.

A more sober and useful thought, however, is that Notre Dame is a genuine All-American university. It is a melting pot in the fullest sense of that much-abused expression. Notre Dame is the largest men's boarding-school in the world. It receives students from practically every state in the Union. They are mostly of the type referred to by our first families as hyphenated Americans, or they are the sons of hyphenated Americans, and are predominantly non-Nordic. These boys—the hope and promise of our nation—Notre Dame University takes for four years, moulds their minds and souls and then turns them out as men—real men and real Americans. Moreover, in this respect, Notre Dame is not unlike any other Catholic university or college in the land.

Our superior "Americans" may taunt and ridicule our Catholic institutions of learning for the generous mixture of foreign-sounding names on their student rosters, but they can never point to any Catholic college or university as an incubator for Communism, or a teacher of unpatriotic principles, or a breeding ground for all manner of immoral, un-American and dangerous doctrines. More than one of our older and better-known universities is deserving of such epithets. Some of these schools are supported by the hard-earned money of the taxpayers, while the tuition and various educational advantages and opportunities are free.

The government authorities need never investigate, and never have had occasion to investigate, radical tendencies or activities in any American Catholic university or college.

Catholic Colleges Make the All-American

Neither does the Government subsidize, nor has it ever been asked to subsidize any of these institutions. Notre Dame and the other Catholic universities and Catholic colleges are the only ones that can really claim the title "All-American."



DELEGATES from many dioceses in the United States and Canada assembled at Washington, D. C., on December 28-29-30 to attend the annual convention of the Laymen's National Retreat League. At the closing dinner on Sunday, December 30, they were addressed by Archbishop Amleto Cicognani, Apostolic Delegate

The Laymen's Retreat League Has Its Annual Meeting

to the United States, Very Rev. F. J. Sheen, Ph.D., and Hon. John A. Matthews of Newark.

The week-end retreat has proven its efficacy as the quickest, most certain and most productive means of instilling into Catholic laymen that interest in Catholic Action which is so vitally necessary to the Church today. It has succeeded in reaching men in every walk of life—from the policeman on the corner to the doctor and the lawyer, from the fireman to the banker, from the man in the club to the man on the street-corner, and imbuing them not only with an appreciation for the values everlasting but with a real desire to do their part in things Catholic.

It was not without profound reason that our Holy Father devoted an entire encyclical to the cause of Lay Retreats. He declared "that it was the burden of his daily prayer that Retreat Houses—as seminaries of Christian virtues—should increase more rapidly and flourish in every place."

Bishop Boyle of Pittsburgh, in whose diocese three retreat houses flourish, voices his desire that all the men of his diocese might enter on retreat for a few days every year. "It would," he says, "put them in a better mood to cope with the problems of the world in which they live and to be better prepared for the world into which they enter when they quit this one."

That statement sums up the retreat idea. And hundreds of men going out from retreat houses throughout the country week after week, carrying with them into shops, offices, factories, clubs, the faith, the purity, the charity, the justice of Christ are a potent leaven to lift the masses of men into a better world with a clearer vision of Christ and what the practice of His teaching really means.

"Men follow the man who follows a light" is an old saying. If the light in these men be Christ then there can be no question of the value of the Retreat Movement to the cause of Catholic Action.



SEVERAL years ago, a great deal of free publicity was lavished on the "Normal Child Development Clinic" at the Columbia Presbyterian Medical Center. A certain young married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Woods by name, gave this clinic one of their twin sons, for a period of time, in order that he might receive

The Scientifically Trained Child Can't Take It

special training according to the latest psychological, mechanical and physiological patterns. The other son, they themselves kept at home, with the intention of bringing him up "normally." At the end of two years their son was returned to them and the results of the scientific training were compared with those of the normal up-bringing. After living at home for some time, it appears that the youngster who was given all the advantages of modern scientific treatment is not nearly so well off as his supposedly less fortunate brother.

Johnny, who received the special training, is the ugly

duckling of the family. Jimmy, who was merely allowed to "grow," is the favorite of his five brothers and sisters. He has learned all the tricks of his more educated twin. He can skate, ride a tricycle, and even talk better than Johnny. According to the *New York American*: "he likes to stick out his lower lip and send a swift left to his twin's round face." Scientific Johnny's answer to all this is to whimper, and turn a fat, scornful back on his antagonist.

Of late we have been surfeited with silly tests and experiments in child behavior and up-bringing. The real reason for such nonsense is probably that these various clinics and child welfare institutions are desirous of publicity and attention. There has been too much talk of "IQ's" and behavioristic experiments. It now turns out that the most of it is simply so much "bunk."

Very few of us would care to have a child prodigy in the family. They cannot accommodate themselves to existing conditions. They are unable to meet and overcome the knocks and bumps and the adversities of life, despite all their training.

After all, what this nation needs is not a generation of scientifically or psychologically trained children, but a generation of children trained according to old-fashioned standards and customs. These latter can do far more good and adjust themselves easier to periods of depression and days of hardship than the graduates of any child development clinic. A halt should be called on all such ridiculous antics which, rather than effecting any good, are productive of much harm and, perhaps, scratch an entrant at the very beginning of the race of life.



IN his brief address at the opening of the Attorney General's Crime Conference in Washington, President Roosevelt struck an unexpected note when he referred in vigorous language to

President Roosevelt Deplores Lynching

the alarming spread of "horrible lynchings." Attorney General Cummings had, wittingly or otherwise, neglected to include a discussion of the

crime of lynching among the agenda of the conference.

Visibly moved with righteous wrath, the President departed from the script of his prepared speech and launched forth extemporaneously into a condemnation of this inhuman practice of mob violence which has so often disgraced the nation. He deplored the fact that lynchings are no longer "confined to one section of the country."

Farther on, Mr. Roosevelt called upon his listeners in every corner of the land to build up a body of public opinion which, "I regret to be compelled to say, is not in this day and age sufficiently active or alive to the situation in which we find ourselves." These are brave and timely words and should not be taken too lightly.

The stupid lynchings of negroes in the South still continue to be a blot upon our vaunted culture. There has been a recent and particularly horrible case in Florida. The "body of public opinion" in that section is so entirely with the lynching mobs that the authorities generally find it impossible to prevent them and dare not punish them. It has been said that Governor Ritchie of Maryland owes his recent defeat to the courageous and determined stand he took in a notorious lynching episode.

No one would be so foolhardy as to claim that the negroes have always been innocent of the crimes with which they were charged. But sometimes they have been quite innocent. Furthermore, in several instances they have not been lynched because they were guilty. The helpless victims have been lynched because they were black.

No matter what one's personal feelings may be on hearing of a crime or an act of violence, no matter how greatly aroused one may become with just anger and disgust, there is absolutely no getting away from the fact that lynching is plain

murder and open defiance of the law. It is a shameful and horrible business. It is a crime and should be dealt with summarily by the Federal authorities. Lynch law is no law and connivance at it makes for greater lawlessness. As generally practiced in this country it makes for bitter racial animosities.



IT IS a rare and unusual occurrence when any particular article or item appearing in the pages of THE SIGN is singled out for editorial praise. It has been our policy to let whatever

A Note On Recommended Reading

is printed in THE SIGN stand on its own merits. However, the present January number contains an article of extraordinary beauty which should

not pass without some slight editorial comment.

It is our firm conviction, and we do not feel the least presumptuous in stating it, that not since the publication of Father Leonard Feeney's delightful "The Brown Derby," has there appeared any contribution to the Catholic periodical press that can equal the spiritual simplicity and tender human qualities of "The Forgotten Man Prays," by Patrick J. Flynn. It is a remarkable and cleverly-written picturization of a type of soul struggle that is frequently met with in these days of widespread unemployment.

It is, furthermore, a splendid example of one of the highest forms of prayer which, peculiarly enough, seems to be indulged in by the most ordinary sort of people. Religious souls who study ponderous tomes on mystical ascension and contemplation, or who spend their days in the cloister, never having to combat a harsh world, and prate about mystical marriage, degrees of prayer and other forms of stereotyped spirituality, would do well to talk to God in the simple terminology and humble accents of "The Forgotten Man."

The author, a zealous young Seminarian, probes the soul of an average American Catholic father and reveals to us a story that is stranger than fiction. In a few paragraphs, a man's whole life is laid before us like an open book. The language is common, everyday Americanese but the sentiments expressed are vibrantly Catholic and the profoundest sort of devotion. "The Forgotten Man Prays" is a magnificent bit of writing. We recommend it unreservedly and enthusiastically to our readers.



TO Most Reverend Philip R. McDevitt, Bishop of Harrisburg, on his courageous stand in regard to conditions at the Hershey Industrial School, which resulted in a satisfactory

Toasts Within the Month

arrangement whereby Catholic pupils will be given the opportunity to practise their Faith. ¶To the *New York Times*, on its twenty-third annual appeal for the Hundred Neediest Cases. ¶To Rev. Bernard F. J. Dooley, pastor of Otter Lake, N. Y., on his being appointed Editor of the *Catholic Sun*, diocesan newspaper of Syracuse. ¶To the *Religious Bulletin* of Notre Dame University, on celebrating its thirteenth birthday. This edifying and interesting organ now has an extra-mural circulation of six thousand. ¶To Brother Albeus Jerome and Brother Aurelius Robert of the Christian Brothers, on the observance of their Golden Jubilee. ¶To Daniel Sargent, noted poet, author and teacher on his being named President of the Catholic Poetry Society of America. ¶To the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine of the diocese of Pittsburgh on the celebration of twenty-five years of splendid service. ¶To Rev. John J. Considine, former head of Fides Press Service, at the Propagation of the Faith headquarters in Rome, on his appointment as Assistant General of the Maryknoll Missionaries.

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

HEART CRY

THERE is a poignancy and a longing easy to understand in this beautiful little poem, "Other Women's Children," by Sonia Ruthele Novak. It appeared recently in the "Times" of New York:

I see in every other woman's son
The child who would have been my own.
I give my heart by pieces to each one,
And dare not picture him as grown.
Time moves along and I alone stand still.
I cannot leave what was to be.
Creation carries on its mighty will,
But not through me—but not through me!

DEFINITION OF A LIBERAL

THE following clever definition was taken from that sparkling and bumptious book, "City Editor," written by Stanley Walker, one of the wittiest commentators on American life:

A liberal, at the latest taking of temperature, and with only a few precincts missing seems to be a man like this: He is not a member of the Union League Club. He likes Jews. He frowns on lynching. He is hot for peaceful picketing and bitter against Cossack policemen. He is tolerant of both Karl and Harpo Marx. He wants to deport Dr. Hanfstaengl, here for a college reunion. He swears by the Bill of Rights, but is always tinkering with it, scraping and varnishing. He likes dirty books. He is a rabid individualist, stringing along with Thomas Jefferson Mondays and Fridays, and the rest of the week he is a collectivist. In short, he doesn't make sense. His label is frayed. He is a lost maverick wandering on the vast ranges of the world of journalism, politics and ideas. And he knows no brother.

DODGING THE ISSUE

THE "American Church Monthly," popular and widely-read journal of the Anglican Church in the United States, comments in rather forceful language on some of the goings-on at the recent Atlantic City conference:

Our readers are aware that the *Monthly* has always steadily set its face against that present-day evil known as Birth Control. We regard the practice as unnatural, as opposed to the moral teaching of the Catholic Church, as threatening the future of our country, as an evasion of responsibility, as debasing to the sanctity of marriage, as injurious to the individual, and as removing one of the deterrents to illegitimate intercourse. Accordingly, we were shocked and grieved when we saw that a resolution opening the door to this abuse had received a majority vote in General Convention.

The record of the vote in the House of Bishops—we have at hand no report concerning the Deputies—shows that a large number of the bishops did not vote on the question, the figures being in favor forty-four and thirty-eight opposed. Some of the bishops of course were absent for good cause, but others will have to bear the imputation of having dodged the issue. Of them, it might well be said, "I would that thou wert cold or hot." While the resolution is sufficiently clear in its purpose, it is so phrased in lofty language as to afford a verbal cloak for its supporters. There is no direct approval of Birth Control, and no attempt to give counsel to our people concerning it. Indeed, it steps out of the circle of pastoral guidance, and "endorses" certain undesigned efforts to secure legislation to free physicians from restraints to which they are now subject. In other

words, the Church abandons all pretensions to authority on one of the most important of moral questions, and turns the whole ethical problem over to the doctors!

Arguments urged on behalf of the action taken are not such as to command respect. One—that the facilities for information now possessed by the rich should be made available to the poor—is exactly the same sentimental and demagogic plea as has been repeatedly made for rendering divorce cheap and easy, so that its blessings may be extended to all. Another, that the abortions which take place every year may perhaps be lessened in number if conception prevention becomes general, parallels the defence sometimes made for licensed brothels—that thereby the purity and health of women of the "better classes" is guarded—and embodies the old fallacy that the end justifies the means.

We regret deeply the weakness shown in the passage of the resolution. To our mind it overshadows in significance and probable consequences every other measure taken by General Convention.

COMMENTARY ON AMERICAN FAME

FROM the following brief anecdote published in the "Evening Post" of New York, it would appear that, besides being fleeting, fame is a relative thing:

When John Wright and co-pilot, John Polando, flying in the London to Sydney air races, landed at Avignon on the Gulf of Corinth, a man came up to the plane who spoke English.

He claimed to have lived in the United States. Throwing out his chest he said he knew one great American. The flyers expected to hear the name of Roosevelt, Ford, Hoover or Rockefeller.

The man's chest bulged an inch further. "Once," he said, "I knew Al Capone."

A PRAYER

THE following brief but appealing prayer appeared in the "World Telegram," of New York. It was written by Mildred Forman, only eleven years of age:

O Lord of Hosts, of rich and poor alike, teach Thy people to shun the dreaded word of war; to fight no thing save hate; to love no profit save that which we may say was earned by the sweat of our own brow, not by the agony of our neighbor. Lord, teach us that money is not a god but a figure in the transaction of the world's daily business; that we must now, in these days more than any other day and generation, "love thy neighbor."

TRAINING FOR CITIZENSHIP

A TIMELY plea for more and better character training of our high school students is found in this editorial taken from the "Post," of Washington:

High schools are, or should be, training schools for modern life. Something beyond the essentials of classroom study ought to be an important part of the curriculum. Upon graduation the minority fortunate enough to be sent to college, as well as the majority which must find place in the world without advantages of further education, will alike discover an environment to which adaptation should be rendered easy, rather than difficult.

Character training is especially important in the schools at a time when one of the most fearsome of social problems lies in that great stream of adolescents which must annually

be absorbed by our economy. If these youngsters have for four years been discouraged to think for themselves, have been denied a measure of self-government, have been kept from expressing their views upon current questions, they can hardly be expected to lend much aid in solving the problems of democracy.

On the other hand, if they have been used to self-government, to developing their own resourcefulness to solve the problems of the school community, they will be that much better equipped when they are freed of classroom restraint. One is inclined to believe that the over-advertised McKinley student who has questioned and talked and given serious thought to the immediate problems of his own little social world may easily develop into a most useful citizen—assuming his case is sympathetically handled now.

MASS AT SEA

THESE lines, by Rose A. Carter, in the "Catholic Gazette," of London, may bring back memories to some of our readers. To all of us they present a vivid picture of the wideness of God's love:

So many tongues around me, alien faces,
Strange customs, stranger conflicts, thought and spoken,
Dear God, these are Thy children, many races.
Yet in this hour, Thy family unbroken
Gathers around Thee. Sweet and mystic fusion
Of tongue and habit, thought and keen desire
To join the longing of the heart and mind
To prayers of others, in the loving fire
Enkindled in the Mass, that great uplift,
Encircling all Thy world with guarding belt
Of worship, ecstasy, supreme soul-shrift!
Here, for a space, the things of earth dissolve,
And pass away and die, leaving the eager soul
Measure of freedom to her Maker due.
Raised is the Host, and raised the Precious Cup!
Thy hungry brood Thou feedest, all may eat
At this Thy Heavenly Banquet. Speech is stilled,
And strife no more exists. Thy glorious Will
Is consummated in the Holy Rite;
And though this day Thy loving Hand may smite
With peril or dismay, no man can take
The rapture of the morning hour away!

RECIPE

THE "Evening Transcript," of Boston, printed this excellent and easy recipe for a happy New Year. The author is Mrs. Stephen F. Bailey:

Take twelve fine full-grown months, see that these are thoroughly free from all old memories of bitterness, rancor, hate and jealousy; cleanse them completely from clinging spite; pick off the specks of pettiness and littleness; in short, see that these months are freed from all the past—have them as fresh and clean as when they first came from the great storehouse of time.

Cut these months into thirty or thirty-one equal parts. This batch will keep for just one year. Do not attempt to make up the whole batch at one time (so many spoil the entire lot in this way), but prepare one day at a time as follows:

Into each day put twelve parts of faith, eleven of patience, ten of courage, nine of work (some people omit this ingredient and so spoil the flavor of the rest), eight of hope, seven of fidelity, six of liberality, five of kindness, four of rest (leaving this out is like leaving the oil out of the salad—don't do it), three of prayer, two of meditation and one well selected resolution. If you have no conscientious scruples, put in about a teaspoonful of good spirits, a dash of fun, a pinch of folly, a sprinkling of play and a heaping cupful of good humor.

Pour into the whole love ad libitum and mix with a vim.

Cook thoroughly in a fervent heat; garnish with a few smiles and a sprig of joy; then serve with quietness, unselfishness and cheerfulness and a happy year is a certainty.

BAD INFLUENCE OF THE RADIO

ANOTHER example of how children become hardened to crime and violence is revealed in the following excerpt from the "Free Press," of Detroit:

"As a mother, I object most strenuously to exposing my children to certain daily broadcasts which are essentially lessons in crime, dramatizing counterfeiting, robbery, kidnapping and killing," says a "Voice of the People" correspondent. "It is my opinion that this type of program has a more harmful effect upon the young child than many mothers realize."

We think the protest is justified. The type of radio program against which the correspondent protests is familiar to every habitual user of a receiving set. While it does not necessarily glorify crime, it is highly colored, super-exciting for children, and even for many adults, and provides an "education" in the ways of crime and criminals which is not at all desirable.

This sort of radio "entertainment" is the more open to protest because it is extremely difficult to protect youngsters against it. The reading of children can be supervised to an extent, and their attendance at movies regulated, but the radio comes directly into the home, and protection against undesirable offerings is extremely hard to provide.

THAT'S GRATITUDE

H. E. Y., in the "New Yorker," gives us a sample of a taxi driver's philosophy, set down in all the richness and full-flavor of the American argot:

If it's all right with you, lady, I'll take you through Forty-seventh Street. Forty-fifth Street ain't no good now that they're building a new station. I allays says the west-bounds that are allays time-savers are Thirty-first, Thirty-seventh, Forty-first and Forty-seventh. See, I thought that out. That's why I'm different. You know a knife and butter—well, that's how I handle my car—just like a knife in butter, easy and soft. We drivers have a big responsibility. We have to protect the dreamers. Now, see that lady crossin' in front of me? She's a dreamer. She don't know that I coulda killed her. She'll never know—but then, that's the way with gratitude in this world, lady.

SCANDINAVIA AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

A CORRESPONDENT who signs himself Athel, in the London "Universe," recounts his impressions and some of his experiences during a recent visit to Sweden:

I travelled to Sweden by a small coastwise tanker. Our destination was Landskrona, which we made in four days, arriving at 6 o'clock on a gloriously fine Sunday morning. Looking towards the shore Landskrona seemed to nestle in contented slumber, but when the ship's pilot told me that there was no Catholic church in Landskrona I felt instead that Landskrona must then, indeed, be dead.

But not quite—it seemed that Mass was offered there once a month in a place which to the pilot was of little significance. Enquiring for the nearest Catholic church I learned that there was one at Malmo, 20 kms. distant. "Could I get there in time for Mass?" "Yes, a bus leaves Landskrona at 8 o'clock, arriving at Malmo within two hours." The journey was a great pleasure: the driver skillfully handling the vehicle over a well known motor racing road through delightful country. Seemingly, going to Mass was not to be so difficult after all.

Arrived at Malmo I was pleased to see the Catholic Church of St. Elizabeth prominently situated in the main square. High Mass was at 11 o'clock, so with half an hour to spare I went inside, and after making myself at home fell to gazing

round, opening odd prayer books and perusing a small Catholic newspaper on sale at the end of my bench.

As I turned over the leaves of one of the prayer books, strange to relate, I came upon a prayer composed by Pope Leo XIII in 1884 printed in English, in leaflet form, offering one liberal indulgences if one would but pray for the conversion of Scandinavia. Fifty years ago others had been asked to pray for Scandinavia and during that time the necessity had not eased one bit—and yet, to-day, still there was no Catholic church in Landskrona (a very important town), and as I was to learn later very little of the Catholic Church in the whole of Sweden. I wondered if the reason for this lay not in some neglect of heeding Pope Leo's plea. . . . Fifty years had gone and yet Sweden could now only boast 4,000 Catholics served by 17 churches and chapels, 21 priests of six religious orders, namely the Dominicans, the Society of Jesus, the Society of the Sacred Heart, the Elizabethan Sisters, the modern Brigidines, and the Sisters of St. Joseph. There are no enclosed orders because they are "not allowed by law."

After Mass I met Fr. William Meyerick, priest in charge of the church at Malmo, a Dutchman who has labored for 22 years in Sweden. From him I learned the above facts and figures. He was very pleased at the progress the Church was making in Sweden, but wished that it was quicker. He lamented that Sweden had not what we in England had—a flourishing Catholic Truth Society. Their only Catholic publication was effective only in a small degree. Fr. William said that the east coast of Sweden, from Gothenburg to Malmo, was served by three priests—and to-morrow he, himself, was to pay a sick call 200 kms. away.

Sweden is a gracious country and its people no less so. Strange that such a people should know so little of the Catholic Church. The big Lutheran church overlooking Landskrona Harbor would but permit me to gaze inside through funny little wicket gates. From what I could see it was very fine. Our Lord was beautifully figured over the sanctuary. But, in the words of our ship's agent, "the size of the congregation depends upon who is preaching."

Just before I left Malmo Fr. Meyerick said to me, "Yes, Sweden needs a lot of prayers," and somewhat rashly I promised to get the Catholics of England to pray for Sweden. I know that Catholics in Sweden have already been helped by Englishmen because did I not see that the brave little Catholic publication which I picked up in the Church of St. Elizabeth had devoted about one-third of its limited space to the story of the English martyrs?

PROGRESS

By Hilaire Belloc

OF old when folk lay sick and sorely tried
The doctors gave them physic, and they died.
But here's a happier age: for now we know
Both how to make men sick and keep them so.

NURK—A CITY IN NEW JERSEY

WHEN the ring of a telephone interrupts a pinochle game, anything is likely to happen, as may be seen from the following anecdote taken from the "Sun," of New York:

The phone z-z-zinged and the best pinochle player between Here and There said, "Hello."

"This," said a voice, "is Nurk."

"Is who?"

"Is Nurk."

"Is what?"

"Nurk! Nurk! Nurk! Aintcha got any ears?"

"One," said the Pinochle Peer, "too many, if you ask me."

"Now listen!" said the voice, "this is Nurk. Nurk in New Joisey."

The Pinochle Prince started and then beamed. It was, after all, as plain as pie once you got the idea. Newark,

New Jersey's distinguished and populous Newark. A nice town, even if you don't think much of the flats and the ferries or of Hoboken, either, since Chris Morley checked out.

"Right," said the King of Pinochlers. "Nurk! New Joisey, calling. Go on from there and keep to the point." He frowned at himself and hastily apologized. "Excuse it, please. I mean 'pernt,' of course."

OOKEY DOKE

THE gentleman who conducts the column "A Line o' Type or Two" in the "Chicago Tribune" has discovered six substitutes for the word "Yes." At that, he only scratched the surface. There are many others:

Cecil B. De Mille, the w. k. movie impresario, says that if we Americans keep dropping consonants when we talk there will be no recognizable English spoken in this country. And there'll be no "yes men." For Americans simply can't say "yes" any more. Mr. De Mille declares they can only answer in the affirmative by saying "yeah." But that isn't entirely correct. All Americans do not say "yeah." I tried out six people yesterday and in answer to my questions they answered in the affirmative as follows: (1) "Yeah"; (2) "Yuh"; (3) "Yip"; (4) "Huh"; (5) "You sed it"; (6) "All rightie."

But not a one said "yeah."

BUSINESS CARD

THE "Wall Street Journal," of New York, chronicles the inception of a brand new sort of business that should become very popular among the younger generation:

An enterprising youngster has started a new business. His business card gives the following information:

Mr. Gerald Allen, Jr.
Personal Escorter
Tots and Kiddies took
to school and returned,
prompt in perfect condishin—if received that way. Military discipline. Rates 25c a week. Refined conversashin. No extra charge for nose wipin. All I ast is a trial.

LIKE FATHER LIKE SON

A SERIOUS domestic problem is apparent from the following letter that a harassed mother wrote to teacher. From the "Tribune," of Altoona:

A school teacher in Fredonia received the following note from the mother of one of her pupils: "Deer Mis. You write me about whippin' Sammy. I hereby give you permishun to beet him up any time it is necessary to lurn his lessens. He is just like his father—you have to lurn him with a club. Pound nolege into him. I want him to get it, and don't pay attenshun to what his father sez. I'll handel him."

CLEANINGS

The *intelligentsia* have the same relation to the intellectuals as a gent has to a gentleman!—Stanley Baldwin.

Movie audiences knew nothing of Henry VIII beyond the fact that he had six wives.—Franklin Dyall.

When a man of brains tells you to beware of the brain trust, do not argue with him, search him.—Harold L. Ickes.

Women have learned it is a privilege, not a burden, to stay at home.—Mrs. Thomas A. Edison.

We assume that a college graduate can write, at least correctly if not with distinction, but there is little else we can fairly assume.—Robert Withington.

A Hollywood movie actress has left her husband after twelve days. When a picture star lives that long with her own husband it's news.—H. I. Phillips.

CARDINAL GASPARRI

By Denis Gwynn

THE death of Cardinal Pietro Gasparri has brought to its end an extraordinary career which has given yet another proof of the amazing vitality of his native country. From time to time protests appear in the newspapers, and they are heard still more often in private, against the anomaly which still gives to Italy practically half the membership of the College of Cardinals from whom the Pope has to be chosen. The majority of the Italian Cardinals are indeed almost unknown outside Italy; but when the most important offices under the Holy See have to be filled, there is always an overwhelming probability that they will be filled by Italian Cardinals. And in the election of a new Pope, the choice of one of the Italian Cardinals is almost a foregone conclusion.

Anybody who reflects on that anomaly may easily feel that the system is not only unfair to other countries, but that it can scarcely be expected to provide the Holy See with the most gifted ecclesiastics available. But any candid student of modern Church history must be amazed by the extraordinary records of Italian Churchmen in our own time. To discuss the personal qualities of the modern Popes from that standpoint would be absurd; for the Pope, as Pope, acquires a character which raises him far above all comparison with his contemporaries. The saintly Pius X, for instance, would probably have been almost unknown outside the province of Venice if he had not been raised to a position where the whole world came to love and honor him. Yet the record of the present Pope before his election can fairly be compared with that of other learned men. He had attained an almost unrivalled reputation among scholars all over the world as Prefect of the Ambrosian Library in Milan. When Pius X made him leave Milan for the Vatican Library, he came to serve under the German Jesuit Father (later Cardinal) Ehrle. But when Mgr. Ratti succeeded Fr. Ehrle as Prefect of the Vatican Library at the beginning of the war, no one could possibly feel that the Italian scholar was in any respect inferior to his German predecessor.

Similarly with Cardinal Gasparri when he was appointed Secretary of State by Pope Benedict XV almost at exactly the same time. No country in the world could have produced a prelate who had the same prodigious qualifications and achievements to his credit. As

for Pope Benedict XV himself, he was one of the most experienced and shrewdest of the higher officials of the Vatican court. His intimate knowledge of its problems and its personnel gave him obvious qualifications which the Cardinals, who lacked his Roman experience, did not possess. His personal sanctity was not obviously greater than that of several others; even his fine diplomatic gifts were not at all unique. Yet the combination of great qualities which he devoted so ardently to the rule of the Church during the Great War, inspired by the flaming intensity of his faith and his charity, made him a truly heroic figure such as very few countries could have matched.

But of all the great and outstanding figures among the Italian churchmen surrounding the Pope, Cardinal Gasparri was unquestionably the most remarkable. Like Pius X, whose earliest years had been spent as a shepherd boy in northern Italy, Cardinal Gasparri came of the poorest and humblest peasant class. Even his ordination to priesthood was an event which his poor family could never have expected. But he rose to be Secretary of State to two Popes. He concluded, and signed with his own hand, the Treaty and Concordat which brought about a reconciliation between Italy and the Holy See. And before he died he had been awarded the highest decoration which the King of Italy could bestow, giving him the status and privileges of a cousin of the Royal House.

SUCH a record recalls inevitably the meteoric careers of ambitious churchmen who have risen to positions of extraordinary power and who have exercised the influence of great political ministers. But Cardinal Gasparri was utterly unlike the familiar conception of the political Cardinals. The days of the Wolseys and Richelieus are long past; but even in modern times there have been strong Cardinals at the Vatican and outside it whose resolute pursuit of their own policy has recalled those classic figures. Cardinal Rampolla, who had been Secretary of State under Leo XIII, was so dominating and so attractive a personality that his election as Leo's successor was almost taken for granted until the Austrian Emperor's veto was unexpectedly imposed. So Pius X became Pope, to his own utter amazement; and he chose the young Spaniard Cardinal Merry de Val as his Secretary of State, thereby initiating a great change

in the political atmosphere of the Holy See, because of the Cardinal Secretary's strong personal bias against democracy and liberalism.

BUT when Pius X died and Benedict XV chose his own Secretary of State to replace Cardinal Merry del Val, there could be no question of any political bias or special sympathy for any one country on the part of Cardinal Gasparri. Cardinal Merry del Val had been the fine flower of the Vatican's diplomatic training. His father had been Spanish Ambassador to London and later at Rome; his family had been connected with diplomacy for generations, and he had served a brilliant apprenticeship in the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics where the Vatican trains its future diplomats. Cardinal Gasparri, on the contrary, had no training whatever for the diplomatic service. He came of the humblest class, whereas his predecessor belonged to one of the proudest titled families in Spain. He had spent almost twenty years as professor of Canon Law in the Catholic Institute of Paris and his brief experience of Papal diplomacy consisted of the few years he had spent in South America as Apostolic Delegate.

Under ordinary conditions the Secretary of State's department at the Holy See is regulated on much the same lines as the Foreign Office of any Great Power. It is recruited from young priests who are especially chosen for admission to the Academy of Noble Ecclesiastics, and they pass from one stage to the next until gradually they fill the highest diplomatic positions. The late Cardinal Ceretti was a notable example of the type—with his wide experience in the United States and Australia and as Papal Nuncio in Paris, besides having been the Pope's special "observer" during the treaty-making at Versailles. It had been assumed for some years that Cardinal Ceretti would succeed Cardinal Gasparri when he retired in his old age. But by the time the Lateran Treaty was signed, Cardinal Pacelli, who was considerably younger and more robust than Cardinal Ceretti, had become equally prominent and had gained equal experience at Munich and Berlin; and accordingly he became Secretary of State when Cardinal Gasparri retired a few years ago.

That contrast with the highly trained Papal diplomats makes it all the more remarkable that Cardinal Gasparri should ever have been appointed Secre-

tary of State. These trained diplomats are accustomed from early manhood to the atmosphere of embassies and chanceries, and they are expected to have a special gift for acquiring foreign languages. But Gasparri had received his earliest education in a small diocesan seminary and had gone on from there to the Pontifical seminary in Rome. His abilities, of course, were very quickly apparent. His family were extremely poor, and he had nothing to help him as a boy except his own talents and his great industry. He soon attracted attention and he obtained a valuable start in life through being adopted as secretary by Cardinal Martel. But he had no ambition or taste for advancement in the social side of ecclesiastical life, and he concentrated steadily on his studies until he had gained the triple doctorate—in theology, philosophy and canon law.

It is worth noting incidentally that the early career of the Holy Father and of Cardinal Gasparri followed very similar lines. The Gasparri family were still simple peasants, while the Ratti family were employed in a small silk factory near Milan, where their father had settled after leaving the small farm on which his family had worked for generations. The Ratti family were so poor that only the eldest son could expect any regular schooling; and the Holy Father could never have come to the priesthood if a near relation had not undertaken to pay for his education. He, like the young Gasparri, quickly distinguished himself at school, and showed such promise and such a love of study that he attracted the notice of the Cardinal Archbishop of Milan—just as Gasparri gained the notice of Cardinal Martel. They both were sent to Rome as the best students of their group, and both gained the triple doctorate within a year. Both were then appointed to professorships—Fr. Ratti in Milan and Fr. Gasparri in Rome. And again both passed within a year or two to much more important academic duties; Fr. Ratti being appointed a Doctor of the Ambrosian Library in Milan, and Fr. Gasparri being sent to Paris.

It was certainly very far from probable in those distant years, more than half a century ago, that either of these studious young priests—the one eager to specialize in historical research and the other in canon law—would ever be heard of outside the academic world. When Fr. Ratti joined that select group of learned Doctors who conduct the Ambrosian Library in Milan, his career seemed to lie there for all the rest of his life. And when young Fr. Gasparri left Rome to become professor of Canon Law at the new Catholic Institute in Paris, he also seemed likely to end his days in that distinguished but struggling university. The Catholic Institute had in-

deed been founded as a great act of faith. Endowments it had practically none, and its continuance depended entirely on the generosity of the Catholics of France. It could not even confer French degrees.

IN such surroundings the young Italian professor spent nearly twenty years in Paris, developing his own theological studies and revealing such gifts as a teacher that he had become one of the strongest pillars of the Institute. He published large treatises on important subjects, including his great work on the Marriage Law, which attained international importance before long. Mgr. d'Hulst had good reason to be grateful for the shrewd choice made in Rome in response to his appeal for a young professor in his Institute. And as Mgr. d'Hulst was constantly in touch with Pope Leo XIII while he was trying to win over the French Catholics to reconciliation with the Republic, Dr. Gasparri was gradually involved in these discussions and negotiations, and became an unofficial expert on French politics whom the Holy See frequently consulted. Moreover he was a very active and zealous priest, besides being a learned professor. He showed his initiative by founding a special mission for the Italians living in Paris, and this work gave him special responsibilities in regard to Rome.

Politics had grown more and more complicated in France in the closing years of Leo XIII's pontificate. The older Catholics—including most of the French hierarchy—were quite unwilling to abandon the hope of a monarchist restoration, and remained strongly convinced that the Republic would always be opposed to religion. Anticlericalism at the same time was growing more active and more determined to attack the Church. In these circumstances Gasparri's observations in Paris were extremely important to the Holy See; and while his reputation generally rested on his massive work as a professor of Canon Law, he had been unexpectedly drawn into the orbit of Vatican diplomacy. These matters were regarded at Rome as being so important that in 1898 he was suddenly recalled to Rome from his professorship in Paris, and appointed Apostolic Delegate for Peru, Ecuador and Bolivia. For that purpose he was also consecrated an Archbishop, with the titular see of Cesarea of Palestine.

He was then nearing fifty, and he had won a great reputation as one of the foremost canonists in the Church. Cardinal Richard in Paris and Cardinal Rampolla in Rome were fully aware of his remarkable insight into French conditions, as a shrewd observer of men and of the undercurrents of events. But there was something utterly incongruous in his being sent from France to report on some of the South American Repub-

lics, at an age when there could be little question of his assuming a quite different rôle. The experience was, however, invaluable in preparation for a much later phase; and after three years in South America he returned to Rome, having been appointed Secretary of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs. It was an immense tribute to his native abilities, and in fact it involved urgent responsibilities almost at once, in dealing with the crisis which had arisen in France, when the religious communities were being banished and the law to separate Church and State was being carried through.

But in the early summer of 1903, the venerable old Pope died, and Pius X was unexpectedly elected to succeed him. Cardinal Rampolla's term of office as Secretary of State came to an end, and a new régime opened under Cardinal Merry del Val. It was only four years since Mgr. Gasparri had been taken from his studies as a canonist in Paris, and the incursion into diplomacy was to end as abruptly as it began. Only a few days before his death he told the story himself in a lecture to the Congress of Jurists in Rome early in November. The new Pope had just been elected, and Mgr. Gasparri as head of the Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs was among the first to kneel and ask his blessing. The Pope asked what the Congregation would now have to do in the new pontificate, and Mgr. Gasparri replied that the Code of Canon Law must be undertaken and carried through. "Can it be done?" the Pope asked, and Gasparri answered that it could, although it would be "a long and difficult task," but of immense usefulness to the Church. "Then let us do it," said the Pope—"but it will not be I but my successor who will promulgate it."

IT was in fact a task which Gasparri had desired to undertake for years—but no ordinary man would have ever dared to attempt it. To coordinate and simplify the vast accumulation of laws, varying from one country to another and subjected to so many alterations through the centuries, must involve incalculable difficulties and even conflicts of powerful interests, quite apart from the appalling labor required for research and for codification. In his recollections of a few weeks ago, Cardinal Gasparri recalled how Mgr. Many, who had succeeded him as professor of Canon Law in Paris, even gave three courses of lectures to demonstrate the impossibility of having a Code of Canon Law. It appealed greatly to Cardinal Gasparri's sense of humor afterwards that he was able to summon Mgr. Many to Rome and make him one of his principal collaborators, after he had the work thoroughly organized. He had at first told the Pope that the work would take

twenty-five years if one Commission handled it; but thinking this too long a time, he appointed two Commissions, and within fourteen years the work was completed.

LOOKING back on those years in his last public address, Cardinal Gasparri described how every Sunday as well as every week-day was fully occupied for fourteen years, by his double task as Director of the Code and as either Secretary or Prefect of the Congregation (after he was made a Cardinal in 1907); so that Easter Sunday alone was his day of rest in each of those years. Long before the work was finished he had been called upon to assume a still more laborious task. Pius X died broken-hearted within the first weeks of the Great War and a new Secretary of State had to be appointed. Benedict XV first appointed Cardinal Ferrata, but he died within a few weeks and another choice had to be made. Pope Benedict, with his intimate knowledge of all the Vatican system, knew well the magnificent organizing power, the clear mind, and the diplomatic gifts of Cardinal Gasparri, and he called upon him to become Secretary of State.

Almost in the same month Mgr. Ratti was made Prefect of the Ambrosian Library in succession to Fr. Ehrle; and their careers, which had been so remarkably similar, began to converge. The Great War had produced new situations in which both these learned men had unexpected parts to play. The professor of Canon Law had conceived the possibility of organizing a universal Code for the Church, corresponding to the Civil Code of Civil Law, which was to be promulgated to the whole Church from the See of St. Peter; and through having been appointed to carry out that labor of Hercules he had been brought into direct contact with every Bishop in the Church. Moreover, the analogy between the Church's Code and the Civil Codes had given him unrivalled knowledge of many matters affecting international law and diplomatic relations. The war created new and urgent needs for such expert assistance, and Cardinal Gasparri became the indispensable expert who had to be made Secretary of State. And in similar ways the destiny of Mgr. Ratti at the Vatican Library was becoming apparent. He also became indispensable as an expert, learned on all manner of questions which arose at the Holy See. And when Poland was reborn as a nation after four years of war, Mgr. Ratti was for that reason sent to Warsaw as the Papal Legate, until his recall to become Archbishop of Milan and, within a few years, successor to Pope Benedict himself.

Previous experience had already made Cardinal Gasparri familiar with many of the problems which thronged upon the

Holy See in those war years. One of the first problems was the eagerness of so many countries to establish diplomatic relations with the Vatican. Cardinal Gasparri developed to the utmost these opportunities for extending the international influence of the Holy See, and in time a whole series of Concordats had been carried through. The diplomatic corps accredited to the Vatican has more than doubled since pre-war days, and there could be no clearer proof of the success of Cardinal Gasparri's diplomacy. The fact that he was untrained in the usual diplomatic routine gave rise to many accusations that he favored one country rather than another. He was said to be strongly pro-French because of his earlier years in Paris. But in France he was equally denounced as being pro-German. To have preserved an impeccable neutrality all through the war, and to have committed no single indiscretion which anyone has since been able to charge against him—that was indeed a marvelous record for any diplomat.

IT was no wonder that when Pope Benedict died, the present Holy Father decided to depart from precedent and keep Cardinal Gasparri in office. His great work on the Code had been completed in 1917 and he was now entirely absorbed in international affairs. The two countries which demanded attention most were Russia and Italy; and the co-operation of the new Pope and Cardinal Gasparri for that purpose was ideal. The Pope had gained unrivalled knowledge, at first hand, from his long mission to Poland, which included all the complications of Central Europe when it was most threatened with collapse. In Italy at the same time the reaction against Bolshevism was reaching its final climax in Europe, and no one could say how the new Fascist State would stand in relation to the Church. Cardinal Gasparri, watching events with his unflinching shrewdness and his strong human sympathies, bided his time until the Fascist State itself made overtures for reconciliation with the Church. There also a desperately complicated question had to be unravelled, requiring the definition of absolutely clear first principles, followed by an exact and faithful application of them to an immense array of detailed problems. But to the man who had tackled cheerfully the codification of centuries of Church Law, the problem of framing a Concordat with Italy was far less terrifying than it had been to so many others who had faced it. The Pope himself had drafted and carried through the much more complicated Concordat with a new Poland—which had become the model for so many others since. For the negotiations with Italy one great difficulty was the necessity for absolute secrecy, so that no ex-

pert commissions could lend their aid. And in the final stages of the negotiations—when the Pope and his Secretary of State between them were working out the last details of a settlement which would make peace between Italy and the Church, and establish the Vatican as a sovereign and independent State—there must have been wonderfully human moments of elation as the ex-librarian and the ex-professor surveyed the results of their collaboration and sent their latest ultimatums to the Quirinal.

TO the end Cardinal Gasparri remained a scholar and a student much more than a diplomatist. He had never even attempted to adopt the polished manners and the careful dress of the diplomatic world. He could use their language or read their thoughts or meet them on their own ground at any moment; but always the spontaneous humor or the keen play of that penetrating mind would break through official barriers and bring discussions down to bedrock. In his dress he was almost incredibly untidy, even unkempt; and it was commonly said that he used his scarlet skullcap as a pen-wiper. He had lived for years in the Vatican Palace surrounded by splendid uniforms and elaborate procedure; but to the end he still longed for those brief excursions to his villa with its simple farm and garden where he could stroll at ease and without formality among his cattle and pigs. He had gained the one great desire of his life when he was allowed to undertake the Code of Canon Law. All the responsibilities and the honors that followed had been thrust upon him reluctantly. Yet he had always risen superbly to the demands made upon him, and he could look back with pride and consolation on an amazing record of achievements.

There had been times when he had longed to escape from it all and to return to the simple life. And in his last speech he made a confession, to amuse his audience—that he had at one stage actually tried to become a Jesuit. He had gone to make a retreat with the Jesuits, and he had felt so refreshed and so content with their spiritual exercises that he went straight to the General of the Society and asked to be admitted as a member. The General could only remind him gently that he had just undertaken a life's work in preparing to codify the Canon Law. Once that was finished they could discuss the matter again. But by the time the Code was finished Cardinal Gasparri was already Secretary of State; and the Lateran Treaty was not yet even thought of. Only a few years of relaxation at the end of a long and arduous life was to be given to him; and it was characteristic that he should have devoted most of them to commencing yet another labor—codifying the Law of the Eastern Churches.

CONDITIONS IN MEXICO

The day the Senators gave educational tyranny the final vote, Ambassador Daniels entered the Senate House and was escorted to the seat of honor. This is but one of the instances that make the Mexican situation an American question.

Señor Erro, who introduced it, declared frankly its purpose: "the creation of an atheistic state by abolishing all religion." He added: "We must open the minds of the people by teaching them to see the world in the light of science. We cannot do this while the Church makes them believe in God. We must tell them that God is a myth, a word, a grotesque thing."

By Michael Kenny, S.J.

REALIZING 20 years ago that Mexican conditions are essentially an American question, I wrote from that viewpoint a pamphlet on "Justice to Mexico," in 1914 and again in 1927 on "The Mexican Crisis—Its Causes and Consequences." Hence, when I finished a book, a few months ago, on the Spanish foundings on our Gulf and Eastern Coast, and the Christian transformation of the Indian both here and in Mexico, I was called to survey the present crisis in Mexican conditions.

Talking with Mexican refugees and intelligent Americans in San Antonio, Laredo and El Paso, not only Bishops, Priests and Sisters, but the laity of all classes from the peons to the intellectuals including several ex-presidential candidates and highly educated men and women, I found among them the finest specimens of mankind I have met in a wide experience; and that alone would strike you as an indictment of the government that banished them.

I thought that, with the wide reading of past and present records, I had mastered the Mexican situation, but they told me that I had to see it at the fountain-head and talk with the men and women at the heart of it. So I aeroplaned the 1,250 miles from El Paso to Mexico City stopping over at Chihuahua, Torreon and some other cities on the way. I was met by friends of old acquaintance who took me to see everybody and everything worth while, and I was thus able to interview people of all classes, parties and opinions, but I found in doing so that at every step, that would be quite ordinary here, I was violating some law or other and incurring fines which, if exacted, would amount to some 100,000 pesos. I would have been fined heavily for going there at all, even imprisoned, for priests are excluded by such penalties from Mexico.

My first humiliation as an American citizen was to doff my Roman collar for a secular collar and necktie. I entered as a Professor of Social Sciences. I took the risk, and found it to be slight, for Calles and his puppets, though they hate Americans, are anxious to conciliate our Government and keep hands off American citizens.

I was there illegally, in lent or rented houses with the Jesuits, who have no legal existence, like most of the best men and women of Mexico. In one place I found myself passing through a stone wall which suddenly opened where no door was visible. It was so arranged in order that when one part of the house was raided the Fathers could escape to the other undetected. Just imagine our having to do that in any rectory in the United States. This gives you some idea of present liberty in Mexico.

I wanted first to verify what I had heard and read about the educational system and practices of Bassolls, Federal Secretary of Education, and of Governor Tomas Garrido Canabal of Tobasco. I have a booklet containing extracts from Canabal's approved charge to his legislature with the illustrations he gave it. He tells them that God and religion are myths and Christ is a fable and Christian teachings and practices were debasing the masses until he had taught them to burn up their crucifixes and statues and Christian "fetiches" and put scientific socialism in the schools. He tells them how he organized the mockery of the Way of the Cross in Holy Week, and one of his illustrations of the mock crucifixion shows Mary Magdalen smoking a cigarette.

His scientific socialism consisted in teaching the facts of sex to the primary grade children. Boys and girls were stripped naked to illustrate it, and were shown animals in generating action. He

compelled the attendance of all the state school children at a cattle-show, at which he gave to the prize animals such names as "God" and "Christ" and the "Virgin Mary," and he formally baptized a prize bull by the name of "Pope" and led him in mock procession through the city. He has forbidden by heavy penalties Christian or religious names for places or persons throughout the State, even on the tombstones, which must be identified only by numbers. These proceedings get prime national significance from the fact that Plutarco Calles, Supreme Chief and Master of Mexico, publicly eulogized, a few months ago, this Tomas Garrido Canabal as the model of all Governors, and has picked him for the coming cabinet.

CANABAL'S sexual system has been adopted in Sonora, where Calles' son is governor, and in at least eight other states, in accordance with instructions of Secretary of State Bassolls, who enforced it in the federal district until stopped by the protests and parades of some 60,000 parents. When my statements later in interviews at El Paso about this sexual education were denied by the Mexican Consul General, I made this reply:

"In denying my statement on the state program of sexual and de-religionizing education in Mexico, Consul General Gonzalez is contradicting not only his own State records and the Mexican press, but he is also playing up to his masters in veracity and courtesy. The Secretary of Public Education in Mexico issued in January of this year a pamphlet in support of sexual education prescribing for teachers the official program for sexual instruction. This, as published in *Excelsior* of Mexico City, January 9, 1934, ran a set of headings for boys of the sixth grade in primary schools that

are too obscene to be published in any decent journal, and an even more detailed list for sixth grade girls which was more indecently specific. It included the minutest detail of every organ and function concerning propagation of the species. It also contained such naked details of sex as are taught only in the medical schools of civilized countries.

"*Excelsior*, of January 14, 1934, informs us moreover, that the Secretariate of Education was distributing gratis to all Mexican children, thousands of pamphlets by William J. Fielding, entitled *Sexual Education of the Child: What all Children Should Know*; and other such sexual productions, which *Excelsior* refrains from describing because 'we feel that the ribbon of the typewriter on which we would type them would turn from black to red. They are calculated to awaken the most brutal instincts and excite the most feverish passions of lust.'

"That the Secretary of Education and General Calles' favorite, Governor Garrido Canabal of Tabasco, did prescribe and have enacted the naked exposure of the sexes in mixed schools, for object lessons in sexual instruction, the consul general in El Paso may find recorded in *Excelsior* and *Universal* and the general Mexican press; and any of the 400 Mexican mothers who braved Bassolls' soldiers to protest to him against these outrages will tell the consul all about it.

"He can get it also from the 25 schools of Mixcoac, in the Federal District, that went unanimously on strike when Bassolls rejected the parents' protests; and from the 600 in the city school that revolted against their director of sexual methods, denouncing her as a 'she-wolf,' and from all the daily papers which record these events.

"But all this, and more, and worse, the consul knows very well. He also knows that this is the meaning of the 'Socialistic Education' which his head-master Calles is just now having his Congress inject into what they call the Mexican Constitution. I am told that when the sexual settings he denies were announced for schools just across the river, the protests of parents were so loud that the consul himself could have heard them."

I MIGHT add that the children are drilled to mark to the rhyme "Uno, dos, no hay Dios," "one, two, there is no God," or, to repeat the rhyme, "one, two, no God for you." These are the only schools Mexican children can march in, for all private schools are banned. This is Calles' effective way of executing his program, "to take possession of the consciences of the children, the consciences of the youth," and so "to create a new national soul" for "all must belong to the Revolution," that is, to his own communistic party.

This was the speech that our Ambassador Daniels publicly eulogized while

complimenting Calles himself. This communistic, atheistic and demoralizing educational system has since been voted into the organic law of Mexico. The general uprisings and vigorous revolt of University students forced Calles to exempt the Universities for the moment; and I witnessed the deliberations of the student delegates from twenty-four states, splendid Catholic men, planning calmly and wisely how to organize the nation for educational and, therefore, religious freedom. The day the Senators gave educational tyranny the final vote, Ambassador Daniels entered the Senate House and was escorted to the seat of honor. This is but one of the instances that make the Mexican situation an American question.

Señor Erró, who introduced it, declared frankly its purpose: "the creation of an atheistic state by abolishing all religion." He added: "We must open the minds of the people by teaching them to see the world in the light of science. We cannot do this while the Church makes them believe in God. We must tell them that God is a myth, a word, a grotesque thing."

HE had further resolutions passed suppressing the five independent dailies that dared to criticize this atheistic program; and, having already confiscated to the state all the churches and religious schools and institutions, they opened a new field for public and private graft by decreeing that any house or place where religious services or instruction had been held at any time, was a church, and therefore belonged, with its properties, to the State. As legal proof is not required and trial by jury is denied to all holders as well as to all priests and religious, government grafters have an open season.

They call themselves Communists; but Calles has become a multi-millionaire in the process, having seized scores of the finest haciendas and secured dominant shares in the mines and banks and public utilities and most valuable interests. He holds his leading followers by similar indulgence, especially the army chiefs, through whom he crows the general population. General Obregon said you could buy any army chief for 50,000 pesos, but I am told Calles pays higher prices. He also controls the workmen or "Obreros" Union by ordaining that all employees, Federal, State, Municipal and industrial must belong to it and pay into it 10% of their wage. That they must do this or starve, accounts for its numbers and the wealth of its bosses.

One can easily verify the statement of Professor Halperin of Oklahoma University, in the latest *Current History*, that the people would like to see Calles' whole party dumped into the Gulf.

The law, if you can call it so, limits the number of priests to one for from

50,000 to 100,000 people. A dozen states allow not even one, and now it is resolved to expel all bishops and priests, while several deputies have entered resolutions to line them up in squads and shoot them. Twenty-nine priests have been murdered within the last few weeks and hundreds within the past few years, and no murderer was even tried.

Neither priest nor church nor religion has legal personality in Mexico. Yet, one sees the few churches in Mexico City crowded to the streets with worshippers of all classes and conditions, from five o'clock in the morning till two o'clock on Sunday; and if you take the picturesque eighty mile ride from Mexico City to Puebla, you will see every few miles small or larger churches of domed and steepled beauty which the Friars raised centuries ago with the aid of the native Indians whom they gathered into hacienda or pueblo to Christianize and teach the arts of civilized life.

These haciendas, with the schools and hospitals and other buildings attached, have been seized by the Government grafters; and in every one of them that I entered I found men, women and children in prayer in the now unfurnished and priestless temples their ancestors had erected. I found the people predominantly Indian but possessing not only strong Christian devotion but graced with the nicest courtesies and urbanities of life. This they got from the Church, which taught through the centuries these nomadic savages the arts and industries with religion.

Government guides will show you these buildings, but will fail to tell you that they were stolen from the Franciscans or Dominicans or Jesuits or other missionaries who erected them with the aid of the natives they had Christianized. A lady from Houston wrote me yesterday that an official guide showed her and seventy tourists a book beautifully written in a dozen native languages and ascribed it to the National Museum. She incurred his wrath by informing the party that they had stolen the book from the Franciscan Friars who had written and preserved it. One no longer sees the great San Francisco establishment in which, from the early Sixteenth Century, the Franciscans taught arts and trades and literature to over a thousand natives annually, and sent them out as teachers and rulers of their people. It was confiscated by the revolutionists, and tenement houses occupy most of its twenty acres now.

IT may be asked how a handful of tyrants can hold down a people against their will. It is a long story and painful in part to Americans. There is but time to give the merest outline. When Mexico declared its independence fifty years after ours, and only then because Spain would not give them a king of

their own, the first American envoy, Joel R. Poinsett, proposed to Iturbide to adopt the American Federal system. As there had been no self-governing colonies or states, and the people knew only one central system and had but one unifying bond, the Catholic Religion, Iturbide rejected it. Thereupon Poinsett, who wanted to get the then North-western Mexico into the Union so as to form more slave states for the benefit of the South, determined he had to destroy the Catholic Church to effect it; and he organized a Masonic Council to that end. I have the resolutions adopted in 1825 at the Amphictyonic Council in New Orleans, specifying that the Church must be ousted and the schools monopolized by the state.

This is a program that Calles has finally realized in atheistic education. Through arms and moneys secured in the United States, and even by armies and navies, through the open aid of President Buchanan, and again by Union forces and munitions on the Rio Grande after the Civil War, and in our own day by President Wilson's seizure of Veracruz and Tampico, we have given consistent assistance to the bandit minority, and

never once to the conservative leaders who think our own thoughts and would govern on our own principles.

They arose in 1926, and were making an excellent fight of it despite the strict embargo of arms and munitions held against them by our Government while it gave full scope to their enemies. I met one of the leaders, a highminded gentleman who was sentenced to two years imprisonment in the United States for trying to get arms to the fighters and I met many brave men of highest calibre capable of forming and running a democratic government, who told me they were hopeless because the United States bars munitions from them and gives them freely to the Communists.

The Bishops' desire for peace, and Calles' anxiety to stop the revolt, led to a treaty in 1929 by which the Church agreed to forbid the Catholics to fight and allow the Government to moderate their dealings with the Church. They broke their pledge within a week; and despite the amnesty, they executed over 500 Cristero leaders and priests unnumbered. The orgies of persecutions and robbery went on until now there is not a thread of liberty left.

I mentioned that our first envoy, Poinsett, utilized Masonic Councils as a political machine for their end; and, I regret to add, they have been also utilized in the United States from that day to this to gain and maintain government support. Ninety-nine per cent of the American Masons know nothing about it. If they knew it, they would not stand for it; but the Supreme Council of the 33rd Degree does know it and not only stands for it but works for it. It was this Council that started the Oregon law banning all private and parochial schools for primary grades; and when the Supreme Court of the United States nullified that law, declaring that "the child is not the mere creature of the state, and those who nurture him have the right to direct his destiny," the 33rd Degree Supreme Council announced that they rejected that decision and would "continue to unite with every movement enforcing the principle" that the "right of the child is superior to the right of the parent" or of any religious body. That is precisely the principle on which Calles is atheizing the schools of Mexico, and which, in your name and mine, Ambassador Daniels approved.

An Interview on Mexico

By R. A. Villamil

THE secular Press until very recently seems to have been rather indifferent towards the plight of Catholic Mexico. The publication of various official "allegations" of the Mexican Government show as little familiarity with the actual situation as did the chieftains of the proverbial Indian tribes in the wilderness. The story reads that two Indian tribes, one at the mouth of a South American river and the other at its source, regard each other as savage, because it is the custom of one tribe to wear clothes and of the other not to wear them. Since neither tribe understands the language of the other, there is no way of their seeing the reason for the other's customs.

The secular Press is much the same in its state of ignorance of the political situation in Mexico. It repeatedly publishes reports of the Government's activities which leads the American public to believe that "superstitious natives" were taught only "foolish practices" and that their "crafty teachers" were exiled as a result. This absurd contention of the Mexican Government is easily seen through by any thinking Catholic. If

there is a "crafty" party involved in the present situation, we at once begin to suspect the politician who is hanging on to his crumbling power by treacherous practices.

Recently it was my good fortune to have been present at a lecture given by the head of the Catholic Youth Movement in Mexico. This organization has a large membership and is doing wonders toward the strengthening of the Faith in Mexico during these trying times. Miss Devallo, the speaker, and an alumna of the Catholic University of America, endured the last trying years of persecution in Mexico. As head of the Catholic Youth Movement, she gave a detailed account of its organization and function, which pays credit to the spirit and faith of the new generation of Mexico.

Only in places authorized by the Federal Government, she said, was public worship allowed, and the number of priests is so restricted that one for every 50,000 Catholics in some states, and one for every 100,000 in other states, are allowed to minister to the needs of the people. Priests are forced to face exile,

or a secret ministry, fleeing from house to house. Any home in which a priest is found saying Mass is immediately confiscated as public property.

Charities which care for more than ten needy persons must be government controlled. In this way, the life blood of the people, Christian Charity, is cut off at its source, and in its stead, it is intended to put the robot of all modern economic failure, the dole.

IN THE midst of this oppression, the youth of Mexico kept the spirit and faith of the nation. At present, the Catholic Youth organization is publishing the Ordinary of the Mass for one cent per copy. It distributes one hundred thousand of these weekly, as well as another hundred thousand papers of catechetical instructions.

These were no foggy press reports; they were concise figures, definite scenes, and unflinching chronicles of the greed of politicians. Still, after the lecture, there were many questions in the minds of the audience as yet unanswered. The following were a few I noted:

Ques. "Just what steps has the Mexi-

can Government taken in matters of sex and atheistic education?"

Ans. "In the matters of sex education the Government has set out to prostitute the souls of the little ones, and scenes have occurred in schools there which are too horrible for me to tell you. They have filmed sex educational movies and sent them to the teachers to be shown, and they are sickening to see. Their program of atheistic education is modeled after the Russian plan. In fact, government men have been sent over to study in Russia to obtain the principles and methods of that government."

Ques. "Has the Government succeeded much in undermining the Faith in Mexico?"

Ans. "On the contrary—in general the Faith has been strengthened by the trials. In many states the Government has divided the lands among peasants on condition that they renounce the Catholic Church and the baptism of their children. When a disguised priest comes to a locality, and the peons find out, they come to him in throngs, clamoring for baptisms and confessions. Officially, in some cases there is only one priest to every one hundred thousand Catholics. Imagine the colossal task of saying Mass, hearing confessions, caring for the spiritual needs. The people are permitted to communicate themselves, because of this necessity. In each parish a woman is appointed to care for the Blessed Sacrament at her home, which has been consecrated by the priest on his previous visit. Those who wish to communicate come, and by special permission, are allowed to receive the Sacred Host, without the presence of a priest."

Ques. "What is the intellectual state of the nation?"

Ans. "There has been a marked reaction of late to the communistic spirit of former years, and there have been conversions to Catholicism even in the face of these trying times. The secretary of the Young Communists league in Mexico is a recent convert who has now become one of the strongest advocates and workers in the field of the Catholic Action Movement. In the majority of the adult population, however, there has been a marked lack of civic spirit. This is largely due to the fact that, in the twenty-five years of dictatorship of Diaz, due to his desire for peace and hatred for former revolutionary days, he abolished the participation of the populace in politics. Gradually, then, the men of the nation lost interest in its affairs."

Ques. "Have there been many priests killed?"

Ans. "Yes. In one state there were thirteen martyred. Many throughout Mexico have been killed and a large number have been exiled."

Ques. "What has been the extent of armed opposition to the Government by Catholics?"

Ans. "For a while we attempted to defend our rights but the Government crushed all opposition and put an embargo on arms so that its position is strong."

Ques. "What are the qualifications of a voter in Mexico?"

Ans. "To begin with, the name of the party in power in Mexico is the National Revolutionary Party. Its membership is composed principally of all office holders under the present administration, and all teachers and other Government employees are compelled to be members and to pay ten per cent of their salary for its support. Three days before the general election the voting papers (ballots) of the party members are given to the bosses. Any who do not vote are fined or dismissed. As for the rest, some of us get no voting papers at all."

Ques. "What group, in general, composes the National Revolutionary Party?"

Ans. "The Free Masons almost entirely—government employees, moreover, being forced to join this order. Formerly they had worked in secret but of late they are fighting in the open and with more confidence."

Ques. "Aside from Catholic Action groups, are there any societies at work?"

Ans. "In Mexico City there are a few religious orders which are still doing good work but the nuns are dressed in the lay apparel. These schools, too, will be closed if the act now decided upon is enforced. This decree of congress declares that all schools shall teach socialistic and atheistic principles and that private schools that do not conform to these standards shall be closed."

Ques. "Is the Catholic press active?"

Ans. "Catholics have tried hard to accomplish results along these lines, but they are very discouraging."

So much for the interview. The youth of Mexico has presented its story. It is a strong lesson in the value of concerted Catholic action. The enemy of American Catholics, though not so easily seen, may become just as deadly, just as formidable an opponent as that of our Mexican brothers. We have seen what has happened when the Government of Mexico has crushed the fingers of the hierarchy. A well organized Catholic Action has staved off complete spiritual disaster and has lifted the burden from a crippled priesthood to young, and eager backs.

Epiphany Hymn

By Paul Falvury

TO presidents, dictators, kings and queens
Give not the bending knee, for they
Are only paramount in transient scenes,
Are merely human clay.

But there is One, a reigning Lord, to Whom
We render homage as a joy,
A Prince complexioned as the rose in bloom,
A little baby Boy.

No servants wait, no fawning courtiers stand
Around His improvised cot,
For though He holds the world within His hand,
The world suspects it not.

But, three wise Orientals, travelling west,
Followed the light that Heaven had shown,
And having found the Treasure of their quest,
Gave treasures of their own.

And after worshipping, they then returned
Home-ward from star-lit Palestine,
But ever and anon they musing yearned
For Him, a Child divine.

O little Lord of heaven and earth and hearts,
Emmanuel, Immensity,
Give us the vision vivid faith imparts,
On this Epiphany.

The Flight From Pity

By Arnold Lunn

A RECENT survey of knowledge for young people in which the existence of God was denied, and in which Mohamet was, and Christ was not, thought worthy of mention, was defended by the publisher as a manifesto for the Sermon on the Mount, and by its editress as a magnificent exposition of practical Christianity. Had this lady been asked to define "practical Christianity," she would almost certainly have replied by quoting the second of the two great commandments, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." But neighbor-loving, though a part, is not the whole of Christianity. This, indeed would seem to have been Christ's view. But then, of course, Christ may not have been a practical Christian. Nothing, in the opinion of the modern world, could be less practical than the first great commandment, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and with all thy soul and with all thy strength."

Both commandments are difficult. It is much easier to believe in God than to love him, and it is far less easy to love our neighbor than to devise schemes for his improvement. "Practical Christianity" in practice too often means the denial of the first commandment, and the translation of the second commandment into a Five Year Plan for the regimentation of our neighbors.

When I hear people talking glibly about practical Christianity and neighbor-loving, I am always reminded of the Modernist clergyman in that glorious book, *Father Malachy's Miracle*.

"I am afraid, sir," said Father Malachy, "that you are not a Christian."

"Not as you interpret the word, perhaps," replied the Rev. Humphrey Hamilton, "But if by being a Christian is meant serving others and not self, then I think I may humbly claim that distinction."

"I have always noticed," said Father Malachy, "that heretics and unbelievers are the first to take credit for observing a commandment so difficult that even the saints of God boggled over it."

Much of what passes for philanthropy in the modern world is not philanthropy in the exact sense of the term, for these alleged philanthropic activities are often inspired not by "love of man" but by ambition, self-importance, or that creative instinct which finds expression not only in art but also in organization and reconstruction.

"They analyzed helpfulness recently,"

writes Father Ronald Knox, "in the psychological laboratory at Pharsalia, Ore. The analysis showed, I am told, the following results:

	Per Cent
Love of interference.....	32
Pride of workmanship.....	22
Desire for gratitude.....	11
Desire for admiration.....	11
Self-importance	10
Reaction from suppressed contempt	9
Genuine moral altruism.....	5"

Philanthropy, in the exact sense of the word, love of man, is seldom found excepting in a religious setting, for it is one thing to work for the benefit of humanity, as many secularists have done, it is quite another matter to love men. Indeed, there would seem to be a necessary connection between the first and the second great commandments, for the saints aflame with the love of God have found it easier than other people to love their neighbors.

Much of what passes for pity in the modern world is not pity in the proper sense of the term, or rather it is pity as defined by the cynical Hobbes as "the imagining to oneself of a woe." It is an objection to being reminded of the existence of pain. The thought of suffering affects many people like a harsh color or the sound of a knife scraped along a stone wall.

Man is made in the image of God, and few men, whatever their creed, are completely pitiless. Yet the comparative absence of compassion was one of the most striking features of the pre-Christian world, and is one of the consequences which always seems to follow the decline of Christianity.

IT is interesting to compare Stoicism, not the least admirable aspect of the classical world, not only with modern humanitarianism, which in some respects it so closely resembles, but also with the God-inspired philanthropy of the great saints.

The great Roman Stoics were groping after some theory of natural justice, but their humanitarianism was academic and cold and sterile. We have seen that Christianity began by revolutionizing the status of the slave, and finally brought about the disappearance of slavery. The process was slow, too slow, but the Christian heaven had worked from the

first, and ultimately permeated civilization with its influence. The Stoic apothegms in favor of liberty and natural law, though they were to influence the French and American revolutionists many centuries later, had no influence whatever on the status of the contemporary slave.

CASSIUS, a famous Stoic, pleaded, for instance, with the Roman Senate for the rigid enforcement of the cruel law which decreed that if a slave murdered his master, every slave under that roof should be executed. Cassius was successful, and six hundred slaves were put to death because one of them had slain his master. Slaves who were past their work were often conveyed to an island in the Tiber and left to die of hunger.

Mr. Edwyn Bevan cites as evidence of the Roman attitude to slaves the following casual utterance of Horace's. "If you have a slave crucified because he has taken a sly taste of the dish he is bringing you, you are justly thought to be abnormally ferocious. But if you cut a friend for some slight offense, how much worse an action."

No Stoic protested against the methods adopted for getting rid of unwanted children. Poor parents often placed their children at the foot of the Lactarian column, and rich mothers who were anxious for a male heir often discarded their superfluous daughters in the same place. Many of these children soon died.

It is true that an occasional Stoic satisfied his conscience by an academic gesture of disapproval, but it needed the dynamic force of Christianity to transform academic humanitarianism into irresistible action. The Stoics, for instance, mildly disapproved of the amphitheatre, but their disapproval was inspired not by any compassion for those who died to make a Roman holiday, but by the belief that such scenes should not appeal to the cultured Stoic. What pleasure, asks Cicero, can a cultured man derive from seeing some poor wretch torn to pieces by wild beasts? *Sed quas potest homini polito delectatio?* Cicero, in other words, felt a cultured disdain for people who enjoyed these scenes of horror, but he felt no pity for the victim of the Games.

Cicero urged his politer readers to stay away from the Games; he did not urge them to stop the Games. And so the Games continued until a monk called Telemachus, who was certainly not a

homo politus, was impolite enough to register a rude and vulgar protest by leaping into the arena himself. He sealed his protest with his blood, and from that moment the Games ceased. The dynamic force of a humanitarianism inspired by the love of God succeeded where academic humanitarianism had failed.

NOW the force which impelled Tele-machus into the arena was a new force. Compassion had no place in the Stoic scheme. Seneca summed up the attitude of the Stoic when he declared that we should show clemency, but that we should try not to feel pity.

The slow growth of pity, almost unknown in the classical world, is described by the atheists as the slow progress of civilization. It is a strange coincidence, however, that the reforms which the humanist credits to an abstraction called progress were first introduced in Christian lands and tardily adopted by such non-Christian countries as had come under the influence of Christian thought. It is at least significant that almost all those who have passed on the torch of protest against cruelty and oppression have claimed an apostolic succession derived from Christ. The reformers who rejected Christianity attacked abuses by appealing to Christians to practice the principles for which Christ died. For Christians, indeed, as I remarked in my controversy with Mr. Joad, have been alternately incited to reform by the appeal of saints, and goaded into reform by the taunts of sceptics. Atheists, as we have seen, all unconsciously appeal to the Christian standard when they claim to be exponents of practical Christianity. What atheist ever professed to believe in "practical Buddhism"?

"Since Christ came into the world, there has no longer been a world without Christ: he entered into it like a dye, the stain of which no amount of washing will remove; like a drop of God's blood which remains ineffaceably there."¹

And when Christ is forgotten, the flight from pity begins. The Renaissance was the rebirth not only of the Roman arch, but also of Roman pitilessness. The hospitals which had been built in honor of Christ began to decline when men celebrated the rebirth of Apollo. "When the pagan pomp of the Renaissance unfurled itself," writes Father Martindale, "care for human misery disappeared. When the beauty of the body was being worshipped, the very sight of sick or ugly bodies was abominated. The hospitals became plague spots of moral as well as of physical horror."

The hold of Christianity is always precarious, and where that hold is relaxed, the ancient brutality returns. Nowhere will you find a greater callous-

ness towards individual suffering, or a completer lack of interest in misfits and social failures than in the one great European country which has formally apostacized from the Christian faith.

Humanitarianism approaches the old standards of the Roman Stoics when it retreats from Christianity. If religion declines we shall witness an increasing tendency to be interested in health statistics rather than in the sick, in averages rather than in individuals. The cult of efficiency will gradually oust the instinct of compassion.

A well-known doctor recently commented in my presence on the growing impatience in medical circles with incurables, for an incurable spoils hospital statistics. He believes that there is a growing demand for the painless extinction of incurable and bedridden paupers, a demand which is a logical deduction from the premise of atheistic humanitarianism.

Humanitarianism divorced from religion soon dissolves into an irrational sentimental worship of abstractions such as humanity. Of all forms of idolatry, humanity-worship is perhaps the silliest; silly and yet pathetic, for there is pathos in the attempts of men to satisfy with husks their hunger for God.

Humanity-worship is the theme of *Men in White*, which has played to full houses both in London and in New York. Dr. Braddock consecrates his life to Humanity with a capital H. Nothing matters to Dr. Braddock but medical science. He is the most exacting of task-masters, for he expects his students to sacrifice, as he has sacrificed, ease and comfort, pleasure and love, on the altar of Humanity.

THE keynote of the play is provided by a scene between Dr. Braddock and the young woman whom he has just persuaded to sacrifice her lover to her lover's profession. The marriage must be postponed for many years in order that the young doctor may spend his youth working some eighteen hours a day under the exacting eye of Dr. Braddock. "You don't matter," says Dr. Braddock cheerfully to the lady, "I don't matter. Humanity alone matters." A sentiment which does more credit to his heart than to his head. Humanity is a collection of "you's" and "I's." If you don't matter and if I don't matter, humanity doesn't matter, for the sum of an infinite number of zeros equals zero.

And note that Braddock does not say, "You matter, but the part matters less than the whole, and therefore you matter less than humanity." He says, "You don't matter at all."

Christ commanded us to worship God and to love our neighbor as ourselves. Worship humanity, says the modern humanitarian, and hate yourself like

your neighbor. Neither he nor you matter.

"The world and its future," writes Mr. H. G. Wells, "is not for feeble folk any more than it is for selfish folk. It is not for the multitude but for the best. The best of today will be the commonplace of tomorrow. If I am something of a social leveller, it is not because I want to give silly people a good time, but because I want to make opportunity universal, and not miss out one single being who is worth while."

"Let the Lord God be praised in all his creatures," said St. Francis. For in the sight of God there is no single being who is not worth while.

THE further that men move from the Christian doctrine of the infinite value of every human soul, the more rapidly will they approach the Utopia of the humanist in which the unfit and the incurable will be peacefully extinguished with all possible humanity by the most kindly of humanitarians.

And if there were no other world but this, there is a great deal to be said for eliminating from the contest those who have no chance of a prize. But, if Christianity be true, the greatest of all prizes is within the reach of all. It is mainly chance which determines whether a man achieves intellectual, social or athletic distinction, for brains, social status and physique are accidents of birth. It is thus largely a matter of luck whether a particular individual becomes a Fellow of All Souls or a member of what the Prince of Wales has most felicitously described as "the most enviable Order of the Victoria Cross." But it is the fact, not the accident of birth which qualifies a man for the most enviable of all orders, the companionship of Heaven.

Mr. Wells does not want to give silly people a good time, and if this world be all, Mr. Wells is right. If the grave ends all there is no real reason why we should waste effort on the foolish and the unintelligent. I am not attacking Mr. Wells; on the contrary, I am grateful to him for stating so lucidly the conclusions which follow logically from the humanist premise. The humanitarianism which pretends to be concerned with the fate of "feeble folk" and "silly people" is, as Mr. Wells states by implication, a parasitic growth on the Christianity which it rejects.

The humanitarianism which wishes to "make opportunity universal," and which is prepared to sacrifice "silly people" on the altar of efficiency is alone inconsistent and illogical. And for this reason, if for no other, "silly people" who are silly enough to believe that they have as much claim to a good time as Mr. Wells will be very silly indeed if they entrust their destinies to leaders who share Mr. Wells's views.

¹Footnote. Wittig, quoted by Ida Couden-hove in *The Burden of Belief*.

A GOOD INCOME FOR EVERYONE

By Gerhard Hirschfeld

IN the wake of the disaster of 1929 and through the years of the depression we have heard an oft-repeated statement that everyone of us could have a real good income, say, something like \$5,000 a year, if there were only a fairer method of distribution of the national income. As it was, and as it still is, a small minority gets a share of that income which is out of all proportion, while the large majority must be satisfied with the meager remainder. Now let all get together, let us drop the few privileged and a few hundred millionaires, and there will be a sizeable share for everyone.

Thus runs the claim.

And be it understood that the aim is not to raise and to stimulate industrial production, it is not to produce more wealth and income, but concentrates on a different and socially more just way of distributing that income. So there is no talk of a Utopia where enough is produced to provide everybody with a sizeable income. The claim is rather based upon whatever income this nation has.

On that basis, it is a rather poor statement because it does not tally with the facts at all. The highest income this country ever had was in 1929 when it reached no less than eighty-three billion dollars. Not all of it, of course, went to the working people or the white-collar classes. They are not the only ones who contribute to the income of the nation; other contributing factors are, for instance, the capital with which industrial, agricultural and all other enterprises work; that capital earns interest. And, then, there are those who furnish the money; besides the interest they get a dividend without which they would not make any profit. Furthermore, there are managers and owners, promoters and others, and they want their share. Finally, in a well-organized economy, something should be put in a reserve fund, that is, the savings account of the nation.

So of the eighty-three billion dollars the country earned in 1929, fifty-three billions went to labor, sixteen billions to owners, managers, promoters, etc., six billions for interest, the same amount for dividends, and the remaining two billions went into the reserve fund. Or to put it in simpler terms, for every dollar the nation earned, approximately 64¢

went to the workingman, 20¢ to owners and managers, 7¢ each for interest and dividends, and the remaining 2¢ as reserve.

In more normal times than we have at present, there are about fifty million people who want to work and who have work. Adding up all the money paid out to all the people, wealthy or poor, who do some kind of work, we find sixty-nine billion dollars paid in 1929 to about fifty million people. So if we had the ideal State of Brotherhood, if we would throw all the money in one pot and split it evenly, each of the fifty millions would obtain a share of \$1,380 a year, or about \$26.50 a week. This is nothing to get excited about, even though it means that the manager of a five-million dollar plant will work for the same wage a day-laborer draws at the same factory; even though it presupposes that no difference will be made between services, but that everyone will give his best for the commonweal.

GO even a step further in the vision of "the perfect state." Let us agree that no more interest will be paid on capital, no more dividends to money-lenders, or investors, for that matter, no more reserve be put away for the proverbial rainy day. Then you would have eighty-three billion dollars to divide among fifty million people upon each of whom would fall an annual income of \$1,660, or about \$32.00 a week, certainly not a princely income.

What, then, is the meaning of this "\$5,000 income for everyone"? Don't the advocates of this magic formula know their facts? Are they ignorant of the truth that the total income which this enormous economic organization of the United States produces, is—measured on the working population average—not even equivalent to what we call a half-way decent income? Do they imply that the productive capacity of the country should be so increased as to furnish an income big enough to cover their estimates? How could they, since the tremendous productive and earning capacity of 1929 even proved so inflated that it was punctured on a hundred sides, with much of it ending in miserable collapse. If the above figures are based on 1929, we are giving these "big-

average-income" advocates all the breaks—because either before or after, the result would be much less favorable, and the average theoretical income would be considerably smaller.

There is this to be remembered when it comes to discussing the distribution of income: how much you take out, depends on how much you put in. A meal that costs 50¢ looks different from one that costs five dollars. So with income which is not produced because a man goes to work, or a manager sits at the telephone, or a draftsman broods over his plans, or an engineer tinkles with a dynamo. It takes lots more things to produce income, just as it takes more than a chicken to bring a well-browned and nicely-trimmed chicken on the table. In the national economy it takes human labor and machines, it takes capital and credit, ships and railroads, profits and dividends and thousands of other factors to produce what is termed "national income."

IT is for this reason that, from a common-sense point of view, it is ridiculous for anybody to stand up and demand a 100-per cent distribution of the national income for the working people. Those working people are earning their share because others have built the factories in which they work, because others have advanced the money which pays for their labor, because others have invented manufacturing methods which allow for higher wages and increased employment, because others have successfully brought into play new merchandising methods without which our elaborate industrial system would be absolutely lost. The advocate of the \$5,000 average income is like the man who takes the beach for the ocean; it is only one part of it.

And let us remember that only a certain amount of income is earmarked for consumption. The millionaire cannot and does not eat his millions; nor does the workingman who makes, say, seventy or eighty dollars a week, spend every bit of it for the needs of life. After paying all the expenses, he will have so much left for stocks, or a mortgage, or something which goes into production and not into consumption. Hence, regardless of how the income is distributed, it would be used for about the same purposes for which it is being used now.

The Forgotten Man Prays

By Patrick J. Flynn

(The scene is within a church, any church. The time is any time. There enters a humble and tired looking man. You have seen him before. Perhaps you know him. Kneeling down, he gazes momentarily at the tabernacle and then drops his head into his hands. He is praying . . .)

DEAR LORD, you got to help me! . . . don't let the blues get me . . . I'm almost licked! . . . three years ago, my wife Annie and me had three thousand dollars in the bank . . . cold cash, Lord! . . . and I was a great carpenter! . . . Everything looked rosy . . . but now our money is all gone, Lord . . . you see I lost my job . . . I ain't a carpenter any more . . . the Depression made me just another down-and-outer . . . when your life savings is gone, it seems as if your life is gone, too . . . Annie says we should store our treasures up in heaven where they can't be lost . . . and I guess she's right! . . . of course, Lord, you know all about us . . . you know how I've been tramping around, day after day, asking for a job . . . and how I always get turned down . . . and how everybody I go to just sends me to somebody else, who also sends me to somebody else . . . That's what we call 'passing the buck,' Lord! . . . Annie says I ought to ask you to help me . . . she says that you don't pass the buck . . . you know Annie goes to Mass every morning . . . and says her beads every night . . . and she says I ain't got enough religion . . . and that's why you're punishing me . . .

"Well, Lord, I know I ain't always been what I ought . . . but I do love you, Lord, you know I do . . . Didn't I build that fine oak sanctuary in the Cathedral? . . . and wasn't I plenty happy about it and mighty careful, because I knew it was for you? . . . remember how proud Annie and me were when the Bishop praised my work . . . But I ain't proud about anything any more, Lord . . . I ain't got no pride left . . . since I lost my job, I've swept floors . . . imagine that! . . . me who was once a first-class carpenter! . . . and I've dug ditches . . . and Lord, I've even tried to sell shoe laces . . . even Annie laughed at that! . . . Anyhow, as long as I ain't proud any more, I don't care . . . because Annie says that pride is the devil's own sin! . . . But you know, Lord, I don't mind being a down-and-outer myself, but it's awful hard on Annie and the kids . . . Annie keeps on smiling, Lord, but I hate to see the silver threads creeping into her hair . . . she always had dandy golden hair, you know . . . and there's Joe and Mary! . . . Joe, he wants to go to college next year . . . and Lord, I wish, he could . . . I ain't got much learning myself and was never exposed to a big education, but

it's nice to know that somebody in the family knows something! . . .

"And Mary! . . . She wants to be a nun . . . that makes her mother happy . . . it makes me happy, too, because I like nuns . . . 'Black angels' I calls them, because they wear black robes and bring Annie things for us to eat . . . as for me Lord, I ain't what I used to be, not so strong as I was . . . And so if anything happens to me, promise, Lord, you'll take care of Annie and the kids . . . don't mind me crying like this, Lord! . . . it makes me feel better . . . but I ain't a crier . . . I ain't cried since the day my pal Eddie fell dead at my side on the battle field in France . . . Poor Eddie, have mercy on his soul, Lord! . . . I wonder if Eddie would be a down-and-outer, too, and looking for a job, if he were here now? . . . well, I ain't got much more to say except maybe I ought to say that I'm going to do better by you from now on, Lord . . . Father Riley says that you said we should seek the Kingdom of God and His justice first! . . . and then other things like food and clothes would be given to us . . . and Annie says that she doesn't care what we lose as long as we don't lose our souls . . . so, even if the bad breaks make Annie and me lose our home down here, they shouldn't make us lose our home in heaven . . . please, help us to get there, Lord! . . . and with Mary praying in a convent for me and Annie, I guess we ought to make it, all right . . .

"You know, Lord, I feel better since I came in here and talked to you like this . . . and say, Lord, I just been thinking . . . you were once a carpenter, weren't you? . . . just like I was once a carpenter! . . . guess I'll tell Annie that! . . . she says the Blessed Virgin was a good house-keeper . . . and I don't forget that the one who took care of you and your good mother was just a poor old carpenter like me . . . St. Joseph! . . . One more thing Lord . . . I know that they call you a lot of great names . . . Christ the Saviour . . . and Christ the King . . . but I wonder if you'd mind if I when we're here alone like this . . . if I just called you . . . Christ the Workman! . . . it kind of helps us poor down-and-outers to think of you as a workman, you know . . . I'd better be going now, but I'm coming back every day . . . because I need you bad now . . . and as Annie says you don't pass the buck! . . . good-by now, Lord!"

RICHELIEU

The Influence of a Great Statesman in Confirming Protestantism Is Related in This Sixth Article on Seventeenth Century Leaders

By Hilaire Belloc

OF all the public characters who moulded Europe during the seventeenth century Richelieu is both the greatest in himself, and the most important in the effect he had. He perpetuated in France the presence of a Huguenot (that is a Protestant) minority among the wealthier classes, and he confirmed the independence of Protestant Germany, initiating the breakdown of Catholic authority represented by the Emperor at Vienna.

In other words, it was Richelieu's genius more than any other factor which led to the great battle ending in a draw, and to a Europe from one half of which the Catholic culture was to be permanently excluded.

Most people would still say, being asked what was Richelieu's lifework, "The Consolidation of the French nation through the strengthening of the French Monarchy." That was certainly his intention; it was certainly the object to which he himself was devoted; everything else he did was subsidiary to that in his own mind; but the fruits of a man's work are never those which he expects—there is always some side effect which will seem after a certain lapse of time to be the principal one. A man wins a battle in order to obtain a crown and the result—unexpected by himself—is a change of language over a wide district. A man protects some oppressed people and liberates them from their oppressor and the result—unexpected to himself and coming perhaps a hundred years later—is the conquest of his own people by those whom he had befriended. A man raises a rebellion to establish democracy, and the result is government by a financial oligarchy.

So it was with Richelieu. The one thing he cared about was giving the French people political unity, which could only be done by making the King strong. He succeeded, but the result was to leave the French morally divided between Catholicism and its enemies; while the much larger indirect result which has affected the whole world was the creation of a firmly planted Protestant North Germany typified today by the power of Protestant Prussia at Berlin, and all this power has meant during the last hundred and fifty years.

The way Richelieu set about his task

of strengthening the French people was as follows:

He had noticed how, during his own youth, the great nobles and especially the great Protestant nobles were blackmailing and weakening the Crown, after the assassination of Henri Quatre. The worst culprit was old Sully, who went off with enormous loot as the fruit of threats to aid civil war against the Queen Regent. The King, the heir of Henri Quatre, was only a boy, under the title of Louis XIII; until he should be of age his mother, Marie de Medici, a violent but impracticable woman, was left in control. The result was that the rich could do pretty well what they liked. The Protestant nobles and the large Protestant middle class of the towns took full advantage of this position. It will be remembered that Henri Quatre, by the Edict of Nantes, had allowed them to hold a number of strong walled cities and to govern them as a sort of State within the State, and had also permitted them to call national assemblies of their faction, which were a perpetual menace to the central power of the King. Richelieu saw that the first thing to be done if the Crown was to be saved, its power increased and thereby the whole nation consolidated, was to take away these dangerous special favors, and treat the Huguenots like everybody else. He was determined when he came to power that there should no longer be a realm within the realm, and a rival power strong enough to threaten the monarchy.

BUT by so much as he was determined upon this was he also determined upon the fullest toleration for Calvinism. Richelieu was the first of that long line of public men, from his day to ours, to treat religious difference as a private matter, and to believe that one can have a united country without unity of religion. James I of England, as we have seen, had some such idea at the back of his head; but he never really put it into practice, for the hatred and fear of the Catholic Church felt by the great landowners, his subjects (whose fortunes had come from the loot of the Church) was too strong for him. What is more the great English and Scotch landowners proved, in the long run, too strong for the Crown, and destroyed it, substituting

their own two assemblies, the House of Commons and the House of Lords, known as "Parliament," for the old popular kingship in England and Scotland. Richelieu saw the menace, though it had not fully developed in his own time, and he was determined that France should follow the opposite course. It is therefore due to him not only that France became politically united as a strong monarchy, but also that the French peasantry won the long battle with the noble classes and became the main owners of the soil of France; whereas in England the noble classes, that is, the squires, ate up the peasantry and became the main owners of the soil, themselves.

RICHELIEU'S most famous exploit in this reduction of the political power of the French Huguenots was the siege and capture of their principal strong town, the port of La Rochelle. To satisfy Protestant feeling in England the King of England, Charles I, had tried to succor the place by sending the Duke of Buckingham there with a fleet and an army. Buckingham very nearly succeeded, and might have quite succeeded—for he was an excellent soldier and laid his plans well, not attacking the town directly, which would have been a task beyond his powers, but threatening it in flank by seizing the island of Rhé at the mouth of the harbor—but having such an opponent as Richelieu to face, he lost. La Rochelle was captured for the King of France, and the Huguenot political privileges were at an end.

All the more was Calvinism tolerated in France as a religion. In that very lifetime which saw priests butchered in England after the cruel fashion for which the Puritans were openly responsible during their period of power, Calvinism in Catholic France was perfectly free. It had no martyrs and suffered no persecution; although its followers were a minority among the French people they were a considerable proportion of the wealthy class, and it was from them that the anti-Catholic feeling among the French gradually developed. Their influence did not take the form of converting any further numbers to Calvinism, but of familiarizing masses of French-

men with a dislike of the Catholic Church; so that at long last, after ferment had been at work for a couple of centuries, the whole nation was divided upon the issue of Catholicism—and remains violently so divided to this day. This religious division is the principal source of French weakness at the present time.

While Richelieu thus—without intending to do so—sowed the seeds of religious division in France he—also without intending to do so—sowed the seeds of that much graver growth, the religious division of Europe. We have seen in what was said in the last article concerning Gustavus Adolphus, how the centre of Europe was being recaptured for the Faith. The government of the British Isles was Protestant, and a determining majority of the population of Great Britain was Protestant; but Ireland was Catholic and there was a large Catholic minority in England.

IN Holland, where there was a Calvinist Government, there was a still larger Catholic minority. It was only in Scandinavia that you had a Protestant population with no appreciable Catholic resistance remaining, and no one could guess as yet that one of these ill-populated countries—to wit, Sweden—was going to produce a great military genius in Gustavus Adolphus.

Long before Gustavus Adolphus appeared on the scene Richelieu had watched with anxiety the increase of Catholicism in Germany, and the recapture of district after district for the Faith. And he had watched what seems to us today so natural a matter for rejoicing in a Catholic statesman with anxiety, because he was thinking more of the power of his King than of the Faith. To do him justice he could not have conceived that Catholicism in Europe would ever be in serious danger. The Protestant nations were so small and divided that they hardly seemed to him a menace. England had at the most a third, probably not much more than a quarter, of the population and wealth of France; Holland still less; the three Scandinavian countries—Norway, Denmark and Sweden—less even than Holland, for large as Sweden and Norway between them look on the map by far the most of their territory consists in uninhabitable mountains. Further, in the Germanies, Protestantism was represented by a number of separate



Armand-Jean Du Plessis, Cardinal Duke de Richelieu, was born at Paris September 5, 1585, and died there on December 4, 1642. Consecrated Bishop of Luçon at the early age of twenty-two, he showed a commendable zeal for the conversion of Protestants. Richelieu's political career began with his election by the clergy of Poitou as their representative in the States General of 1614. He immediately became the spokesman for the clergy and proposed many reforms. On November 30, 1616, he was named Secretary of State, but was shortly forced out of office. While in exile he wrote two books on the defense of the faith. By a Pontifical Brief of November 3, 1622, he was created a cardinal by Gregory XV. On April 19, 1624, he re-entered the Council of Ministers. Richelieu's policy can be reduced to two principal ideas—the domestic unification of France under the Crown, and opposition to the House of Austria. He was the real ruler of France in everything but the name.

states and small principalities, jealous of each other and able to offer no permanent resistance to the advancing power of the Catholic Emperor, who ruled from Vienna and was determined to make all Germany a united nation under his own rule.

But such a nation would have been a

menace to France, and Richelieu set out to prevent such unity from being accomplished. Now that this military genius, Gustavus Adolphus, had appeared unexpectedly, like a meteor in the international world, Richelieu realized the opportunity, and we saw in the last article how he hired Gustavus to be his soldier against Austria. Gustavus was defeated and killed in the very nick of time for Richelieu: a little more, and he might have restored a united Germany of another sort. As it was, when he died, he had saved Protestantism but had not extended its boundaries.

RICHELIEU, who had become seriously alarmed at the unexpected magnitude of his protégé's success, felt free again—but even as it was, the challenge which he had thrown down to Austria was very nearly the ruin of his plans. The huge Spanish Empire was governed by another branch of the same family as that which ruled the Catholic German Empire—the family who took their name from the Castle of Hapsburg. The Hapsburg ruling in Spain was the cousin of the Hapsburg ruling in Vienna. Part of the Spanish Empire in those days was the country now called Belgium. The Spaniards had far greater money resources than the French in the early seventeenth century, and though Spanish power was declining no one suspected how far that decline had gone—for it was from within. The external appearance was still magnificent. They came very near to a decisive and crushing victory over the French—but they failed. Richelieu maintained French power victoriously until his death, and the chief result of his policy was the falling in of Alsace under the French Monarchy. The nobles and free cities in that German-speaking plain lying between the Vosges and the Rhine were divided, about one-third being for the Protestant cause and about two-thirds for the Catholic. But no one there wanted to be under the Emperor, and one of Richelieu's Protestant allies, who was fighting the Emperor, having been killed just after he had captured Brisach, the key-fortress on which Alsace depended, his Army was persuaded to solve its difficulties by offering the Government of Alsace to the King of France. It was not a bad bargain for the Alsations, all of whose local liberties remained, and who came nearer to en-

joying self-government over the space of a century and a half than they were likely to come under either of the two rivals on the other side of the Rhine—the Emperor or his Protestant opponents.

Richelieu died in 1642, having seen all his schemes come to success. They came late, he could not be certain of his

triumph until the very last years of his life. Even as his last sickness was upon him, when he was a dying man, it still looked as though the Spaniards in the South might be too strong for the French, although their attack from Belgium had been defeated. But by the actual moment of his death Richelieu knew that

he had conquered everywhere. What he did not know (but what the Pope of the day foresaw in a rather dim way) was that the triumph of the French Cardinal meant also the permanent establishment of Protestant power in Europe. This great statesman had saved his country at the expense of the Church's unity.

Military Training and the College

*A Former Student in the R.O.T.C. Expresses His
Personal Opinion On a Subject Now Widely Discussed*

By Edward Anthony Connell

WHEN Dr. George W. Rightmire, president of Ohio State University, asserted the authority vested in him by the Trustees of the institution and the sovereign state of Ohio, and unceremoniously expelled from that leading institution of higher learning a group of undergraduates who had refused, as conscientious objectors to organized warfare, to participate in the compulsory military training activities of the university, the land resounded with the screaming protests of the professional pacifists, mingled, in inharmonious chorus, with the shouts of approval of aggressive militarists.

And again the pacifist leaders attempted, through high court procedure, to toss into the discard once and for all, their most hated law of the land,—the stipulation that "land grant" colleges must include military training in their curricula. And, as often before, they failed to convince eminent jurists that collegiate Reserve Officers Training Corps activities were morally, ethically, economically, and spiritually wrong.

Our Catholic colleges spend little time in concern over the merits or disadvantages of "R.O.T.C." It is not a problem at these institutions of ours which have always paid their own bills without benefit of governmental grants. But the military training question does come up at the Catholic college, often as a choice morsel for intellectual exercise or, as at a certain Catholic University, to be settled in a student questionnaire. I have just been reading the excellent campus

weekly paper at that representative institution, dated October 18, 1934, containing a rather extensive article devoted to student discussion of the question, "Does the R.O.T.C. Benefit Students?"

The feature editor of this campus paper states the problem: "The R.O.T.C. is, we find, a system of military training units established throughout our high schools, colleges, and universities. The units are sponsored by the government which, through Congressional appropriations, supply uniforms, pay each member a monetary return for drilling and training, and permit these officers to assist in the management of Citizens' Military Training Corps camps. We find, further, that when a unit is dedicated at a school, if a student elects to join, it becomes compulsory for him to take the military course for two years with the other two years being optional. The activities of the units are to drill, have dress parades, and to train in military fundamentals. They, of course, have various social functions such as dances and the election of co-ed "Honorary Colonels."

If I may, as a former "Private, First Class" in the R.O.T.C., be permitted to comment upon Mr. Cooney's able presentation with a bit of disagreement, I would venture the opinion that he is in error only in his statement that the government pays "each member a monetary return for drilling and training." This cash payment is only for those who elect R.O.T.C. during the junior and senior years. The boys in the compulsory

freshman and sophomore R.O.T.C. activities do not receive any cash return unless, of course, the rules have been changed recently.

But to get on with the students' opinions. "The R.O.T.C. is not an organization that I would like to see at the University," says Freshman B, a first year student in Arts. "I am here primarily to secure an education and the constant reminder, through the military training of the R.O.T.C., that war is likely at any time to disrupt that life is not conducive to study or application." Let us go further into this opinion.

Freshman B's objection is, in fundamental content, the great general objection of peace organizations to all military maneuvers,—the talk of war, martial music, brass buttons, fat generals on parade, airplanes zooming, and cruisers basking in the Hudson River,—all these, say the pacifists, are constant reminders of war. Therefore, they argue, they keep alive the thought of war which is one of the great incentives to war.

NOW it seems to me that Freshman B is putting forward the "blind spot" of pacifistic reasoning. This "reminder of war" objection to military training always seems to me to be shot through with fuzzy thinking. If those who hold this objection run true to form, they should be opposed to Mr. Jones taking boxing lessons. Mr. Jones buys himself a pair of eight ounce gloves, purple trunks, and a good punching bag which he hangs in the cellar. One night a week Mr. Jones

goes to the Main Street gymnasium and goes through the motions with a competent instructor. One or two other nights he works himself into a lather feinting, jabbing, side-stepping, and shadow-boxing. Now I doubt very much, although Mr. Jones is "reminded" of physical combat as he dances around nimbly, that his exertions are "not conducive to study or application" or that his efficiency at the office is impaired.

AND, while we are on the subject of reminders, it is not æsthetic rationalization to talk of "receiving an education" which shall not be cluttered up with the "idea of war" or the idea that "war is likely at any time to disrupt" that life? It seems to me that the thought of hell's fires intruding upon our mental processes occasionally, is extremely beneficial. Life cannot be continually "on the offensive." This is what the anti-R.O.T.C. pacifist sullenly fights for. He does not want to admit the existence of life's unpleasant tinges. A good football coach sees that his squad is "constantly reminded" (to put it mildly) of the bag of tricks that will be unleashed against the team on the coming Saturday afternoon. Besides rehearsing his eleven stalwarts in the intricacies of the "cross buck" and the off-tackle play, he also devises a good defense against those sweeping end runs and forward passes of the enemy.

R.O.T.C., fasting and abstinence, adequate sleep, physical exercise,—all of these are "defensive." Tennis will develop supple leg muscles. Gazing at his strong and limber legs will not incite the tennis player to run around town chasing innocent bystanders, but these legs will come in mighty handy when that pickpocket snatches Mr. Tennis Player's wallet and tries to outprint him!

The pacifist is not really opposed to "reminders of war." He is really opposed to the kind of reminders that do not suit him. The pacifists are the instigators of the ghastly collections of photographs showing decaying corpses in trenches, mangled bodies on barbed wire entanglements, sightless eyes and crippled limbs. And these horrible exhibits are not a deterrent to war. On the contrary they are inflammatory thrusts that serve to revive anew old and slumbering hatreds and jealousies. A photograph of a trench with the mangled bodies of British Tommies does not breed good will towards Berlin in Trafalgar Square.

We find that Sophomore X contributes an opinion to the university forum: "Most of our large universities are founded International Relations Clubs. Our University has one that is newly organized. These clubs strive to acquaint the student with international conditions and thereby bring about a better understanding between the various nationalities by

education and peaceful means. After witnessing these efforts toward peace the martial shadow cast by an R.O.T.C. unit would be ironical."

Sophomore X, of course, subtly implies that international understanding is impossible where military maneuvering is indulged in by the participants in the student international relations clubs. Now "international understanding" of the campus variety, so far as I have been able to observe it, consists largely of two general phases: (1) reciprocal attempts to gain factual knowledge of one another by different nationalities and (2) sugary flattery and mutual admiration. The first is exemplified by the members of the International Relations Club at Siwash studying the agricultural activities of Yugoslavia and the second is admirably illustrated by the "Model League of Nations" staged each year by the internationally-minded students of Smith, Mt. Holyoke, Amherst, Williams, and a half dozen other New England colleges, where the greater part of the session is spent by the delegates, representing a myriad of nationalities, telling each other how nice everything is and what fine countries they all come from!

The good neighbors of early America were those who built stout stone walls along their property lines. "Good walls make good neighbors," wrote the poet Robert Frost. But these old stone walls did not form a barrier against mutual aid in time of domestic trouble. They did insure a blissful privacy which is a concomitant of neighborliness. The anti-R.O.T.C. pacifist bases his reasoning upon "understanding and trusting the other nation." Those of us who believe in the principle of military preparedness as typified by the R.O.T.C. prefer to trust ourselves, to face the more easily controlled dangers of overdoing our own militarism rather than the tragic dangers which follow a blind trust in foreign nations to check their own warlike movements.

BUT enough of general philosophizing. There were other opinions expressed in the university questionnaire. Sophomore T believes that "an R.O.T.C. unit founded at the University would be quite beneficial. Looking at it from our point of view it would assist immeasurably in the organization of the band which, while rich in musical ability, is a bit lacking in fundamentals as a drill unit." Refreshing, to say the least!

Junior R would not care to have the R.O.T.C. "We should be taught to respect superiority but we should not be forced into dull submission that results from strict military discipline." I wonder what Knute Rockne would have said if his football squad decided to throw over "dull submission" to his strict discipline?

I have never considered R.O.T.C. anything but a blessing in disguise on the college campus. It provides a rugged uniform to wear, saving stress and strain on the one good serge suit. It provides a mild form of physical exercise which, particularly for the non-athlete, is a life saver. It encourages bodily discipline and holds in check the ebullient assertiveness of the cocksure undergraduate. It offsets the sloppy dressing and sloppy manners of the fraternity house with an insistence upon neat uniform and respect for authority couched in courteous language. President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University in his recent opening address to the undergraduate body deplored the ill manners of the young generation. At many an American college it is the R.O.T.C. which is the sole bulwark between a semblance of manners and noisy boorishness. Those in charge of R.O.T.C. activities at our colleges do not breathe a warlike spirit nor do they preach the glories of war. I have been through the basic R.O.T.C. courses given by regular army men and I have observed R.O.T.C. activities at many colleges. I have never known of a single case where R.O.T.C. officials have lectured on the glories of military combat or mentioned the need for a gigantic standing army. These stories of R.O.T.C. "fight talks" and jingoism are largely pure buncombe. R.O.T.C. lectures are confined solely to military science and tactics.

OUR R.O.T.C. system is the most mild-mannered form of military discipline in the world. There is no encroachment by R.O.T.C. officials upon academic pursuits or intellectual freedom. There is no class hatred preached in military lectures, which is more than can be said of many an academic class. It is not R.O.T.C. which we have to fear. It stands as a marvelously-restrained force between the pseudo-intellectuals who refuse to bear arms for any reason whatsoever, the Fosdicks and the campus free-thinkers on the one hand, and the politician-jingo, the verbose and noisy retired generals, and the viewing-with-alarm press on the other.

The Catholic College is better able to get along without R.O.T.C. than the non-Catholic college. At the Catholic college there is no inane pacifism being preached which must be offset. And the Catholic colleges, alone amongst our institutions of higher learning, impart a mental discipline, and a *wholeness* of outlook upon life, which, after all, is all-important. At the numerous colleges in our land where amid a welter of Evolution, self-expression, and contempt for all authority, bewildered students attempt to cling to something substantial, the R.O.T.C. is, indeed, a great rock in a weary land. This is the writer's sincere and convinced opinion.

LET'S PRETEND

By Mary E. McLaughlin

FREE will is a great and terrible gift, but its refined form, Choice, is a grand personal prerogative which makes the world much more interesting and individual, whether we are choosing clothes, plays or gospels. I do not know if the Church regards any one gospel narrative above another, but I cannot help choosing my own special favorites. I recently noticed that in each favorite of mine, Christ appears as in a fairy-tale, the Prince Charming of the Royal Blood in disguise, aiding His obscure and faithful subjects beyond their wildest expectations or merits, even though not punishing, in these particular stories of my preference, any terrible ogres or big bad wolves.

The Prodigal Son may be to experts the perfect short story, but to my inexpert mind the choice falls on St. Luke's exquisite narrative for midnight Mass at Christmas. After its Advent suppression the intoning of the *Gloria* is welcomed with joy; the three priests kneeling at the altar at solemn high mass for the *Et Incarnatus Est* floods my soul; and when some humble priest announces that there will be no sermon and then proceeds to read: "At that time there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus," I hang on breathlessly to every word as though it were the first time I had ever heard that deathless tale; and after the "swaddling clothes"—words now applied exclusively to the poorest, yet the most famous layette in the world—I am limp with emotion, joy and love. It has always seemed to me that in the congregation a spirit of uttermost reverence and love, combined with divine gaiety is more apparent than at any other time.

My next favorite gospel follows soon after, St. John's description of the marriage of Cana. Here we have rules for serving wine not yet improved upon. Here also was Our Lady in a new light, charmingly feminine, knowing her power with her Divine Son, yet seemingly disregarding His abrupt answer as He seemingly pretended to disregard her request. I have always hoped that the little bride, as well as the bridegroom, was informed of this lovely act of charity and delicacy, the first recorded miracle performed by Christ, causing the plans of an omnipotent God from all eternity to be advanced by a four-word request from Christ's hospitable mother to save the feelings of this nameless and otherwise obscure couple. How the orderly angelic historians of heaven must have gasped at

this unexpected act and have pondered on the power of this unique non-angelic being who out-ranked them all and whom their great Gabriel had once been chosen to address, probably looking down upon even the valorous Michael ever after.

Then I love beyond the telling St. Luke's Easter Monday tale of the immortal town sixty furlongs from Jerusalem. At His birth Christ, in a great measure, disguised His divinity lest His majesty affright the humble or the sinner. What a regal game of "Let's Pretend I'm Only a Little Child!" At Cana with His Lady Mother He wanted to play "Let's Pretend I'm Only a Guest," disguising His power and puzzling the chief steward with His magic. But at Emmaus, ah! here was His once-upon-a-time teasing game magnificently superb! How candid and garrulous was heart-saddened Cleophas and how impatient at Christ's not knowing the latest news! And how they coaxed Him in that plaintive poetical sentence "Stay with us because it is toward evening and the day is now far spent" to dine with them after He had discoursed at length and had pretended He wanted to go on further.

Not until they went in and they had served Him, and He had blessed the bread and had served them did He decide to stop playing and reveal His identity, and even then He played still more with them, vanishing entirely out of their sight! With all the burning of their hearts and the new courage which sent them back immediately to Jerusalem to the waiting eleven, I can easily imagine that a wave of lightness and perhaps of laughter may have tempered their sadness and solemnity as they recalled being lovingly played upon by the pranks of the Divine Master and Teacher.

THEN again the scene on Lake Tiberius after the Resurrection as told by St. John, where the sublime and historic destiny of Peter was again dramatically confirmed by Christ, is yet another picture of Jesus in a playful rôle, notwithstanding the intensely serious import of the commission. On the day preceding that most tender and persistent solicitation of Peter's love, Peter seemed in a holiday mood. The gospel relates that he announced "I go a-fishing." The apostles with him apparently had not the slightest intention of letting this grand opportunity slip by for they promptly announced that they would go along. The gentle John intimates no tales or tall stories of the fish that got away, possibly

to save their feelings, for shameful to relate, they caught nothing!

Next morning found Jesus on the shore as though pretending to be a hungry fisherman asking them if they had any meat. They had none. He then told them how to cast their nets and they caught a multitude of fish, whereat the loving-quick John recognized the Lord. His poor boat which conveyed the other disciples and the catch of fish was much too slow for the impetuous Peter who, very meagerly dressed we must admit, swam to shore to greet his Master and get the campfire started and accept the envied invitation of Christ to all of them to "Come and dine."

BEING men they probably spoke little while eating, for it was only after they had dined that Christ yearningly made Peter admit with hurt and ardent vehemence his emphatic love, and then gave him his triple commission. A simple, primitive setting and a queer diplomatic livery for the ceremony of conferring such tremendous and far-reaching powers by a King on His chief ambassador. (Those wives who insist on discussing with hungry husbands Johnnie's report card, the defects of the refrigerator or the purchase of a new hat, might well note here how Divine Wisdom acted. Christ seemed to feel that obtaining Peter's beautiful confession and then conferring on him such unlimited power—important though such things were—could be postponed until after the men had dined.) And dear, inquisitive Peter—how Christ then playfully chided him for worrying about John's future.

Christ foresaw the sleight-of-hand work we must do here because of our dual citizenship, the hide-and-seek with God and the world which we must constantly play; and lest we grow too solemn or pompous I think He wanted us occasionally to live in a lighter vein and to show us how much can be done with grace and simplicity, with charity and delicacy. I also think He wanted to teach us graceless and heavy-handed mortals the habit of generosity and courtesy toward one another. And when perhaps we must manifest in no uncertain terms some right or some obligation of our pristine heirship, or must surprise or disappoint many on occasion, I believe He wanted us to try to leave with our fellowmen feelings similar to those of the shepherds of Bethlehem, the groom at Cana and the hospitable and troubled disciples on the road to Emmaus.

THE SIGN-POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ♦ Answers ♦ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

PRIVATE REPLIES

L. C. B., RICHMOND, VA.—Abbé Dimnet is a canon of the cathedral of Cambrai, France. He is a Catholic priest in good standing. We know nothing about his manner of dress.

M. J. E., NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your resolve is truly according to God. There should be no difficulty about confession. Choose an experienced confessor. He will guide you. The necessary matter of confession are mortal sins not yet directly remitted by absolution. Venial sins and mortal sins already forgiven are free matter. *Anima Divota* is a good book for use in preparation for Holy Communion. *Vain Fears* by Fr. Antoni offers counsel and encouragement in regard to confession. 25 cents postpaid.

B. L. P., CHICAGO, ILL.—The most complete book on female religious communities is *Religious Orders of Women in the United States* by Elinor Tong Dehey. It gives the history of each community, describes their work, and lists their foundations. In many instances a photograph of a member of the community described is inserted. It is a book of 908 pages. W. B. Conkey Co., Hammond, Ind. Price \$6.00, net.

H. O'M., JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Going to the altar rail does not increase the indulgence granted for a visit to the Blessed Sacrament.

J. O. K., NEW ORLEANS, LA.—The Old Testament Saints Samuel (Hebrew, meaning asked of God, name of God), and Ruth (a vision, a beauty), are commemorated on August 20 and September 1, respectively.

J. L., NORWOOD, MASS.—The Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary was declared an article of Catholic Faith by Pope Pius IX on December 8, 1854.

W. M., ST. LOUIS, MO.—The proposition seems illegal to us, but you might consult a lawyer.

P. E., ELMIRA, N. Y.—You should seek the advice of your confessor, and also a reputable physician. *The Difficult Commandment* ought to prove beneficial. 30c paper, postpaid.

M. McC., SUMMIT, N. J.—A thought or desire of sexual pleasure *deliberately entertained* is certainly a sin, according to the teaching of Jesus Christ. Did Our Lord not say: "I say to you that whosoever shall look on a woman to lust after her hath already committed adultery with her in his heart." (Matt. 5:28). All such thoughts and desires are matter of confession.

P. R., GLENDALE, N. Y.—When sorrow comes our Catholic faith urges us to seek consolation in the fatherly Providence of God. God knows best. He loves your child more than you ever could, and has taken it to Himself. Would you begrudge your child everlasting happiness? All the saved will be reunited in Heaven, never more to separate. That meeting

will be all the happier because we have believed and trusted God here below.

P. L., CINCINNATI, O.—It would require a pamphlet to answer your questions. Fortunately, there are two pamphlets already written which are heartily recommended—*Company Keeping, When Is It a Sin* by Mary E. McGill, and *I'm Keeping Company Now* by Rev. Fulgence Meyer, O.F.M. Five cents each.

L. S., CLEVELAND, O.—Our Lord is said to have made promises to Sister Mary Martha Chambon, Visitandine, in favor of those who have a devotion to His Sacred Wounds. Leaflets may be obtained from the Academy of the Visitation, St. Louis, Mo.

A. H., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—(1) Stefan Zweig is a Jew and was born in Vienna in 1881. (2) Cardinal de Rohan was a "career bishop" who led a scandalous life. Whether or not he had seven mistresses we cannot say, but considering his manner of life it is probable. (3) Not having read Feuchtwanger's *Josephus*, we cannot offer an opinion regarding its historical accuracy, but on general principles we are inclined to be skeptical about it.

PRAYING FOR TEMPORAL GOODS

A good and practical Catholic has on several occasions told me that he does not believe in the efficacy of prayer for temporal things. He says that God is only interested in our spiritual needs. Is not this an entirely wrong state of mind for a Catholic? For a time he attended Mass every morning, no doubt asking for work, but after a while he quit going to week day Mass. We all made novenas, so many I have lost count, but I believe and know that this siege has brought us closer to God, and I thank Him. This man is now an active worker in the St. Vincent de Paul Society, and he is a better Catholic now than when he worked almost constantly.—J. M. F., NEW YORK, N. Y.

It is certainly erroneous to think that God does not answer prayers for temporal goods. The proof of this statement is the "Thanksgivings Column" in this department. It is safe to say that most of the favors acknowledged are in the temporal order.

When Jesus taught us to say the "Our Father," He included in the prayer the petition—"give us this day our daily bread." This petition implicitly contains the prayer for all those temporal needs which are necessary for us. Surely, a job is one of those needs. It is lawful to pray for whatever is lawful to desire, said St. Augustine. There is nothing wrong in desiring work. Many people have obtained work and continue in their jobs who would never have had work unless they had prayed.

Temporal goods, however, must not be sought as the principal goods of a Christian, but only as secondary in value, and desirable in so far as they afford the help to attain the principal good of life, which is eternal beatitude. What disciples of Christ may and should pray for is an ample sufficiency in regard to temporal goods, as the Wise Man did: "give me neither beggary nor riches; give me only the necessities of life." (Prov. 30:8.)

Of course, prayers must be offered with the proper dispositions, which are all summed up "in the Name of Jesus." Again, God may delay to answer either because we lack these dispositions, or He wishes to try us, or to make us more worthy of the favor when He grants it. No good prayer to God is ever disregarded. It will merit an answer of some kind. We have Jesus' word for that.

PENITENTS REFUSING TO CEASE BIRTH CONTROL CANNOT BE ABSOLVED

I would like to know if a priest is allowed to give absolution to anyone practicing birth control, and who refuses to put a stop to it.—N. N., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

We assume that what you mean by birth control is contraception, or the unlawful frustration of the natural end of the marriage act. Birth control is not an accurate term for the practice of limiting the birth of children. The reason is that birth control may be practiced in a lawful and an unlawful manner. Periodic abstinence, for instance, is a lawful manner of birth control, provided it is done by married partners with mutual consent. But every method of birth prevention by artificial means, whether those means are physical, chemical, or mechanical, is unlawful and sinful. This is the teaching of Pope Pius XI in his Encyclical *Casti Connubii*: "any use whatsoever of matrimony exercised in such a way that the act is deliberately frustrated of its natural power to generate new life is an offense against the law of God and of nature, and those who indulge in such are branded with the guilt of grave sin."

As no grave sin can be absolved without sincere contrition, which necessarily includes the resolution not to commit the sin again, no one who practices birth control (contraception) in the manner described above, can be absolved by any priest. The Pope in the above mentioned Encyclical warns pastors and those in charge of the cure of souls "not to allow the faithful entrusted to them to err regarding this most grave law of God." Moreover, The Sacred Penitentiary declared on November 13, 1901, that a penitent who refused to give up the practice of contraception could not be absolved.

LA SALETTE MISSIONARIES

Please tell me something about the La Salette Missionaries. They have a monastery near here.—L. B., ALBANY, N. Y.

The La Salette Missionaries were founded to administer the church erected on La Salette Mountain, near the village of La Salette-Fallavaux, department of Isère, France. This mountain is celebrated "as the site of an apparition of the Blessed Virgin to two peasant children—Mélanie and Maximin, on 19 September, 1846. The messages she gave to each were conveyed in 1851 to Pope Pius IX, and to him alone, and have since been designated as the 'Secret' of La Salette. Mélanie printed a version of her secret in 1849, which excited a considerable controversy, and in 1915 a decree of the Holy Office forbade further publications on the subject." (*The New Catholic Dictionary*, p. 543.) Since the founding of the religious congregation at La Salette branches of the community have been established in this country.

FLOWERS ON CASKET

Is there anything in the laws of the Church to prohibit the use of flowers during the funeral of a Catholic, e.g., to place them on the casket during a funeral Mass?—J. P., MUENSTER, TEX.

There does not appear to be anything in the general laws of the Church concerning this matter. Liturgical books, however, teach that all flowers should be removed from the altar during funeral Masses, because their presence on the altar is inappropriate during the solemn services in honor of the dead. For a similar reason it would appear that the presence of flowers on the casket of a deceased person during

a funeral Mass is out of place. There may be particular regulations on this matter in a diocese or parish. Many pastors oppose the placing of flowers on caskets during funeral services because it is not in harmony with the spirit of the occasion, and also because it is a waste of money. Flowers, moreover, bring no comfort to the departed soul. The laudable custom of offering Mass cards in place of flowers is gaining gradually.

UNGODLY CHILDREN: WHY SPIRITUALISM IS CONDEMNED: SCRIPTURAL AUTHORITY FOR PURGATORY: INVOKING BLESSED VIRGIN

(1) *What is your interpretation of the following text: "It is better to die without children than to leave ungodly children." (Ecclus. 16:4.)* (2) *I have been asked by non-Catholic friends why the Catholic Church condemns Spiritualism. Are not those who practice Spiritualism trying to get in touch with the dead even as Catholics?* (3) *What Scripture authority is there for the doctrine of Purgatory?* (4) *What Biblical foundation is there that Christ intended us to invoke His mother?*—A. A., ELMIRA, N. Y.

(1) The text itself is its best interpretation. The general idea underlying the beginning of Chapter 16 of Ecclesiasticus is that it is better to have no children at all rather than many wicked children, for "better is one that feareth God than a thousand ungodly children." (v. 3.) The lack of children is a negative misfortune, while the presence of children who are wicked and ungodly is a positive evil. It must be remembered that the Jews greatly desired children. Jewish women entertained the hope that they might become the mother of the Messiah. Barrenness was a curse. But though barrenness was considered a curse, or at least a misfortune, it was better than having children who were positively wicked. There is no approbation of birth control, as moderns understand it, in this text.

(2) The Church condemns Spiritualism because it is condemned by God Himself. There are many texts in the Bible in which the attempt to communicate with the spirits of the dead is explicitly reprobated. (See Deut. 18:10; Exod. 22:18; Lev. 19:31; 20:6, 27; Isa. 7:19.) The Church cannot do otherwise than condemn what God condemns. It is a false assumption to charge that Catholics try to get in touch with the souls of the dead by means of their devotion to the Souls in Purgatory. The intention of the faithful in this matter is to assist the departed souls by prayers, alms, and sacrifices—not to enter into conversation with them, or to pry into the secrets of the life beyond the grave.

(3) There is Scripture authority for the doctrine of Purgatory, but a Bible Christian will search in vain for the word Purgatory. The term Purgatory is coined by Catholic Tradition to designate the middle state between Heaven and Hell. But the foundation of this doctrine is found in several places in the Bible. The classic reference is to II Mach. 12:39-46. Judas Machabeus sent twelve thousand drachmas to Jerusalem in order to have prayers said for the souls of his soldiers who had died in battle, "because it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." This book is not found in Protestant Bibles, but is received as inspired Scripture by the infallible authority of the Catholic Church. Again, when Our Lord said that the sin against the Holy Ghost would not be forgiven, either in this world or in the next (Matt. 12:32), He implied that some sins may be forgiven in the next world. The frequent warning that every man will be rewarded or punished according to his works implies the doctrine of the middle state, or Purgatory. St. Paul (I Cor. 3:15) said that some souls would be saved, but "so as by fire," which many scholars interpret as the fire of Purgatory. The fundamental fallacy of an objection of this kind is that the Bible alone is the rule of faith. (See art. Purgatory, November issue, p. 243 et seq.)

(4) There is plenty of foundation in the Bible for devotion

to the Blessed Virgin. She is "the woman," mysteriously referred to in Gen. 3:15, who would crush the serpent's head. She is "the virgin" who would conceive and bear a son, whose name would be called Emmanuel—God with us. (Isa. 7:14.) When the fullness of time came God chose Mary of Nazareth to be the mother of His Only Son. He sent an archangel to announce this wondrous operation of Divine Goodness, and the archangel said that she was "full of grace." (Luke 1:26.) An angel settled St. Joseph's doubt about her motherhood. (Matt. 1:20.) St. Elizabeth declared her "blessed among women." (Luke 1:28, 34.) Mary in her own *Magnificat* prophesied that "all generations shall call me blessed." (Luke 1:48.) Mary was no ordinary woman; she was "the woman" of all time—"the virgin-mother," whose like the world never witnessed before nor since. It is in the instinct of man to admire and extol such greatness of character and exalted dignity. Moreover, the faithful have the example of Jesus Christ Himself—Who chose her to be His mother, Who loved and obeyed her for thirty years in the intimacy of closest family life, and Who when dying left her in the care of St. John, His beloved disciple. If Christ loved Mary to such a degree, surely there is no need to ask why Catholics love and reverence the Blessed Virgin Mary. The question should rather be—how is it that those who worship Jesus do not imitate His example by praising, venerating, and seeking the intercession of His mother? The relationship between Mary and Jesus has not changed in Heaven. She is still His mother. As she helped to avoid embarrassment at the marriage feast at Cana by her intercession with her Son, Who worked His first miracle on that occasion (John 2:11), so she still has the greatest influence with Him now in Heaven. She is still His mother. And if God often spared the guilty because of the intercession of Moses (Gen. 18), and counseled the friends of Job to ask Job to pray for them (Job. 42:8), how much more agreeable to God is it to ask His mother to aid those who need assistance from God. Protestants should read the Book of Common Prayer, which has the following passage with reference to the intercession of the angels and saints: "O, everlasting God, Who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful order, mercifully grant that as Thy holy angels always do Thee service in Heaven, so by Thy appointment they may succor and defend us on earth." If it is allowed to ask the intercession of the angels and Saints, why should it not be fitting and proper to address our prayers to the Queen of Angels and of Saints?

CASTRATION OF CHOIR BOYS

In The Readers' Digest of October, 1934, there is the following statement in an article entitled "Sterilization in Germany": "Objections of a religious nature figure prominently in the propaganda against Germany's sterilization law. Yet it is a historical fact that up to the mid-nineteenth century choir boys of the Sistine Chapel were castrated to preserve their treble voices. No scruples were raised against such operations, although they were more severe than sterilization, which simply involves a minor operation, and neither affects physical or mental capacities nor restricts the enjoyment of any pleasures." Some of my friends have asked me how the Church now could come out so strongly against sterilization, while she herself practiced something worse in the same line. They even go so far as to say that the Church can appropriate to herself right which she denies to others. Will you please explain this matter?—E. J. MCC., BROOKLYN, N. Y.; L. B., ALBANY, N. Y.

The author of the article "Sterilization in Germany" is guilty of the fallacy of stating a half-truth and drawing unjustified inferences from it. It is true that during the Renaissance period and afterward it was the custom to employ castrated boys and men in church choirs, especially in Rome, but it is false to assert that the operation by which they were made eunuchs was approved of by the Popes. The contrary

is the fact. Pope Benedict XIV and Pope Clement XIV threatened with excommunication those who performed such an operation, unless for lawful medical reasons—such as the preservation of health. Those who performed this operation, or allowed it to be performed without lawful cause, were declared irregular.

It is true, indeed, that some theologians of those days considered as probable the opinion defending the lawfulness of castration for the purpose of preserving soprano voices for singing in church choirs, in order that the singers might make a livelihood. St. Alphonsus so considered it. But even in this opinion two special conditions were required for the lawfulness of the operation, viz., (a) that the operation might not endanger life, and (b) that it was not done against the will of the subjects. This opinion, however, was never general among theologians, which plainly shows that it was not the opinion of the Church. For many years the unanimous opinion has been, and still is, that the operation is unlawful. The question is now obsolete. (*Catholic Encyclopedia Dictionary*; Noldin, *Theologia Moralis*, II, 328.) The conclusion is, therefore, that the argument of our author is not strengthened, but weakened, by comparing the barbarous sterilization laws of Germany with an isolated and reprobated practice connected with boys in Catholic church choirs.

TEN BOOKS FOR EPISCOPALIAN

Please recommend a list of ten books for an Episcopalian contemplating entering the Catholic Church. As far as possible suggest books which can be obtained in the public libraries.—W. F. R., DORCHESTER, MASS.

Rebuilding a Lost Faith, Stoddard.
Why Rome? Seldon P. Delaney.
An Awakening and What Followed, Stone. (Fr. Fidelis, C. P.)
Apologia Pro Vita Sua, Cardinal Newman.
The Long Road Home, Moody.
Now I See, Lunn.
Spirit of Catholicism, Adam.
History of the Reformation in England, Constant.
The Catholic Encyclopedia.
Restoration, Hoffman.

MYTH OF FEMALE POPE

Will you give me some information relative to the supposed female Pope Joan? A friend said that she read about her in a certain book. Unfortunately, I was unable to refute the charge intelligently.—M. L., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

No intelligent historian today entertains any doubts concerning the legendary Pope Joan. She is generally regarded as a myth. Pope Joan was first mentioned in the thirteenth century by the Dominican Jean de Mailly, who said that she reigned in 1100, and Martin von Troppan, a papal chamberlain, who alleged that she was pope in 855. The length of her reign is alleged by them to have been about two years. The cause of this legend is not clear, but it was probably a medieval satire on the papacy. This fanciful story was greedily appropriated by the enemies of the papacy and for a certain time had quite a vogue, but no author of sense places any stock in it. It is also worthy of note that from the tenth to the thirteenth century no historian ever mentioned her pontificate. Chronology, moreover, puts the thing outside all doubt. Pope Leo IV reigned from 847 to 855, A. D. He was immediately succeeded by Pope Benedict III, whose term extended from July, 855, to 858. Pope Paschal II reigned from 1099 to 1118. In both cases there is no room for a Pope Joan.

Protestant authorities are quite unanimous in regarding Pope Joan as a myth. The *Encyclopedia Britannica* (1929, Vol. XIII, p. 71), declares her to be "a mythical female pope." The *New International Encyclopedia* (New York, Vol. XIII,

p, 123), says that "the unhistorical character of this story is now universally admitted." Chamber's Encyclopedia (Edinburgh, 1925, Vol. VI, p. 343), describes Joan as "a fabulous personage, long said to have filled the chair as John VIII." As far back at 1839 the Penny Encyclopedia (Vol. XIII, p. 123), spoke of Joan as "a supposed individual of the female sex." All these authorities are Protestant; hence their opinion ought to have more influence on Protestants than purely Catholic refutations. You ought to get the pamphlet on Pope Joan which is published by the International Catholic Truth Society, 407 Bergen Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., for five cents.

THANKSGIVINGS TO ST. JUDE

Anon, Decatur, Ill.; Anon, New Rochelle, N. Y.; Anon, Boston, Mass.; E.D., Chestnut Hill, Mass.; B.D., Jamaica, N. Y.; A.T.M., East Boston, Mass.; A.M., Valhalla, N. Y.; C.R., Indianapolis, Ind.; H.C.Y., New York, N. Y.; M.J.G., Quincy, Mass.; F.M.P., New York, N. Y.; G.A.S., Chicago, Ill.; A.B.R., Brooklyn, N. Y.; T.B.B., Natick, Mass.; A.H., Ossining, N. Y.; W.J.M., Crafton, Pa.; M.P., Whitestone, N. Y.; M.A.C., Charlestown, Mass.; M.J.C., Sandusky, Ohio; M.T.A.M., Elizabeth, N. J.; C.F., Dorchester, Mass.; M.J.F., Hartford, Conn.; T.R.A.V., Union City, N. J.; A.T.M., New York, N. Y.; W.A.S., Philadelphia, Pa.; K.H., Brad-dock, Pa.; E. K., Rochester, Minn.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

St. Ann, Blessed Virgin, B.K.B., Randall's Island, N. Y.; Miraculous Mother, St. Joseph, Little Flower, St. Rita, C.T.W., Philadelphia, Pa.; Poor Souls, D.D., Woodlawn Heights, Md.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B.Z., St. Louis, Mo.; St. Paul of the Cross, St. Gabriel, M.T.O'B., Harrison, N. J.; Sacred Heart, H.C.Y., New York, N. Y.; Blessed Gemma, R.J.B., Coral Gables, Fla.; Our Lady of Perpetual Help, B.McE., Lincoln Place, Pa.; St. Anthony, M. J. G., Quincy, Mass.; Little Flower, J.H., Jackson Heights, N. Y.; Souls in Purgatory, B.C.C., Freeport, N. Y.; St. Anthony, M.K.S., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Blessed Mother, Sacred Heart, E.F.B., Cambridge, Mass.; Blessed Virgin, M.D., Paducah, Ky.; Blessed Mother, M.J.M., Secaucus, N. J.; Sacred Heart, Little Flower, M.K.M., Brockton, Mass.; Poor Souls, F.P.S., Long Island City, N. Y.; Sacred Heart of Jesus, B. Z., St. Louis, Mo.; Souls in Purgatory, M.L.S., Brooklyn, N. Y.; St. Philomena, J.A.B., St. Louis, Mo.; Sacred Heart, St. Joseph, St. Rita, Little Flower, C.T.W., Philadelphia, Pa.; St. Joseph, M.T., Bridgeport, Conn.; St. Anthony, M.J.A.A., S. Boston, Mass.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that *THE SIGN* has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Beside a sketch of his life it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who has been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c. each or 15 for \$1.

TOLERANCE IN A TRIANGLE

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Please grant me a mild protest against the perversion of the meaning of good words which serve a useful purpose. The learned author of "Tolerance in a Triangle" in the November issue of *THE SIGN* says in effect: "Tolerance is a weakly thing. One does not tolerate error. It is diabolical pride to tolerate one's fellows." It sounded very clever, but I think it is deceptive.

It was something of a shock, and while I saw the meaning behind the words I did not analyze them until a simple person with little learning unwittingly showed me the fallacy. He said, "tolerance is one of the worst sins in the world and causes some of the worst crimes. I read it in *THE SIGN*!"

Tolerance of error may be wrong or it may be unavoidable. Tolerance of one's fellows is not pride or condescension; it is forbearance which is a virtue. Its opposite is intolerance, which is a vice. I should like to ask the author and editor what we should substitute for tolerance. Some of us are far from the heights of perfect love and sanctity.

DORCHESTER, MASS.

RAPHAEL.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Glenn protests against the "weakly thing" called tolerance, but at the same time offers something infinitely more precious—that is, *love*! "The Catholic, knowing the equal importance of every human soul, must not tolerate his fellowman—Protestant, Jew, or Pagan; he must *love* him!" I fear that you missed the point of the article.]

A REQUEST

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I do wonder if you will be good enough to print this request for me in your most valuable magazine of which I am one of the first subscribers?

It is that all those, subscribers or not, that are interested in having the indulgences restored on the Holy Wound ejaculations, which were given by our Divine Lord to Sister Mary Martha Chambon of the Visitation Order of the Blessed Virgin Mary, send their request to me.

"My Jesus, pardon and mercy—Through the merits of Thy Holy Wounds." "Eternal Father, I offer Thee the Wounds of Our Lord Jesus Christ—to heal the wounds of our souls."

The petitions are to be forwarded to Rome by one who is working hard for this restoration for all the Catholics in the world.

410 W. 115TH ST., NEW YORK, N. Y.

J. M. H.

FATHER BLUNT'S NEW BOOK

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I received the book "Give This Man Place." The introduction in this book expresses a good Catholic's sentiments. Poor St. Joseph! I feel that the clergy is to blame to some extent for this lack of devotion to St. Joseph, because very few priests ever mention even the feast days that Mother Church has found fit to institute to his honor. I have great faith in St. Joseph. I know my hope will not be confounded.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

CATHERINE PFEIFFER.

FURTHER THOUGHTS ON HOSPITAL REGIME

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your November issue you published a letter received from a certain graduate nurse, who chose to give her ideas on "Forced Religion in Catholic Hospitals." Whether or not forced religion is practiced in many Catholic hospitals, I am not able to say. However, if her letter is the only one to be read for some time on this issue, a standardized opinion based on her given information may be accepted by too many people as truth. I believe that those Catholic hospitals that urge their students to obligatory practice of the Faith are not to be considered as representative of the ideal Catholic training schools.

I myself am a graduate nurse of a prominent mid-western hospital. Our school of nursing is affiliated with one of the leading Catholic mid-western universities; and our hospital is an active member of the Catholic Hospital Association. Here the nurses are reminded of the importance of their Faith. Attention is called to the special feast days and devo-

tions honored by our Holy Mother the Church. Enthusiasm, but never obligation, is the means used to urge our student body to Catholic action. The pace was set by previous students who supported such a noble spirit and helped to keep the best Catholic attitude attainable.

In the letter formerly printed this certain girl asks: "Why do we have to go to Communion when we haven't any desire to go?" Strange, that she could find no other alternative. Personally, if I were her, I don't believe I would have gone if I had no special reason to go. According to her statement, she seems to have been spending a great deal of her time carrying out duties laid out for her by some hospital-staff battle-ax all for naught. In her estimation, that certain hospital superintendent was (must have been) a perfect hound for religious discipline. Hound of heaven, would you call it?

Whose idea was it, in the first place, that she should become an employee in a Catholic hospital? Did she realize the purpose of that organization? Whose work was she supporting? The original founder of the institution, no doubt, must have spent a life of self-sacrifice for this tremendous cause.

Tracing the Catholic hospital idea back to its first or primary cause, we would probably find its first intention founded in the Sacred Heart of Christ. In the hospital chapel tabernacle lies the living principle of all the Catholic charity and zeal for suffering humanity. The work carried on in these institutions is someone's interpretation of God's will: to love Him above all things; and to love one's neighbor as oneself. The chapel is the King's Court where daily worship is due. His true knights would, naturally, think first and foremost of presenting themselves before the Divine Presence. Would there be any possible sense or reason to anyone "deliberately falling asleep" or "taking it out on God for having to get up so early" to attend the royal ceremony of the Mass?

Supposing that your magnificent obsession was to lead the kind of life that God wanted you to; as a nurse would you desire to exert yourself somewhat more in extra practices of your Faith?

ST. LOUIS, MO.

"ANOTHER NURSE."

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I have been reading with increasing amazement the letters which have appeared in your correspondence column on the subject of "Forced Religion in Catholic Hospitals." I do not like force in any department of life, and forced religion is undoubtedly unwise, but having conceded that, I assure you it is all that I'm going to do.

The regime reported by your correspondent in the November SIGN doesn't strike me as being painful. Just what is the Holy Eucharist these poor, downtrodden nurses are obliged to receive? A brief thousand miles or two away, men and women are risking their lives for this—I believe they consider it a privilege—and would count a night of fasting or an early rising hour a small outlay. They are so liable to be jailed or shot.

I should think that Holy Communion after a hard night's work taking care of sick people would be something lovely to look forward to. I know business girls who couldn't survive the anguish of early rising until Holy Communion gave them a good reason for getting up. Many of them, surmounting the obstacle of distance, buy their breakfasts downtown in order to hit the deck by nine. In fact, priests in New York City have told me that many girls, lacking breakfast money, fast until noon. These girls would be embarrassed to death if anyone suggested the word hardship. And here is your nursing profession with a chapel down the hall and breakfast in the offing, admitting in print, that they have no "hunger for the Living Wheat and Vine."

It is a bit terrifying to think we are ploughing down this Wheat field, with Mexico starving next door!

ALBANY, N. Y.

LORETTA REILLY.

NOVEMBER COVER

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the December issue A. B. Rogers of Sioux City, Iowa, suggests that you "tuck the front cover (November) poetry inside and go back to the former cover, advertising your leading wares."

A. B. Rogers is more to be pitied than censured. Like so many of our Catholic people, he evidently has never tasted the sweetness, nor felt the substance and depth of the official prayers of the Church; which are short but expressive; simple yet sublime; and adapted to the humblest intelligence; yet the greatest mystic cannot fathom their depth.

True, the entire *Dies Irae* was not printed on the November cover, nor is the translation given the best we have in the vernacular; but the very fact that the Church requires that entire Sequence be chanted in every Solemn Requiem Mass (which is the official Mass service of the Catholic Church), should be sufficient proof that it must be something worth while, if only one took the trouble to find out about it, and had the interest to appreciate it. In sublime but simple words this magnificent Sequence expresses an important truth, which is bound to stir every heart—the truth of the Last Judgment.

This Sequence may be described as "solitary in its excellence." The secret of its irresistible power lies in the awful grandeur of the theme, the intense earnestness and pathos of the poet, the simple majesty and solemn meter, the triple rime in the Latin—all combining to produce an overwhelming effect, as if we heard the final crash of the universe, the commotion of the opening of the graves, the trumpet of the Archangel summoning the quick and the dead, and saw the King "of tremendous majesty" seated on the throne of justice and mercy, and ready to dispense "everlasting life or everlasting woe." Tuck that inside! Please do not, but open up and give us more of the Church's treasures.

HOBOKEN, N. J.

CATHOLICUS.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

You asked for opinions of the cover on the November number. Here is mine. To tell you the truth, I hardly ever look at the cover. I am too anxious to get at the reading matter inside. I have contributed to THE SIGN for quite a while and I think it is the best magazine printed.

Speaking of Presidents and ex-Presidents, there are millions like me who think and know that Roosevelt is the best this country ever had. In fact, we are the majority.

ARLINGTON, MASS.

PATRICK CROWLEY.

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Allow me to congratulate you on the November cover, both from the standpoint of typographical art and content. The literalness would gratify a second year Latin teacher, while the elegance surpassed any of the translations with which I am familiar. Whose is it, and has the entire hymn been rendered into English? I think reading from the Missal and Breviary, especially when so timely, are far more appropriate than a commercialized list of contents.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

ANDREW WARD.

[EDITOR'S NOTE: There are several English translations of the *Dies Irae*. The one used on the November cover was from several sources.]

ARCHCONFRATERNITY MANUAL

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I wish to thank your book reviewer for the kind and encouraging words printed in the November issue of THE SIGN regarding the new Manual of the Archconfraternity of the Most Holy Cross and Passion. Because of your wide circulation throughout the United States and Canada, this notice in THE SIGN has accomplished excellent results. May God bless

you for it. Interested members who have always felt that membership in the Archconfraternity should mean more than mere registration were eager to obtain the Rule of Life and are happy to have been brought just a little nearer to Christ and Him Crucified.

It seems to me that every Catholic subscriber to *THE SIGN* should also be a member of the Archconfraternity, for the magazine is distinguished from all other magazines on account of the prominence which it gives to devotion to the Sacred Passion. It does not cost anything to become a member, nor will membership interfere with the duties of any state in life. The object of the Archconfraternity is simply this—to inspire Christians to think diligently in their hearts of the sacrifice of the Cross, and to endeavor to show their love for what Our Lord has done for them by trying to imitate Him in their daily lives. I shall be glad to send detailed information concerning this society to anyone who desires it.

(REV.) FATHER RAYMUND, C.P.,
Director of the Archconfraternity.

ST. MICHAEL'S MONASTERY,
UNION CITY, N. J.

UNHURRIED CONFESSORS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I greatly enjoyed the article—"Confessors, A Question?" And while I agree with the author that his description of hurried Confessions is true in many cases, I want to say that there is one place at least where there is no hurry, even on a busy Saturday night.

In the crowded south end of our busy city is a Church where almost at any time one of the kindly priests will hear one's Confession. You forget the hurried world outside while your Confessor, seemingly, with no thought of time, questions, pleads and prays as though his happiness depended on the salvation of your soul. I hope they realize how much joy they bring to their penitents, and may God reward their kindly, quiet patience in the Confessional.

BOSTON, MASS.

MARY CAMPBELL.

ENJOYED "WALKING WITH GOD"

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

It is hard not to mention how thoroughly I enjoy *THE SIGN*. I read it from cover to cover and on every page I am able to find a spiritual uplift, so badly needed at the present time particularly.

Mrs. Davies' "Walking With God" is a rare jewel of pure Catholic thought and inspiration.

Thanking you for your early attention to the matter of my subscription, and anticipating with real pleasure receipt of the November issue, I remain.

JACKSON HEIGHTS, N. Y.

G. V. LYONS.

HOSPITALS—DOCTORS—BABIES

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the November number of *THE SIGN* appeared an article entitled "Hospitals—Doctors—Babies" and in this article a sentence, part of which is misleading, calls for an explanation or perhaps a refutation. The sentence is the following: "A healthy woman has no need of a hospital, if she has any sort of home of her own (recent statistics seem to show that there are not nearly so many childbirth deaths in homes as there are in hospitals, so it seems safer, too) and the one place where she might well spend her money is on a good nurse for as many weeks as she can afford to have her." The part of the above sentence which is misleading is that which is in parenthesis. Even if recent statistics show that there are not nearly so many childbirth deaths in homes as there are in hospitals it does not follow that the home is safer, for the simple reason that by far more abnormal or pathological cases

are in hospitals than in homes. Many a mother, who would remain at home for her delivery were her case a normal one, is forced to go to the hospital on account of some pathological condition which presents itself. Among the mothers who go to hospitals for childbirth there are more *primiparae* (mothers having the first child) and mothers with abnormal conditions than normal *multiparae* (mothers who have had one or more children previously). The percentage of maternal deaths is naturally higher among the first two classes than in the latter.

Much has been said and will be said for and against hospitalization of mothers for childbirth. Doctors, with very few exceptions, prefer to deliver their patients in the hospital rather than in the home. Would they take this stand if the home delivery were safer for their patients?

I agree with the writer of "Hospitals-Doctors-Babies" that babies need not cost a fortune to bring into the world. There are many hospitals which have rates ranging from \$50 to \$60, or even less in some localities, for maternity cases. Upon inquiry a number of doctors stated that the usual fee for care of an obstetrical patient is from \$25 to \$50.

Let me tell you that we regard *THE SIGN* as a most excellent publication and that we derive a great deal of enjoyment from reading its timely and instructive articles.

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

A REGISTERED NURSE.

NEGRO CATHOLICS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In reply to J. Gerard Ottmann's letter in the December issue, would like to say that when you have a moment to spare drop into St. Charles Borromeo's church in Harlem, located on 141st Street, between 7th and 8th Avenues. If you are interested in the Negro I promise you the thrill of your life, when you see the beautiful devotion practiced in this church by the Negro.

I feel certain that you will be interested to learn also that the pastor, Rev. Father McCann, last Easter had his second class of converts, and, if I recall correctly, there were 86 in the class.

I, too, became a Catholic in that church about 1912. Naturally, I know how the other converts feel in this church now, only when I joined it was not attended by the Negro. Upon my return I saw the sincere devotion the Negro had for Our Divine Lord, which made me feel cheap, small, and unworthy of His love, as they seemed so much sweeter than we of the white race in our devotion to him. Some of us would do well to take pattern from our colored brothers and sisters. I think that if we did so we would be much more pleasing to Almighty God.

It would be well, also, if we would heed our little friend, "The Little Flower," who said, "O Lord, Who hast said, 'unless ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven.'" The Negro puts this into practice. Where do we come in—at least some of us? And at the same time it would be well for some of us good Catholics to look up the teaching of Christ in the Bible, I Corinthians, Chapter XIII. We "might" make the grade.

ALBANY, N. Y.

R. D. SCHOLEY.

ANONYMOUS DONATIONS

Sometimes our friends send anonymous donations to us in thanksgiving for favors, or for some other good purpose. We are thankful, of course, for these donations, but being anonymous, we are unable to thank the donors. Moreover, if their letters are lost, they do not know whether their donations have been received. We ask that donations be not sent anonymously. We do not wish to list them in our Thanksgiving Column lest others might take up the practice.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



Bamboo

By Raphael Vance, C.P.

EXISTENCE would well nigh be impossible to the Chinese were bamboo, the "Universal Provider," wanting. Yesterday as I rode my mule into the country enroute to visit the Supu out-stations, passing groves of bamboo in all their beauty of springtime, I could not but think of this wonderful plant, and of the innumerable uses. Many pages might be filled as a mere catalogue enumerating the various and ingenious uses this plant is put to by the Chinese.

Bamboo has been called the universal material, and in fact it would be much easier to write an article on what it cannot be used for than to enumerate the wonderful devices to which the genius of the Chinese have put this single plant. Therefore, I thought it would be of interest to THE SIGN readers to learn something about the wonderful bamboo.

It is one of the most rapidly growing plants in existence. Ripley would hardly believe that there have been records of bamboo in China, that grew six feet in a single night. When in Yungshun ten years ago I noticed a plant that grew almost two feet overnight until it reached the height of fifteen feet. There are many varieties of bamboo. Throughout China there are sixty varieties listed, twenty of which are found in our Province of Hunan. They are of different colors and sizes—green, yellow, red and black. There is the dwarf which, when fully grown, is only two feet high, and is called the goddess of Mercy Bamboo. The giant bamboo, with its feathery spray of leaves, reaches to a height of from fifty to seventy feet. Being a most graceful plant, the bamboo adds a rare beauty to the Chinese landscape. If the bamboo has been kind to the Chinese, they in turn have shown their love for

this beautiful plant by bestowing their best efforts upon it, and making it form the motif for their numerous works of art.

The flowering of the bamboo is a rare event. During all my years in China I have seen it but once; and that was during a famine. The Chinese look upon it as a life saver during the droughts, for that is the only time it will flower. The seeds are small kernels that take the place of rice, though of course they are not nearly as nourishing, and require much labor and time to gather. The unfortunate part of this is that when the bamboo flowers, it ordinarily dies.

Every now and then, even after thirteen years in China, I make a discovery of some new use to which the bamboo is put, or some fresh article made of it. It can be truthfully said, "Bamboo is used for almost everything." To the Chinese it is perhaps the most valuable product of their land. The last thing that you would suppose it is to be fit for, is food. The fresh young sprouts as they come from the ground, cooked till tender form a fine vegetable. Cut in small pieces, stewed and well seasoned, it gives the taste of something between asparagus and sweet corn. Or salted and put away in a stone crock for a few weeks makes an excellent pickle or appetizer. Ask for this delicacy the next time you dine at a Chinese restaurant.

The long tubular structure of the bamboo is admirably adapted for water pipes, when the thick septum at each joint is broken through. It answers the purpose as well as a tin water spout. The coolie or chair-carrier would be without work were it not for the bamboo, for the chair itself and the long poles on which the chair is carried are both made of this tree. The prayer mats in the temples

are made of its dried leaves, and the incense sticks have slips of bamboo around the upper part to which adhere sandalwood and fragrant spices.

The boatman uses it a lot. The pole with which he pushes the boat upstream and through the rapids is of bamboo; the covering of his boat is a matting of bamboo strips which is oiled to make it waterproof. Many of the boats have a double matting with bamboo leaves as a filler to make it waterproof without the use of oil. Again bamboo comes in handy for he has his bedding wrapped with a thinner matting, which in winter he puts under his cotton quilt mattress, and in summer reverses the process, as it is much cooler that way. On the large Yuan River, the boats all have sails and these are spread out by means of bamboo trees; his fishing pole, and frame for holding and drying his nets are likewise bamboo, as is also the rod that picks up the cormorants after they have captured their fish.

THE small curved divining blocks found in almost every temple are cut from the lower section of the bamboo. The blocks are thrown on the temple floor before the idol and should both of them turn face down or face up then the project intended is favorable to the gods, and has their approval. If they fall with one face up and the other down, then under no circumstance attempt what is intended. Quite frequently the worshippers throw the blocks time and again until they fall right. I suppose the intention is to impress on the god the importance of the project and that it cannot be put off, and therefore it must be favorable to them. Both blocks agreeing, the worshipper takes out of a bamboo vase one of a hundred small bamboo

slivers, on which is written the month, day and hour and under what circumstances the project must be undertaken. And here again if the first one does not suit, then a second and third is taken out. I know, because I have seen it in the temple near Yungshun.

THE merchant uses this tree in many ways. The bamboo tree is a long hollow tube made up of sections, each section being separated by a thick membrane called a septum. In every store the cash register is a piece of bamboo, about three feet long. The septum inside has been broken but the bottom has been left intact, and on the upper a slot is cut, and the cash dropped through this; the only way of finding out how much cash has been taken in is to lift it, unless the merchant wants to empty it, and this is not advisable in public. The oil merchant likewise uses this tree for a measure for his oil, whether it be cooking oil or kerosene. The butcher uses the spliced bamboo for the convenience of his customers. No meat is wrapped up, and to facilitate the carrying away of the meat, he pushes an end of the bamboo strip through the meat, and ties it in a loop. The meat of course is thus carried within a foot of the ground, anything but sanitary but custom demands it that way.

The farmers likewise have their own methods of making the bamboo useful to them. His rake is a clever contraption, bent into shape with the aid of fire. The baskets in which he carries his rice from the fields to his granary, and from the granary to the mill for grinding, are made of bamboo, as is also the pole that the baskets are strung on. The large watering wheels that bring the water from the flowing creeks up to the level of his rice fields is constructed entirely from bamboo. I have seen these wheels over thirty feet high, and when in good working order, a one-inch pipe would be inadequate to carry off the water thus raised.

The paper-makers get their best grade

of paper from bamboo. The trees are split, then soaked in lime water in large open pits. When the fibre has been separated it is beaten to a pulp by crude stamping machines worked by foot power. The pulp then is stirred in a large wooden vat, and the sheets are formed one at a time by means of very fine screens. The paper thus made is especially tough but when bleached almost transparent. It is used very much for windows in winter, as glass is too costly in the interior, and according to the Chinese, serves the purpose just as well. This paper likewise when oiled, is sometimes used for rain-hats and umbrellas. Many of the Chinese lanterns bought in America are made of this bamboo paper.

Indoors and out, it is difficult to keep your eyes off of bamboo in some shape or form. Rain-hats and sun-hats are made of it. Old men use it for their canes, and the wash-woman uses it for hanging out her clothes. The carpenter uses it, cut into slits, for his nails. The mason slices the outer bark for fastening his scaffolding. The miller's sieves and baskets, the farmers cold water bottle, as well as the fence about his garden, roman candles and frames for fire-works, the chop-sticks and their container are all made of this wonderful tree. The Chinese brush handle, cages for birds, musical instruments, baskets of all kinds, fans, instruments of torture, opium and tobacco pipes, bridges, ropes and cables, window blinds, mats for drying rice and vegetables, couches and stools, and an ingenious undershirt worn in the hot season, are all made of bamboo.

As an aid to a certain superstition the bamboo plays an important part. According to the belief in the country, the dead can be helped in the next world in a material manner. When a rich man dies much excitement prevails. The bonzes are called, the plot for the burial has to be discovered and paid for, the whit cloth for mourning is bought and given to all relatives, and finally the

bamboo worker has to be called in. We are here concerned about his work. What was the deceased man? An officer? Then he must have his horse and bodyguard in the next world. A merchant? Then he must have his chief clerk and assistants. A magistrate? Then he must have his secretary and attendants, and all must have sedan chairs and carriers, and a mansion to live in. All these things are made by thin strips of bamboo and covered over with paper and painted. Without bamboo it could not be done. And it is surprising how realistic these paper-covered frames are. Before the funeral these pieces of art are placed near the coffin. At the funeral they are carried before the coffin to the graveyard. When the grave has been covered over the effigies are placed on the new mound and burned up. The firm belief of the mourners is that these articles when burned over the corpse really take shape again, and are of practical use for the soul. Strange are the beliefs of a pagan people.

Though I have not seen it in our district, some kinds of bamboo are used as a medicine. A secretion found inside the stem, called Tabasheer, is continually used. Likewise the green outer surface scraped off and boiled, makes a cooling drink for fever, while some of the buds are mixed with other drugs. And of course we must not forget the bamboo used by the teacher and magistrate as a chastizing medicine on school children and transgressors.

BESIDES the stalk of the bamboo, the leaves are by no means neglected. During the dragon boat festival, the rice cakes that are so prominent, are wrapped with the bamboo leaves before they are cooked, and left on fill eating time. The leaves give the rice cakes a flavor all their own, a somewhat bitter and pungent taste. Again the leaves are used for the filler in making the rain-hats. The rims and frame are made by the tree, thinly sliced, and when formed the leaves are carefully laid from crown to rim, so that the water cannot drip through but will run off the edge. The leaf is also used by the merchant for wrapping up the sugar and salt and small delicacies.

There is one use of the bamboo that I venture to say very few missionaries have ever seen. While spending the evening at one of my outstations, I was asked by two of the young men to take a stroll with them to the nearby hill where they knew some pheasants were hanging out. One of the men was just getting his gun ready; slicing off the thin outside bark of a bamboo tree and then twisting the soft bark into a rope. This he fastened to the hammer of his trigger. He had no cap to set off his powder and used the glowing end of the rope to fire his gun. A far cry from the instantaneous firing of modern firearms.



A FIELD NEAR HANKOW, COVERED WITH COARSE PAPER THAT IS USED IN MAKING FIRECRACKERS. WHEN FULLY DRIED THE PAPER WILL BE COLLECTED BY HAND.

Calendar of Toil

By Basil Bauer, C.P.

SEVEN years ago during the Red uprising in China, soldiers from our province caused the nightmare in Nanking. And in Hankow, later on, they were called the *Wild Men* from Hunan. Down-river people, and by this I mean those who live in Hankow and lower ports on the Yangtze River, look upon Hunan as a wild country. Yet, strange to say, I feel safer among the Hunanese than I imagine I would in any other part of China. I have not been out of the territory since the Red uprising in 1927, and then I was away for only a few months, making my way from Hunan to Kweichow province and then to Hankow by way of the large district of the Four Rivers.

Living the last nine years in Hunan, I feel safe with everybody, provided they are not out and out bandits or Reds. Whether in the towns or cities, or along the roads or in country villages, I have no worry. After so long a time in a place, one gets to know what to expect, and experience tells me that, except in disturbed times, I have enjoyed a fair degree of safety, especially in the country where foreign influence has not yet reached.

Unlettered, and lacking in a great deal of the finer Chinese courtesy, these country folk are by no means barbarians or uncivilized. They have customs of hundreds of years standing, one of which is to treat a guest as a guest. Though they have not the finesse of the city people, they are delicate in their own way. For a foreigner to stop at their place and partake of their hospitality, is a signal favor and will be a much-discussed topic for months to come.

They have not so much as heard of moving pictures. Told about this form of recreation, they listen in wonder and exclaim how marvelous such a thing is, but in their hearts they do not believe. Of course it would be the greatest boldness and insult for them to let you know that they think you are exaggerating. To them, the earth is still immovable, and they will not believe otherwise. I recall an old man, well able to read and write, tell me that the sun had an enormous amount of work to do. When I questioned him, he explained: "The sun has to start in the east every morning, send down heat all the day till it gets dark, when it arrives in the west; and then when it is dark it has to go back over its path and start all over the next day." In so far as I could, I make things clear to him. He marveled at the explanation, and said it answered everything. About

a month later he was reading a doctrine book in which, on treating of the Power of God, the movement of the sun, earth and stars was described. Imagine my surprise when I overheard him tell another that it must be true because he saw it in the book. And he added: "The Sen Fu told me some time ago, but I did not believe him; but now that I see it in the book, it must be true!"

The country people know very little of what is going on in other parts of the district, and far less of what is happening to the country at large. They have their daily work to do, their few holidays to keep, their births and marriages and deaths and funerals, and now and then an old classic play put on by traveling troupers, and last but not least, they have their New Year's festival. They do not like to have anything to do with the military. When the soldiers come for the taxes the people pay as soon as they can, figuring that the sooner they get rid of the military, the better. They can get along with very little money. The main items on their shopping bill are salt, cloth, joss sticks and paper money for the idols.

Some of the cloth they wear is home-made. Cotton and hemp are raised locally. For the spare time of the woman folk there are spinning wheels to make the thread for the cloth. The hemp is separated by hand into thin threads and joined by twisting. When enough of it is had they call in the weaver, and supply him with food and a few hundred cash a day till the cloth is woven. Dyeing is done in the cities. The cloth is brought to town once or twice a year to get the blue dye that is the universal color.

To understand the real life of the country folk it is necessary to live in the country and see for oneself. The farmer's life is a busy one, but only during the day. There is no night life, as we understand it; and there are no electric lights or kerosene lamps. Oil is too dear for them. Besides, they say, "Why get better light when we get enough with our wood-oil lamps?" So from light till dark they work, and when it gets dark they rest.

IN the very hot days the people are up before the light to escape the heat of the mid-day sun. Especially in the moonlight nights, one can see the plowmen following their cows to the fields for night plowing. When there is no plowing to be done, the people are up at dawn and, shouldering their long narrow hoe or pick, are off for their fields.

Not a bite of food do they get until about nine o'clock. Then one of their number, having returned to the house, cooks the rice and one or two vegetables, stacks the bowls and chopsticks and vegetables on top of the steaming rice, and brings everything to the field of labor. To the cry of "Eat rice!"—the tools are dropped and in no time all have a bowl of rice and are satisfying their ravenous appetites.

Breakfast finished, the men—and sometimes the women—loosen the pipes that have been fastened to their girdles, and indulge for a few minutes in deep, satisfying puffs, using the tobacco that they have planted, gathered and cured themselves. The Chinese pipe has a very small bowl and can hold only enough for a few puffs. Then it must be emptied with a little blow on the ground, refilled and relighted. Hence to use a match each time is out of the question. Speaking of matches, they are very scarce in the country. Time and again, very early in the morning, I have seen housewives going from house to house looking for a light and carrying with them straw to start their own fire.

WHEN the men work in the fields they usually wrap up a bundle of straw and start it glowing at the house. Before work they make a small fire with twigs and bark and keep it smouldering until dark. In one section all the men carry their own flint and steel. The steel is in a horse-shoe shape, their flint a pebble they have picked up along some stream. For a tinder they use a straw paper, rolled into a tube. It takes them less than a minute to strike the flint, nourish the flame and light their tobacco. Of course when they have the light they keep it going till they have finished smoking.

But to come back to the workers. Every hour or so they have a drag on the pipes to keep them in good spirits until their noon meal is brought to them. This finished they work on until dusk begins when they stop for a last puff, survey their work and feel fully satisfied with what they have accomplished. This routine is by no means daily, for their tasks are varied in the extreme. Plowing, planting and hoeing follow the above rule, but they change with the seasons.

The first month is the grandest month in the year for all work is left off while some real celebrating is done. And the New Year's celebration lasts for all of fifteen days! But when that is over, the



A FAREWELL TO HANKOW-BOUND MISSIONARIES WHO MUST TRAVEL FOR MANY DAYS TO REACH A PHYSICIAN. SOME OF THE PASSIONISTS IN THE GROUP ARE: FATHERS EDWARD MCCARTHY, BASIL BAUER, LINUS LOMBARD, LEO BERARD, AND SIDNEY TURNER

long year of work starts. The first task is to break new ground for crops. This is very hard work, for the plow in most cases is unable to go through the heavy sod. Hence new ground must be broken in by hand tools. Should it snow, then the men take to cutting brush and small trees and burn charcoal. And in an extra heavy fall they might take a day off to go hunting.

During the free days when the men can find but little to do, and sometimes when they have work to do, they go out after game. They have no idea of real sportsmanship, but only the ambition to bring down all they can. Spring is the mating season, so they bring out their male decoy that they have penned up all the year. It may be a pheasant or grouse or a golden pheasant, as the last are quite numerous in our territory. Bright and early the decoy is carried to a small open place, its feet fastened to a bush and a small hedge of grass is cut and raised so that the hunter can hide yet get a full view of the cleared ground and have his gun sticking through. A male sends his call over the hill and the decoy answers it. This is repeated while the caller is coming on the run to see what male is invading his own private territory. It is a one-sided game. As soon as the bird lands on the open ground, the gun is fired, and the scatter shot is sure to bring him down.

THE country people have guns handed down from father to son. They gather the saltpeter in the caves. It is purified by being dissolved in water. They strain the impurities and evaporate the water to get their crystals. The crystals are ground up and powdered charcoal is added. Many of them use caps for det-

onating their powder, and some of them have a glowing rope of bamboo fastened to the triggers. This latter is a slow and somewhat dangerous method, but fast enough to bring home the game.

DOGS are at times used to flush birds, but not often. The fox, the wildcat, the wild boar, the tiger and the wolf make hunting profitable. The tiger makes itself known now and then by what it takes. In Wuki last year a tiger got into a goat pen and carried a goat to a grassy plot just opposite the mission gate. I found the remains of the meal the next morning, and going down the road I saw the footprints of the tiger from the goat pen. When a tiger is hunted it is usually tracked to its lair. The mouth of the cave is blocked, and the tiger is starved to death. No one is anxious to go in after a live tiger! The wolves about here are smaller than those in America and will not attack a grown person though they make off with babies or very small children. The night mailmen always carry small spears with them. They believe in preparedness.

The second month likewise calls for charcoal, and the women have the job of breaking open the wood-oil nuts that have been drying all the winter. Towards the end of the second month the water must be let into the rice fields. The entire irrigation system has to be looked into to get the most water possible. The third month calls for the plowing and planting of the corn, the cotton and the bean fields. Then also the seed rice has to be planted in a prepared field. In this month is beaten and threshed the winter wheat. The rice fields at this time are fertilized. The fourth month is a very busy one, since

it is the time for plowing and planting the late corn. The rice fields must be banked with mud to prevent the escape of the water and the rice itself to be transplanted.

THE fifth month is a back-breaking four weeks, for by this time all the vegetables are up, and have to be weeded. There is no such thing as a hand harrow. All the loosening of the ground and destroying of the weeds must be done with their heavy hoes. From early morn till late at night, the dreary work goes on. In many places the corn is planted on mountain sides so that it is a very difficult task to do any weeding. I recall one such patch. A hundred feet of sheer cliff was on one side. The cultivated ground itself was at an angle of about sixty degrees. I wondered that farmers should be so hard-pressed for soil.

The sixth month calls for the cultivation of wood-oil trees, for these trees need attention if a good crop is to be expected. Then, too, it is a prevention against fire. Every spring when the grass of the previous year is dry, many people set fire to their grazing fields. Moreover, sometimes an entire hillside will go up in flame and any trees in the burning area are sure to be singed and destroyed. For this reason the countryside is almost bare of trees. It takes several years for a tree to be above the fire menace. This month also fire wood is collected, since the coming weeks are busy ones.

Now approaches the season when hearts will be filled with happiness or gloom, for it is the month of the gathering in of the rice, the mainstay of the Chinese people. If the weather has been favorable, then the rice will be of a very fair quality, and all will have plenty to eat. The ideal weather is rain and sun. Too much of either will spoil any crop. The gathering of the rice does not take so much time, as it is happy work. All hands are willing to help in it, for if there is one thing they like to handle it is rice. After the rice has all been brought into the house, the straw has to be gathered near their homes, as food for the cows during the winter months. It is stacked around a tree, sometimes low enough for the cattle to munch. The straw also is used for making sandals, the only kind of footwear ever used in the fields or at home. They also use the straw for making ropes and foot rests, and for roofing over their houses.

Another harvesting time comes with the eighth month, for the corn is then ripe and dried. Likewise the beans and the cotton have to be gathered. The tedious work of cotton picking is done mostly by women. They do not wait until the cotton is in full bloom, for the stalks are not very high and the rain

can beat the cotton to the ground. There is no cleaning of the cotton in the country.

The great heat is over by the ninth month. In fact, the mornings are a little chilly, so work is much easier. Then, too, the most important part of the year's labor is done. The farmers gather in what vegetables have not been ripe before, and in some places, this is the time for the digging up of the sweet potatoes. For some this is an all-important season, for the wood-oil nuts have to be picked and set out in open places to dry. Likewise the vegetable-oil nuts have to be gathered. The men do not like this work for it means the carrying of heavy loads from the fields to the house. It would mean loss of face for any able-bodied man to bring less than a full basket at a time. In places where wood-oil is a major product, these few weeks are almost fully employed in gathering of the nuts. In other places, fire wood is cut and stacked for drying. Later on this is brought into the city in exchange for money to buy New Year's necessities. Not so important is the

eleventh month, for the majority of the people are employed in bringing charcoal, gathering fire wood for the winter months, and preparing new ground or going over ground that has been lying fallow for the previous year.

THE last month is one of happy expectation. It takes time to get everything ready for the New Year and they do not want to miss a single thing. Fire wood, charcoal, shelled rice, joss sticks, paper money, firecrackers, red paper for the door sills and idols, rice cakes, puffed rice, and enough money left over to buy their meat, oil, salt and vegetables. Then, too, the children have to have new dresses and caps and shoes. Trips are made to the nearest city and markets are crowded, and everybody is happy. That is a fair idea of the countryman's yearly work. I mention that this is the general run of work for this district, for I know it is quite different from other places. Yet there is very little time when there is nothing to do. I had not mentioned about the beating of the oil, and the bringing in of the

oil to the cities for sale. This is done whenever there is time, or when money is needed very badly.

And what about the children? Some have it easy and some have it hard. If the family is wealthy enough to have cattle, then there must be daily care of the cows, leading or driving them to pasture, and the duty of coming home in the evening with a basket of small sticks, or several strings of mushrooms. The children spend most of the day gathered in groups, with now and then a look to see where the cow has gone. They have no toys to speak of, and the games they play are sometimes very crude and often extremely difficult. If the family is very well off then the girls of the family stay at home and do odd jobs around the house, but every chance they get, they skip off to the neighboring girl friend's and play their games and have a glorious time. The very poor families hire out to the ones better off, and that includes the children who are able to do anything, ranging from seven years up. All in all, it is a year well-filled with work for every one.

Dream's Fulfillment

By Cyprian Leonard, C.P.

TWO old women, trudging up the walk to our mission in Shenchow, chatter noisily. What is it all about? You are as wise as I, for I have been here only a few months, and as yet my ears are not attuned to grasping the evasive tones and meanings of the Chinese. But I watch with interested eyes. Each woman puts down her basket containing bedding, and a few belongings. They continue their conversation as they make their way to the pastor's office, just inside the front porch. As I watch, I am thinking. I see the bedding. I remember that not so many days ago I heard Father Quentin Olwell, C.P. say that he was going to open the women's catechumenate. So, quickly I deduce what the talk is all about. These two old women must be the first comers, the first to enroll in the class of 1934. In a minute I shall see whether or not I have guessed correctly. Ah, here they come, Father Quentin in the lead. They turn toward the enclosure to the left. I am right. Sherlock Holmes? Will there be others? Frankly I am interested. So I keep an eagle eye on the front gate. As the day lengthens I see other women come trudging up the walk. I see them, too, taken over to the catechumenate. The next day the women's doctrinal school is opened in earnest. One of the Sisters comes up to

take charge. So the class of 1934 begins.

The purpose of the catechumenate is to instruct those who wish to become Christians. But not all who have this desire are taken into this school. If

they are educated enough to study for themselves they are given a catechism to study in their own homes. But it is surprising how many there are who cannot even read characters. This is



PREPARING LUNCH ON BOARD A SANPAN. AN OLD-TIME MISSION COOK DOES NOT OBJECT TO HIS CRAMPED QUARTERS. NOTICE THE SLEEPING COMPARTMENT IN THE REAR. THE BAMBOO COVERING IS SO LOW THAT THE MISSIONARY MUST CRAWL UNDER IT

especially true of the women. It is for such as these that the women's catechumenate exists. These women must come and live under the direction of the Sister in charge. That is why they bring with them their bedding and a few necessities. During the course of their instructions, they will stay right in the Mission. Some take their meals here, for they are from the country; others, who live in the city will come only for class.

How long will these women stay? The time varies greatly. For some, instruction is a very difficult process. Their minds may be befogged with age. All will discover a tremendous difference in religious ideas. They have thought and lived in terms of pagan gods. Time will be needed for them to grasp this new and strange religion. It may take them from four to eight months or a year to be well enough instructed to be baptized.

The first thing that they will be taught will be the fundamental truths of the Catholic religion. They will learn the prayers. While they are in the catechumenate they will attend Mass and morning and evening prayers with the other Christians. This first step alone is quite a task—one that will require great patience. Then as time goes on, step by step, they will be taught the catechism. The truths of our Faith must be explained fully to those who do not know how to read. Over and over again they will repeat prayers, truths, questions and answers. Since they follow the characters, or words, as they memorize, they will not only have been instructed in the Catholic Faith but in a small measure will have learned to read. This is something of a herculean task.

ALL catechumenates are conducted in practically the same way. In most missions the catechists explain and teach the doctrine under the ever watchful eyes of the pastor. But in a mission such as Yuanchow or Shenchow, the women's school is under the supervision of a Sister. She has the assistance of a native catechist. What a task! Hour after hour and day after day, until the days spread into weeks, the weeks into months. Every day from nine until five; constant repetition; the monotonous drone of many Chinese voices. Nerves? Yes one needs nerves of steel for a task such as this. Yet this is the work that has been entrusted to one of the Sisters. Surely if anyone deserves a bright crown in heaven, it is she who stands thus at the gate of our Faith, and sees that none but those well instructed enter in.

And what of those who seek to enter? Do they not find it hard to tie themselves down to a life so strange? Assuredly. For them it is something in the nature of a gigantic upheaval. They have spent no time on the pursuit of learning. To them the greatest worry previous to this has been to get food and

clothing, to have a few spare moments to chat with their next door neighbors. But now this is all changed. They must struggle mentally to get a knowledge of this religion. For them the hours, days and weeks stretch out into untold monotony. The grind will tell on them. They will become ill-humored under the

A CABLE has been received from our Missionaries in China, stating that the Sisters of Charity, the Sisters of St. Joseph, and several of the Fathers have arrived in Hankow. Their evacuation of the Missions was made necessary because of the nearness of Red armies.

For several months these Communist troops, under the command of Ho Lung, have been very active in the territory surrounding the Vicariate of Shenchow. It was hoped the government forces would be able to defeat and scatter the Reds. The above-mentioned cable seems to indicate that for the present at least the danger is quite imminent. Our readers are asked to give a special remembrance in their prayers for the safety of the Missionaries and for peace throughout China.

Such experiences are not new to our priests and Sisters. Memories of the 1927 Red uprising are still vivid in the minds of many of our Missionaries. Should any of our subscribers wish to read of those days, we shall be pleased to send them a copy of *Eyes East*. This interesting booklet also contains the story of the Passionist Fathers who were killed in China in 1929. Price 25c. THE SIGN Union City, New Jersey.

strain. Here again the Sister steps in to soothe frayed nerves, and pour balm on embittered hearts.

These women are in contact with a strange religion. It is something entirely different from all their thousand year old traditions. If we who have known something of this Faith all our lives find it difficult to grasp, what, think you, must it be to minds steeped in countless pagan traditions? Assuredly it is a long and a hard road for them to travel. Not all, perhaps, will reach its end; not all will accept the Catholic Faith. But to those who do, it will be a great day, dream's fulfillment.

I, who had watched the first comers to the catechumenate, was privileged also to see those who had come through the grind, depart from the catechumenate and make their way to the church (to receive the first of her seven great Sacraments. The little procession wound its way across the compound. In the faces of all was a look of expectancy, as if in truth they were awaiting the dawning of the great light. Happy smiles were on their faces, reflecting the joy in their hearts. This was dream's fulfillment. They had reached the goal at last. Holy Mother Church was waiting to welcome them with her all-embracing arms. At the door, Father Edward McCarthy, C.P. met the little group. The ceremonies began, and the catechumens walked towards the baptismal font.

The moment, so full of meaning to all of them approached. They were about to become members of the Catholic Church, to be given that Faith which would enable them to become saints. They may never become saints—but the possibilities are there. The moment arrived! "I baptize thee in the Name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost." Over each was said the words. Over each was poured the holy waters of Baptism. The ceremony finished, they went to their seats to await the reception of another sacrament. A half hour later, at Mass, some received for the first time their Divine Lord. Dream's fulfillment? Without a doubt!

It is a few weeks later. There is a great bustle in the women's catechumenate. The class of 1934 is about to graduate. Here and there they flit, getting together their belongings. They are preparing to leave. In the eyes of some, I should say of most, a mist is gathering. Here they have spent many long, monotonous hours. But here, too, they have learnt the Catholic Faith.

SO with them, as they trudge out the same gate they entered, go our prayers. We hope that they will be ever faithful to the Catholic Faith, and that they will not be influenced by the taunts of their neighbors. Only those who have come in contact with the Chinese and their religion can understand the petty but protracted persecution which our converts must endure.

We ask their Father and ours to protect them and give them strength. We ask Him to preserve strong in their hearts the truths of His Faith, and to give them perseverance to hand down to their children the doctrine that they have learned in the women's catechumenate. We beg, too, for the prayers of our friends who read THE SIGN. Will you, too, help them ever to be true? Ask of our Divine Lord that, through them, others may be brought into the bright light of Catholic Faith.

Four Patriot Churchmen

By Rev. P. W. Browne, D.D., Ph.D.

A RECENT celebration in one of our great industrial cities reminds us that certain Catholic achievements in the United States have not received the publicity to which they are deservedly entitled, and emphasizes the fact that as a body we have too long been "the prey of dumb forgetfulness." It were well that we should at times become reminiscent, and recall the memories of the men of old, who left an impress on our American life, and largely contributed to the upbuilding of Catholicism in this great land.

Many such incidents might be cited, but for the nonce we cite just four impressive episodes, all of which are of ecclesiastical import. The first of these, Father Gabriel Richard, served as a Representative in Congress. Born at Saintes, in the Department of Charente-Inférieure, France, in October, 1767, Father Richard came to the United States, in 1792, to teach at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, which the Sulpicians had established there a year before.

As there were few students at St. Mary's just then, Bishop Carroll with the consent of the Superior of the Sulpicians, Father Emery, assigned some of the priests at St. Mary's as missionaries in various parts of his extensive diocese. Father Richard was sent to the French missions in Illinois, where the Jesuits had labored during the seventeenth century. This territory, which had only recently come under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Baltimore, included Kaskaskia, Prairie du Rocher, Sainte Geneviève, New Madrid, and after 1796, the Indian missions at Cahokia. Prior to May, 1788, the entire Northwest, of which these missions were a part, was under the jurisdiction of the Bishop of Quebec.

Father Richard was recalled from Illinois in 1798, and for the remainder of his life labored in Detroit. Here his zeal, eloquence, and courage soon became recognized. Campbell says of this great apostle: "His tall sepulchral figure was familiar to everyone in the long period during which he fulfilled his sacred ministry. He was not only a man of eloquence and learning, but of excellent common sense, and a very public-spirited citizen. He encouraged education in every way, not only by organizing schools for the training of his people, but by favoring all other schemes for general intelligence. His quaint humor

as well as his shrewd sense, in no way weakened by his imperfect pronunciation of English, are pleasantly remembered by all who had the good fortune to know him."

It has now been definitely established that he was one of the founders of the University of Michigan, that grew out of an establishment bearing the peculiar name, *Catholepistemiad*, which was incorporated by the Governor and Judges of Michigan Territory, in 1817. In addition to this undertaking Father Richard was the first ecclesiastic in the United States to procure incorporation for religious societies and organizations to engage in teaching. Another interesting phase of his activities is found in the importation of the first Catholic press to be used west of the Alleghanies. From it he issued the *Essai du Michigan*, which is said to have been the first Catholic publication in the United States.

Father Richard's patriotism was heroically displayed during the War of 1812. When he was called upon by the military authorities to take the oath of allegiance to the King, which was required of all citizens who were not prisoners of war, he answered: "I have taken one oath to support the Constitution of the United States, and I cannot take another. Do with me as you please." As a result of this he was made prisoner and taken across to the Canadian side, and imprisoned at Fort Malden. While detained here he was most influential with the Indians and prevented the torture and massacre of American prisoners. It is said that Father Richard owed his release from prison to the Indian chief, Tecumseh, who threatened that the Indians would revolt unless Father Richard was released. Returning to Detroit Father Richard found the people there on the verge of famine. He immediately set to work and obtained supplies for them from beyond the war zone. These he distributed gratuitously to the needy, regardless of creed or class.

IN 1823 Father Richard was elected to Congress as a Delegate from Michigan Territory. During the election he had five opponents at the polls, and he seems to have won the election with the support of non-Catholic voters. While a Representative in Congress Father Richard never touched a penny of his salary, but gave it to St. Anne's parish in Detroit.

As regards his career in Congress, it

is stated by a biographer: "In this capacity he conducted himself with propriety and dignity that commanded respect on all sides, and though he spoke seldom, by reason of his scant familiarity with the English language, when he did speak he was able to effect much for his constituents and for the Union. However, his endeavors in any one of his activities entitled him to a place of honor in the memory of his co-religionists and fellow citizens."

AS regards being identified with Congress, perhaps more remarkable was Father Charles Constantine Pise, who was Chaplain of the twenty-second Congress (1832). Put in nomination for the position by Henry Clay, Father Pise was elected after what seems to have been a spirited contest. There were six candidates for the position on the first ballot, five on the second, four on the third, and three on the fourth. Father Pise headed the list on each ballot, and was declared elected on the fourth, by a majority of six over the combined vote of his opponents.

Henry Clay was a great friend and admirer of Father Pise; but apart from this friendship Clay had great respect for Catholicism. This is apparent from a letter written from Ashland, Kentucky, October 27, 1849, to a granddaughter, on learning that she proposed to become a nun. He tells her that her decision "is a grave and serious step," and adds: "Your happiness, my dear grandchild, has ever been an object of intense anxiety and solicitude with us. If it is to be promoted by the execution of the purpose you have in view, I would not, if I could, dissuade you from it. I have no prejudice against the Catholic religion. On the contrary, I sincerely believe that Catholics, who are truly religious, are as sure of eternal happiness as the most pious Protestants. All that I hope is that you will not act on any sudden impulse or ill-considered and immature resolution, but that you will deliberately again and again consult your best judgment before you consummate your intention. . . . In the event of your taking the veil let me know what provision exists for your support, and whether and what pecuniary aid may be proper and expedient from your friends."

Like Clay, Father Pise was a Southerner. He was born at Annapolis, Maryland, on November 22, 1801, made

his studies at Georgetown, and was for some time a member of the Society of Jesus. He completed his theological studies at Emmitsburg, Maryland. Ordained in 1825, Father Pise served some time as assistant pastor at the Cathedral, Baltimore, whence he went to St. Patrick's, Washington, in a similar capacity. While there he was elected to the chaplaincy of the United States Senate. His appointment was announced in a letter which reads:

Office of the Senate of
the United States.

December 11, 1832.

Sir:

Agreeably to the order of the day, the Senate proceeded to the election of a Chaplain to Congress on their part for the present session, and on counting the ballots it appeared that you were duly elected. I am respectfully,

Your Obt. Servt.,

WALTER LOWRIE.

REV. CHARLES C. PISE,
Chaplain to Congress.

At the time of Father Pise's election as Chaplain, bigotry was rampant in many sections of the United States; and the election of a priest to such an office unloosed a flood of wild charges and foul libels against Catholicism, among them the perennial charge that "Catholics cannot be loyal Americans, because they owe allegiance to a foreign ruler, the Pope of Rome." The members of the Senate well knew that much bigotry should be evoked as a result of Father Pise's appointment; but apparently they were "not of the type that could be bludgeoned by ugly promoters of fanaticism."

Father Pise did not bow meekly to charges made against Catholics by vicious antagonists, and this was amply demonstrated some time later in a most remarkable address delivered in the Maryland House of Delegates, wherein he deprecated the fact that intense bigotry should be found in the very State, where religious toleration had first found expression on the American continent. About the same time he composed a stirring patriotic ode, "The American Flag," which deserves a place beside Francis Scott Key's "The Star-Spangled Banner."

HIS great patriotism made him an outstanding figure in American life. He was held in high repute by such men as President Tyler, who, when Father Pise was about to make a visit to Europe, gave him a personal letter of introduction to several European magnates. Though a Southerner, Father Pise believed that regard and love for his natal State (Maryland) should be subordinated to his devotion to the Union. When hostilities began between North and South during the Civil War he gave public

expression of his patriotism in many ways.

He has another claim to the respectful memory of American Catholics as the author of several valuable theological works which were commended by ecclesiastical authority. While on a visit to Rome some time later, he received a Doctorate in Theology from the Holy See, and was named a Knight of the Holy Roman Empire. He did not long survive the Civil War, and died pastor of the Church of St. Borromeo, in Brooklyn, May 26, 1866. At the time of his death, the *New York Freeman's Journal* said: "In his personal bearing Dr. Pise was one of the gentlest and meekest men we ever knew. He was keenly sensitive in his feelings, and it was the most beautiful trait of his character that, even under outrages, he never retorted by a harsh word."

* * * * *

EVEN before Father Pise became officially identified with the Congress of the United States, and shortly after Father Richard had occupied a seat as Delegate from Michigan Territory, Bishop England of Charleston, S. C., delivered a remarkable Address before Congress. Dr. Guilday, in his scholarly *Life and Times of John England*, devotes a long chapter to this subject, and reproduces a great part of it. But it should be read *in extenso* in order to see the extraordinary wealth of language and learning used by Bishop England, and to realize the splendid courage of the Charleston prelate.

The Address was delivered in the House of Representatives, on Sunday, 1826, in the presence of President John Quincy Adams and a crowded assembly of Senators and Representatives. Says Dr. Guilday: "During Dr. England's first visit to the North in 1821, he had remained for a few days in Washington and had been kindly received by President Monroe and by John Quincy Adams, then Secretary of State. Adams was a thorough New Englander in his likes and dislikes and among the objects of his disfavor was the Catholic Church. In spite of his long public service, his constant opportunities to meet Catholics in all walks of life, and his knowledge of international affairs in which the Church figured so largely, the sixth President of the United States carried to the grave a colonial attitude towards Catholicism."

The oration, to which Dr. England admits that he made reply, and which was delivered on July 4, 1821, at Washington, when Adams was Secretary of State, is not a remarkable one; and the allusions therein made to Catholicism were based on prejudices prevailing at the time. The Address delivered by Adams may be found in *Niles Register*, vol. viii, No. 515. There are many

traditions regarding the attacks on Catholicism made by Adams. One of these is to the effect that, on the occasion of the laying of the corner-stone of the Cincinnati Observatory on Mt. Adams, in 1843, he expressed the hope that the observatory should be "a beacon of true science that should never be obscured by the dark shadows of superstition and intolerance symbolized by the Popish Cross." On this same Mt. Adams was built later the Passionist Monastery of the Holy Cross!

When Bishop England delivered his famous Address before Congress, he faced an audience, representative in some ways of the intellectual wealth of the nation, to which such sentiments as these were familiar: "that the Catholic Church was remarkable for its obscurantism; that during the ages when the Church was a dominant power, neither the body nor the soul of the individual was his own; that those to whom the world owed gratitude for the emancipation of the mind from ecclesiastical slavery were John Hus, Wycliffe, and Luther."

An illustration of Adams' opinions is the following excerpt, cited by Dr. Guilday: "The corruptions and usurpations of the church were the immediate objects of these reformers; but at the foundation of all their exertions, there was a single, plain, and almost self-evident principle, that a man has a right to the exercise of his own reason. It was this principle which the sophistry and the rapacity of the Church had obscured and obliterated, and which the intestine divisions of the same Church first restored. The tiara would have fallen from the brow of the priesthood, and the despotic sceptre would have fallen from the hand of royalty, but for the sword by which they were protected, that sword which, like the flaming sword of the Cherubim, turned every way to debar access to the tree of life."

BISHOP ENGLAND knew that the historical facts underlying pre-Reformation time "were not generally well understood in the United States, from the want of opportunity, and that amongst some of the best informed citizens" and he believed he would be promoting good feeling by availing himself of the opportunity given to him, "if he strove to explain some serious mistakes regarding the tenets of the Roman Catholic Church." Bishop England obtained the permission of Archbishop Maréchal (his Metropolitan) to accept the invitation to address Congress; but we do not find any allusion to it in the Archbishop's correspondence with the Holy See. That he was impressed "with the unique scene of a Catholic bishop standing before the legislators of the nation, explaining in terse and eloquent terms those very doctrines which many of his hearers at

heart abhorred or feared" may be, however, inferred from the advice given to Samuel Eccleston, then a young student in Paris, "to cultivate sacred eloquence," and that on his return he "should form a Missionary Band of eloquent priests for the purpose of giving sermons in all parts of his diocese."

* * * * *

OF the place which the great Archbishop Hughes occupies in our history, many pages would be inadequate fully to describe. Let it suffice, for our purpose to see what manner of man he was. We cite the testimony of a distinguished successor in the See of New York, the beloved Cardinal Hayes. He tells us that few public men of his day possessed a more statesmanlike grasp of the genius of the American Republic than did the militant and eloquent John Hughes. His towering character, genius for government, and intense patriotism won for him the respect and often the admiration of his opponents, the esteem and even life-long friendship of distinguished statesmen. In 1846 President Polk proffered him a diplomatic mission in Mexico,

which he was unable to accept. On invitation of John Quincy Adams, Stephen A. Douglas, and John C. Calhoun, Bishop Hughes lectured before Congress, in 1847. His topic was "Christianity the Only Source of Moral, Social, and Political Regeneration." The address, delivered before a most representative audience, received great praise, and was highly commended by all who had the privilege to hear it.

At the outbreak of the Civil War, although not an Abolitionist, he boldly sustained the Union cause, and it is said he offered useful suggestions to William H. Seward, Secretary of State. President Lincoln, in an autograph letter, expressed his appreciation of the counsel given. During the War Archbishop Hughes was entrusted with a mission to Napoleon III, and as a result of that mission the Emperor of France was doubtlessly induced to support the cause of the Union against the Confederacy. During his visit to Europe Archbishop Hughes is said to have done much in other directions also to create sympathy for the Union side.

During a long career Archbishop

Hughes exercised the strictest vigilance lest American liberty might engender liberal tendencies to minimize the doctrine and discipline of the Catholic Church. He unsparingly condemned those who, through fear of anti-Catholic feeling, were disposed to conciliate their opponents by seemingly harmless concessions. To quote Cardinal Farley: Archbishop Hughes "lived and passed away amid stirring times. His natural gifts of mind and heart were of a high order and made him preeminent in leadership; not only was he a great ruler of an important diocese in an hierarchy remarkable for distinguished Bishops, but also a master-builder of the Church in the United States and one of the most helpful and sagacious of the makers of America. Church and nation are indebted forever to the prelate and citizen whose strong personality, indomitable courage, and invaluable service constituted him the man needed in his day to meet critical conditions. His failures were few; his achievements many and lasting. He was feared and loved; misunderstood and idolized. Severe of manner, kindly of heart, he was not aggressive until assailed."

Three Hundred Years *of the* French Academy

By Florence Gilmore

IT was from a mustard seed that the influential and far-famed French Academy sprang three hundred years ago, when Louis XIII was King of France and Richelieu his all-powerful minister. Godeau, a young man of exceptional promise, country-bred and timid, was lodging at Paris, in the home of a relative, named Conrart. He wrote both prose and verse; and it was to hear him read selections of his poetry that M. Conrart invited seven friends to his home on an eventful day, in 1629. So much did the group enjoy their evening that they arranged to meet weekly at the residence of one after another of their number. In the event, because M. Conrart's house was centrally located, it became a common rendezvous.

Meetings were social and entirely without formality. Sometimes, light refreshments were served; occasionally, all went for a walk. The news of the day,

books and their authors were the subjects discussed. When a member had written something, he read it to the others, and they applauded or frankly found fault with it.

After a time three new members were admitted to the Academy, as it was already called. One of these, the Abbé Boisrobert, was on intimate terms with Cardinal Richelieu, whom he told that the meetings were being held and what took place at them.

Strangely, it seems, remembering how small and unpretentious the Academy was, Richelieu suggested that it should become a permanent national institution. All the members disliked the idea. There was question among them of respectfully declining to adopt it; but Richelieu was all-powerful, and the decision reached was that, because it would be impolitic to do him the least discourtesy, it must certainly be accepted.

Necessarily, drastic changes were at once made in the tiny Academy; and in 1635 it became the French Academy which the whole world knows. The number of members was set at forty, and this quota has never been changed; statutes were drawn up which have suffered little alteration to this day. Three officers were placed at its head: a dictator to preside at all meetings, and a chancellor to care for the archives and seal, whose terms of office were short; and a secretary who was to serve for life at a salary of six thousand francs a year. All other members, including the dictator and chancellor, receive fifteen hundred francs.

THE manner of electing members has been changed more than once. At present, when an Academician dies, candidates who think themselves eligible ask for the vacant seat. An election is

held; and about a year later the public reception of the victorious aspirant takes place. A tribute of respect is paid to the member whose place is to be filled; and a formal welcome is given the new member. Both addresses are featured by every newspaper in France.

As long as he lived, Cardinal Richelieu was honorary head of the Academy—its protector, as he was called. At his death, the office fell to Chancellor Seguier, who soon made it known that he wished the Academicians to hold all meetings at his residence. When he died, thirty years later, King Louis XIV accepted the protectorship of the institution and placed at its disposal a large room in the Louvre. He arranged that six seats should be reserved for members of the Academy at all performances in the court theater, and those who filled them were shown the same honor as nobles of the highest rank.

IT was Louis XIV who, sustaining the Academy's cherished principle of equality among its members, introduced its famous *fauteuils* (rocking chairs). The story goes that Cardinal d'Estrees, although in poor health, greatly enjoyed the meetings of the Academy. He asked permission to provide for himself a more comfortable seat than the stiff-backed chairs which were then in use at its sessions. Hearing of the request, King Louis XIV foresaw that the distinction might cause friction, so he directed that forty rocking chairs from the royal storehouse should be taken to the Academy's quarters in the Louvre.

When Louis XIV died, in 1715, he left the protectorship of the now famous French Academy to his successors as a royal prerogative; so Louis XV was its less active head until his death, in 1774. When the ill-fated Louis XVI succeeded to the crown and the protectorship, the Academy was at its zenith—influential, immensely popular in France and renowned throughout the world of letters. Shortly, however, the growing anti-royal sentiment of the country lowered its prestige. Public attendance at the meetings fell off, and those who came were often enemies who behaved so disrespectfully that abolition of open sessions was considered. Four prize competitions which it had sponsored for a number of years were dropped in 1789 and resumed only in more tranquil times. Less than twenty years after the accession of Louis XVI the Revolutionary Convention suppressed the Academy, and the almost equally important Academies of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, Science, Painting and Sculpture, and Architecture.

In 1793 all were reestablished, under the name of the National Institute, which was divided, however, into only three sections. From this time dates the gay and festive uniform which is still

worn by members of the Academy at its solemn functions. It consists of a long coat whose collar and lapels are embroidered in green, a cocked hat with black feathers, and a dress sword with hilt of gold and mother-of-pearl.

It was not until the reign of King Louis XVIII that its old title was restored to the French Academy, and it regained its rank as first and most important section of the National Institute, which now includes the Academies of Science, Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, Moral and Political Science, and Fine Arts.

The purpose for which the French Academy was founded was the purification of the French language. To attain this end it proposed to compile a dictionary, a grammar, a treatise on rhetoric and one on poetics. Only the dictionary and grammar have been issued. Between the years 1694 and 1878 seven editions of the dictionary were published, editions in which every word had received the careful attention of scholars. Besides the dictionary, at the suggestion of Voltaire, the Academy began its "Historical Dictionary of the French Language," which never progressed beyond the letter A. Forty or fifty years ago the project was abandoned.

In April, 1932, the Academy issued its "Grammar of the French Academy," which had been awaited with such eager interest that three hundred thousand copies were very quickly sold. It aroused a storm of adverse criticism; it was even made fun of; and soon it became known that war had been waged in connection with it within the sacred precincts of the Academy. Before many weeks passed it was announced that a corrected edition would be issued.

It has been frequently and hotly debated whether on the whole the influence of the Academy has been good or bad for French letters. Some have argued that it has hampered the national literature's development, has stunted its spontaneity; others—and they are in the majority—assert that to the Academy the French language owes its delicacy, purity and flexibility, and French writers the exquisite finish of their representative work.

SINCE early days the Academy has awarded a number of annual prizes, for which legacies and donations have liberally provided. The most important among these, the *Prix de Vertu*, was established in 1784. It is given each year to a poor person who has performed some remarkable act of charity or of courage; and many of its awards have fallen to missionaries and to Sisters of various orders. Prizes are offered, too, for literary excellence in works of several classes, such as history, French history, poetry, drama and novels.

In the early years of the Academy all its members were Catholics, and more than one very famous writer has been refused a *fauteuil* because of his anti-religious bias. From the time of its foundation until 1906 the entire membership had been five hundred, among whom were fourteen cardinals, nine archbishops and twenty-five bishops. Three of its members belonged to reigning families: Comte de Clermont, Lucien Bonaparte and Duc d'Aumale; and one, M. Thiers, was President of the Republic. Fifteen were prime ministers, upwards of thirty were ambassadors. It is curious to find that twenty-four members were received before they were twenty-three years of age; also, that as many were past seventy before they were elected.

THE story of Voltaire's admission to the Academy is characteristic. As the author of "History of Charles XII," *Henriade* and other works, he presented himself as a candidate, in 1732, and was rejected. He had set his heart upon a seat among the Immortals; and as other places became vacant he persuaded prominent friends to use their influence in his behalf; but ten years passed—and many a lie was told—before he obtained the coveted *fauteuil*. He declared himself to be "a good citizen and a true Catholic," when his loudly expressed skepticism seemed likely to prevent his election; and denied the authorship of his "Philosophical Letters," of which a good idea may be gained from the fact that copies had been publicly burned by the hangman.

Among the famous Catholics who have held seats are Corneille and Racine; Bossuet, Fenelon, Lacordaire and Dupanloup; Chateaubriand, Lamartine, Montalembert, Ampere, Pasteur. Of more recent years Catholic members of the Academy have been only less illustrious: Coppée, de Mun, Brunière, René Bazin, le Maréchal, Louis Lyautey and the great Foch; and among Catholic Academicians who are still living we can boast of Goyau, Lavedan, Bordeaux and Mgr. Baudrillart.

It is astonishing to see how few changes time has made in the French Academy, founded three hundred years ago in a world so very different from our own. It was born before France knew its golden age under Louis XIV; when Charles I of England still wore an uneasy head upon his shoulders; when Puritans were fighting Indians, cold and hunger in their fifteen-year-old settlement in Massachusetts, and Lord Baltimore was founding his Catholic colony in Maryland. Undisturbed, except by the earthquake of the French Revolution, it has pursued its tranquil, scholarly way. We who live today must wonder what manner of world it will see when or if it celebrates another grand centenary.

THE FAILURE OF DISBELIEF

By Irving T. McDonald

A MILDLY interesting, quite pathetic, and unexpectedly significant bit of exhibitionism has been going on through several recent issues of a nationally circulated monthly, in the confessions of two fathers whose children have reached the age when their education begins to be a problem. Briefly stated, the particular problem that is worrying the well-meaning parents is this: Shall I teach my children to accept as true all that the other children are being taught and all that I was taught myself, or shall I correct error where I see it? Needless to say, this is not the way the problem is stated in the magazine in question, for such an enunciation of it leaves out some of its sensational possibilities; it is, nevertheless, an accurate simplification of it.

Strangely, the fathers in question have found something upsetting about it, as if there could be more than one decent answer. Father Number One, who started the ball rolling, tells us quite frankly that he has become a liar, that he teaches his boy things he doesn't believe himself. For instance, he fails to correct the lies of history for him, or to point out the defects in our government, nor does he lay profane hands on "the Ark of the Lord." And then, queerly enough, he tells us that he reads the Bible to him for its sublimity, and because the characters are the "best possible starting points for moral speculation." The cause of his inconsistency, he declares, the great reason why, in spite of his own disbelief in the dogmas of earlier generations, he continues to impart them to his son, is because "parents like me have so little backbone attached to their brains, and visit the creed of their fathers upon their children." (The quantity of brains attached to the backbones of parents like him is not specified, unfortunately, for one cannot avoid the feeling that it would shed light on the situation.)

Father Number Two is a bolder man. He has four daughters and two sons between the ages of eleven and nineteen, and he states that he is bringing them all up to be agnostics. Obviously, he is doing nothing of the sort, for you can't lay down principles of agnosticism and continue to be agnostic. After reading his pathetic little manifesto it becomes apparent that what he's trying to make of

his children, chiefly, is critics; and if he will only see that they are given the correct standards of criticism, taught to understand the true criteria, he won't be doing as badly by them as he seems to hope.

As might be expected, these two fathers have one thing in common, in addition to their problem. Neither of them, evidently, believes in God. The first finds it "profanely grotesque, considering the nature and substance of man, to visualize an anthropomorphic deity, or even a god whose prime and jealous concern is the welfare of a none too successful ferment of mammalian bipeds on a minor planet of an insignificant solar system in one of many universes"; which means, I guess, that he doesn't believe in God. If I have misunderstood him, I am willing to be corrected. Father Number Two refers to relatives of his "who are too close to their Irish extraction ever to be free from superstition, (and) who have that race's weakness for authority and dogmatism"; which, in fewer words, comes to the same thing.

SOME years ago it was suggested by the late Lord Salisbury that the modern revolt against traditional moral standards could be traced directly to the sudden expansion of knowledge that was attending the rapid development of physical science, and today there are abundant additional reasons to ponder the thought soberly. But there is an angle from which, as it seems to me, this matter has not been viewed, an aspect of the possibilities from which something besides evil may be hoped for. For traditional Catholic truth has never been undermined by the expansion of material knowledge. It is only those who long ago departed from Church truth, and limited themselves thenceforth to the facts of the material world, who are beginning at long last to find themselves privately shaken in their faith in sheer materialism. And a "modernly" educated man might carelessly, almost indifferently commit himself to a condition of mind which he would hesitate to propose to his sons and daughters. Somehow, his own intellectual habit fits strangely, disconcertingly, when he sees it draped across the lives of those he loves.

The statement lately repeated that, while science has made life easier to live, it has at the same time made life not worth living, is a misstatement, of course, for the true value of living is not less today than it has ever been, nor will it be less tomorrow. But there is this grain of truth in it: countless more people today than ever before are asking themselves and others whether life is worth living or not; and they are not being satisfied with the answers they get from the oracles they consult. "There is more knowledge in the world today," says a recent writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*, "than has ever existed before, and there are fewer generally accepted beliefs. Outside the severer sciences, having to do for the most part with matters with which the layman is not concerned to form a judgment, almost everything is held to be a matter of opinion. This is a basic fact about the modern mind. It is new, and it is very important. For it indicates that in our day, compared even with the time of our grandfathers, an entirely new basis for belief is insisted upon. Authority and tradition are now discredited, not only by a few exceptional rebels, but by the generality of mankind." The immediate application to the two benighted fathers described above is obvious.

But the condition is of longer standing than is implied in the comparison with our grandfathers' time. The widespread repudiation of authority and tradition, and the insistence on a new basis for belief date earlier than that. To some, their fullest consequences are only now beginning to shape up, and a hasty but inaccurate assignment of responsibility is being made.

THE principle of private judgment as the counter-agent of authority has always been a cruel master to those who served it. Like Macbeth's bloody instruction, "it doth return to plague the inventor," and the transition from Protestantism to rationalism was unpreventable on the very terms upon which Protestantism itself based its claim to existence. Protestantism, repudiating authority, insisted on the right of individuals to judge the meaning of Scripture: rationalism, repudiating the authority of Protestantism with unimpeachable

logic, insisted on the right of individuals to manufacture dogmas without Scripture, or to dispense with dogma altogether.

When an individual mind gets to that point, its course becomes unpredictable, in theory, at least. As a matter of fact, its conduct is monotonously lacking in variety. For in the vast, vast majority of examples, your supposed free-thinker is the most abject slave to authority that authority has ever had. The tragedy of it is that he substitutes in these days the infallibility of Havelock Ellis, Bertrand Russell, or H. G. Wells, for the infallibility of Pius IX, just as, so Macauley tells us, "even in the sixteenth century a considerable number of those who quitted the old religion followed the first con-

fident and plausible guide who offered himself, and were soon led into errors far more serious than those which they had renounced (sic.) Thus Matthias and Kniperdoling, apostles of lust, robbery and murder, were able for a time to rule great cities."

IT is as natural for man to accept and be subject to authority as it is inevitable that he will have to. And there comes a point when, in a protracted series of rebellions, there will be nothing left to rebel against except the very principles for the sake of which the original rebellion was undertaken. No one expects a mass movement of this kind, to be sure. Nor does anyone expect individuals to act formally on any such motive. But

actually, it is taking place in more hearts and thoughts than can be readily guessed. The rising instinct to accept responsibility for what one teaches one's children, a disgust with the practical consequences of disbelief as they manifest themselves in personal and family life, and a horror of certain potential consequences that now lower over civil and social life are driving many to reexamine their positions. And some of them have already found that there need be nothing incongruous in the objective agreement, which not infrequently follows the reexamination, between private judgment and the voice of authority. And when Grace is added, a cycle is completed that began, in essence or example, four hundred years ago.

Our Lady of Highest Grace

By I. S. K. Reeves

THE particular veneration for the Mother of God under various titles in Catholic countries is generally well known. We have heard much of Our Lady of Charity (La Virgin de la Caridad) in Cuba, Our Lady of Guadalupe in Mexico, in Colombia of Our Lady of Chiquinquirá, in Spain of Our Lady of the Column. All the world knows of Our Lady of Lourdes of France and the miraculous waters of her fountain. Yet few have ever heard the story of the Virgin of Altagracia, Our Lady of Highest Grace of Santo Domingo, and the great veneration the natives pay to the Mother of God through their miraculous painting. The tradition which surrounds the Altagracia, to which the people of Santo Domingo are so fervently devoted, dates from the end of the first century to the colonization of the Island after the coming of Columbus.

In relating the story of the remarkable events connected with the venerated image of Altagracia, tradition states: We have it from our ancestors that in the Eastern Province of Santo Domingo, more than three centuries ago, one of the first settlers who settled in that region was a gentleman who owned a plantation. He carefully educated his two daughters who, at the time the story opens, were in the flower of youth. One was given wholly to thoughts of amusements and to the things of this world; the younger,

humble of heart and devoted to the domestic virtues, was concerned only with the exercises of Christian charity. The good father frequently made journeys to the capital, Santo Domingo, where he traded the fruits of his farm for provisions and clothing. On these occasions the Baby, as they called the pious young girl, always charged him that he should bring her, on his return, the picture of Altagracia which she had long wished for. She was quite confident that he would find it in the capital if he would only try. Indeed she was very positive that such an image existed.

Her sister, thinking of nothing but of worldly things, asked him to bring her gowns, ribbons and laces. The Spaniard was anxious to satisfy the requests of both his daughters. And, after all, in Santo Domingo could not anything be bought—if one had the money? There he recounted to many people the commission of the Baby. He carried her request to the high dignitaries of the Church, but no one had ever heard mention of a title of Our Lady so strange and so unknown.

In a journey which he made to the capital in the month of January, about 1600, the young daughter again strongly repeated her request to her father: "I do not want anything but my Altagracia, the Lady whom I see in all my prayers, whom I dream of every night, the Virgin of

Highest Grace." As had happened on other occasions, after some days' stay in the city, the father started dejectedly on his way home, a prey to the greatest despair. He was returning without the object so much desired by his beloved daughter. The thought of his failure had already cost him many sleepless nights.

The more he thought of the continued requests of his child, the more the old Spaniard was inclined to believe that it was rashness on her part to importune for something which must certainly be but the creation of her own imagination. Perhaps—though the thought hurt him—perhaps she was not wholly sane. The very ministers of the Church, whom he had questioned repeatedly, were ignorant of any image of Our Lady invoked under such a title.

THIS old Spaniard, journeying slowly back to Higüey, was overtaken at night near the ford of the "Two Rivers." Overcome by fatigue, he resolved to await the coming of the day in a small cabin whose occupants, hospitable as the country people are, offered him generously a bed and his food. His hosts busied themselves at the hearth, situated in the center of the cabin, where they prepared a piece of meat and, in the ashes, roasted a few vegetables. The traveler entertained them with stories of the capital, and mentioned his weariness from the difficulties of the

journey, especially from the muddy state of the trails. He added that he was taking back with him some Christmas presents for his family, but that he was going home once more laden with sorrow because he had not secured the gift asked for by his cherished daughter. By way of explanation he told that she was very devout to the Saints, and that she had conceived the idea of an image which did not exist, Our Lady of Highest Grace.

He had but just finished speaking when, to the great surprise of all who heard him, an old man with a long white beard appeared, leaning on a stick, in the doorway. There was a roll of parchment in his hand. Giving it to the guest, he said: "Here you have the object so long desired by the Baby. Continue your journey; and may God bless you and His Most Holy Mother guide you." Immediately he disappeared into the darkness.

HOW great must have been the astonishment of those simple people, when they unfolded the roll which the old man had just placed in the hands of the traveler. They found painted there, in vivid colors, the image of Mary in pious contemplation before her Son, the Child Jesus. Watching over both was St. Joseph. A star shed its rays on the Head of the Redeemer of the human race.

The traveler, thrilled now that he possessed the long looked for object of his quest, took leave of his hospitable friends. Once more he started on his journey, resolved not to delay until he should arrive at his destination with his prized image.

Following a custom, introduced in former years, the daughters in expectation of the arrival of their father, had gone to meet him at quite a considerable distance from their home. He had been absent a full month. The joyful meeting took place near a beautiful orange tree. Unable to hide his delight, he dismounted to show them his treasure, the picture of Altigracia, which appeared at every moment brighter and more vivid.

Overcome with joy, and almost speechless at the favor, the Baby, on bended knees and with tears expressing her faith, kissed again and again the face of the Mother of Jesus.

"Father," she cried, between her sobs, "you see here the image of Him Who redeems our faults and washes away the stain of our sins. This is all I ask for, the Madonna of Santo Domingo."

The people of the village, on being informed of what had happened, all went out to meet the traveler. Not content with showing the image for their contemplation, the Baby caused it to be hung in the branches of the orange tree. According to tradition, this was the first place in which the miraculous image was exposed to public veneration. So great was the devotion which from that mo-

ment the image of Our Lady of Highest Grace inspired in the hearts of that simple people that it spread rapidly throughout the whole Island, animating them in the work of building a beautiful sanctuary in the place where the people of Higüey had first beheld the picture.

The picture, adorned with a beautiful frame of gold and mounted with precious stones, does not measure more than twenty by twenty-four inches. Its artistic merit is considered as quite correct. It represents the bust of the Virgin, with bent head, the hands joined in an attitude of prayer before the Divine Child, who lies in swaddling clothes on some dry straw, symbol of grace and goodness. Behind at the right, St. Joseph, holding a candle, completes the picture. A star shines down upon the Infant, giving a beautiful light, in the background.

This Altigracia painting has been preserved in the little town of Higüey for over three hundred years. Tradition relates, and our own generation confirms it, that many miracles have been attributed to the influence of faith and prayer in the presence of the venerated image. The people of Santo Domingo have always been so enthusiastic in their devotion to the Altigracia that it seems odd that the story has not gone forth to the world along with the traditions of Our Lady of Charity, Our Lady of Guadalupe, Our Lady of Chiquinquirá, Our Lady of the Column and Our Lady of Lourdes.

The devotion of this people through these centuries to their beloved image and their supreme faith in Mary's miraculous aid, reached a climax in 1922. Archbishop Nouel of Santo Domingo, accompanied by his people, brought the picture

of the Altigracia to the capital. During the entire trip over many miles it was continually followed by a procession of hundreds of the faithful. In the capital it was placed in a magnificent church, completed for this occasion. The altar was of mosaic and gold from Italy; the walls of the church were decorated with life-like paintings of the Passion of Christ. Above the altar a large gold cabinet was erected to protect the venerated Altigracia. A Papal Delegate was sent from Rome; Bishop Rincon came from Caracas, Venezuela; and Bishops from Haiti and Porto Rico, with priests from all over the West Indies, joined the greater part of the populace of Santo Domingo, the capital, for a coronation ceremony.

The picture was crowned in a religious ceremony over the sacred gate of Santo Domingo, the gate which the people had held against invaders in battle, a sacred spot in their hearts. A crown of gold, supported by two angels, surmounts the frame of the painting. This weighty symbol of royalty represented gifts of gold, contributed by almost all the families of the Republic. After the ceremony, the painting was exposed at the Cathedral and kissed in veneration by several hundred thousands of pilgrims.

Yet, in spite of the fact that the magnificent sanctuary in the form of a church had been built for the Altigracia at Santo Domingo, the people of Higüey insisted that the miraculous painting be restored to its original home in their church. There was the hunger of loneliness in their hearts for the image of the gracious Virgin, who had thus miraculously rewarded the devotion of one of their own humble villagers.

Light

By Margery Mansfield

IF these, my eyes, be parted of their sight,
(Which has befallen better maids and men)
Yet shall the hills hang dripping in the light
Around the turning earth. My thought be then,
"O Light, beloved, still with colors springing,
At your touch the truth leaps clean and clear!
It is enough, if, true to my upbringing,
I find my peace in knowing you are near."
For if I am half worthy of my siring,
I answer, "Sir," this individual plight
Flicks little shadow." Myriad eyes, untiring,
Lift the endless kingdom of the light.
But O, I do not know what would befall,
Were there no eye, were there no eye at all.

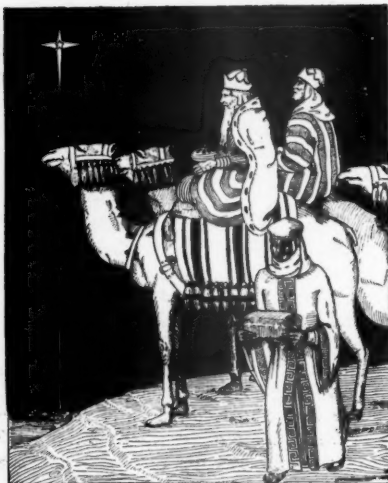
WOMAN TO WOMAN

I PROMISED several months ago that I would say something on the subject of birth control, since so many letters on the subject have come to me. It happens, however, that the most recent letter contains materials of a constructive sort rather than merely complaining or denunciatory. Let it speak for itself:

"In your varied correspondence from women readers of *THE SIGN*, I know you have had many objections to the strict laws of the Church regarding the limitation of a family. I am a mother of four children and have gone through what many other mothers have experienced in this depression. Now I possess knowledge that has been so valuable to me in the spacing of my children that I feel it my duty to pass it on. The Church now endorses the Rhythm method of spacing births. That is based on the Ogino-Knauss theory called *The Rhythm* by Dr. Latz, also in a very good little pamphlet written by Rev. J. J. O'Brien called "Legitimate Birth Control." This method is so natural and so safe and best of all can be accomplished with an easy conscience. It is based on dates, which of course must be very accurate and now my friends and I use a chart called the "Timely Abstinence Chart" which designates the fertile and sterile days clearly. It is simple and accurate and I have found it to be such a service that I thought I would pass along the information. I was told about it by a missionary and I thank God for it. The name of the company is The National Chart Company, 307 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C. Trusting my experience will help others through your work with *THE SIGN*, I am,

Very sincerely yours, Mrs. M. G."

■ They were talking about wish phantasies at an authors' tea in New York the other day, and Blair Niles, one of the authors honored, said that she has just one wish phantasy at present. She wishes she could give some property to the government at its assessed valuation, as Vincent Astor has expressed himself desirous of doing. That, she told Isabel Patterson, who reported it in her brilliant column in the *Herald Tribune*, would be twice what one could get for it even in good times. Then she could sail away in a yacht on the proceeds. "Give," she said dreamily to her interested audience, "is such a beautiful word in that connection. How very much more blessed to give than to receive, on those terms."



By Katherine Burton

Said she, the other day when asked why she enjoyed going to museums, "Because the view from the windows is usually very pleasant!" But she went on to say that in Italy you didn't need to look out of the windows: the long red velvet covered benches were so comfortable you could sleep on them.

■ Not all public benefactors get thanks and many of them, like this one, remain anonymous. Nathalia Crane dawned on the world as a poet prodigy at the age of nine. She is now twenty-one and until four years ago she poured out loads and loads of verse. Since then she has been silent—at least in print.

Now it seems a benefactor gave her four years tuition at Barnard College on condition that during that time she refrain from publishing any of her works. As one considers the infants who are bursting into print it seems a grand idea: subsidize prodigies into silence. It might cost a lot but it might well be worth the cost and the trouble.

■ In the course of a sermon at the funeral of Monsignor Sheehan of Poughkeepsie, Monsignor McMahon of New York spoke of his interest in the poor. The four adjectives by which he characterized it explain well what perfect, or even ordinary charity should be. "His interest in the poor," said the Monsignor, "was personal, supernatural, profitable and sustained."

MONTH OF THE WISE MEN

Through the hundreds of years since the first arrival of Wise Men, the Child's mother has often welcomed others like them and made them feel how worth while was the journey to her House. The middle ages had wise men who sang to her their loveliest songs, who gave her their deepest thoughts. They kept her *Magnificat* in the Liturgy.

The Feast of the Purification was kept as early as the fourth century. The greeting of the angel to the maiden was amplified by them into the Church's dearest prayer. Under a drawing of her in the Catacombs is the inscription *Sancta Digentrix*—holy Mother of God. The Litany of Loretto merely summarized what wise men had called her down the centuries. Vespers still ends with her Cantic. Through the ages wise men have loved to sing her praises. But today the chorus is not so strong.

Many wise men of our day have gone elsewhere to adore—to adore a machine or a theory or art with no Child or Mother to give it meaning, to music with no Child or Mother at its heart. They have strayed down queer pathways, our wise men. But they will come back, for in the beginning was Love and in the end will be Love. And one day their eyes, tired of looking at futile reasoning and empty search, will lift and an impulse will come to the wise men to find again the House of Gold, to look into Mary's eyes—and learn the old wisdom.

Bethany—The Spot That Jesus Loved

By Ralph Gorman, C.P.

THROUGH all the ages Palestine has looked toward the East. Its language, its religion, its people and its literature, all bear the stamp of the Orient. All seemed as changeless as its everlasting hills. But in the few years since the War there has been more change than in all the previous centuries. Western methods in industry and agriculture have been introduced. As a result, the country is fast losing that appearance which once made it so picturesque, which made it so easy for us to feel that here, in spite of the centuries that have passed, we are in the setting in which most of the Bible narrative is cast.

Not all of Palestine has changed. Off the main routes of travel and commerce, life still moves in the slow tempo of the past, colored with the primitive picturesqueness of Biblical times. In such places, it is by no stretch of the imagination that we picture to ourselves events in the life of Our Lord, as taking place in surroundings not very different from those which exist today.

Bethany is such a place. There is little in this town to remind one that nearly twenty centuries have passed since Christ was here. And however much one may believe in progress one can hardly help but rejoice, for here were enacted some of the most beautiful incidents in the life of Christ.

Today the village of Bethany is known to the natives as El-Azariyeh, the place of Lazarus. It lies on the Jericho road, on the eastern slopes of the Mount of Olives, about two miles from Jerusalem. The road from Jerusalem skirts the east wall of the city and descends abruptly into the Cedron Valley. After crossing the bridge over the narrow bed of this stream, dry except after the winter rains, one passes the Tomb of the Blessed Virgin and then the Garden of Gethsemane, enclosed by a high wall. The road then ascends a southern spur of the Mount of Olives, with the so-called valley of Josaphat on the right.

Where the road reaches its highest point one looks back on a beautiful view of Jerusalem. The road from Bethany at the time of Christ must have passed near here, so that this is the view of the city which Christ had when He wept over it. Beyond the turn in the road



THE LITTLE TOWN OF BETHANY AS IT APPEARS TO THE TRAVELER APPROACHING FROM THE NORTHEAST

the large stone house visible on the next ridge is the residence of the French Passionists, known as St. Martha's. From its terrace there is a beautiful view in all directions except the North. To the west lies Jerusalem, its domed roofs and minarets outlined against the sky. To the east at one's feet lies Bethany, and beyond it the desert of Judea, its rapid descent towards the Jordan and the Dead Sea cut and crossed by barren hills and deep valleys.

The village of Bethany is semicircular in shape. It lies with its back to the Mount of Olives. Two ridges enclose it like arms on each side, so that its only full view is towards the desert. It is thus protected from the north and west, and lies open to the warm breezes of the desert. On all sides of Bethany is an abundant growth of fig and olive trees. It is nature's last effort at bounty in this direction, for beyond Bethany is the desert, and one sees no more trees until the banana and orange trees come into view at the oasis of Jericho.

As in all the villages of the Holy Land, the houses of Bethany are clustered closely together. The purpose, probably, is not economy of space. The practice no doubt originated in the days when defense was an important consideration, and a small area was more easily defended. The same motive of defense explains the absence of farm houses. Those who till the soil go out daily to their work but return at evening to the village. The houses are not of any architectural complexity. They are built of stone with flat roofs. Most have but one room, which serves as kitchen, dining

room, parlor and bedroom for the entire family. At night a mattress is rolled out on the floor, usually in a corner, and coverings spread over it. This serves as the sleeping quarters of the family. A few more pretentious houses have a second story. This is the upper room or guest chamber, similar to that in which Our Lord ate the last supper with His Apostles. Several houses at Bethany have this upper room. The stairs leading to it are on the outside of the house. Very often in warm weather the family sleeps on the flat roof. There are no streets in Bethany, at least what we would call streets. Sufficient space is left for one to get about, although during the rainy season it is with no little difficulty.

THE population of Bethany at the latest census was 515, all Moslems. They are not the fanatical type, met in some parts of Palestine. No doubt contact with the varied population of Jerusalem has modified the usual Mohammedan hatred for those not of their own faith. Brother Albert, a Passionist lay brother of St. Martha's, has for years cared for the sick of Bethany and its vicinity. The Arabs hold him in veneration. Walking through Bethany with him we would be accosted by all we met and at nearly every door invited to enter for a cup of coffee. Many of the men work in Jerusalem, others till the land in the immediate neighborhood. The people are still primitive in their habits of life, and many of their customs are reminiscent of Bible times.

The tomb of Lazarus must originally have been outside the town. Today it is in its very center. Toward the end of the sixteenth century the Mohammedans transformed the ruins of the church over the tomb into a mosque. The recently constructed tower of this mosque stands out above the surrounding houses. In the seventeenth century a new entrance was made to the tomb from the street because Christians were not allowed to enter through the mosque. A long flight of stairs leads to a grotto about nine feet square, hewn in the rock. This is the vestibule of the tomb. A few steps lead down to the tomb, which is about six feet square. According to tradition Our Lord stood in the vestibule of

the tomb when He wept for His departed friend and when He called out to him to come forth.

It is this little village that looms so large in the life of Christ. In fact, Bethany is unique. Its memories are all pleasant. In Jerusalem there is the Via Crucis, Calvary and the Holy Sepulchre, and over all of them is cast the shadow of suffering. At Bethlehem, where Christ was born, it is easy to imagine oneself in the presence of the peace of that first Christmas night, but a nearby altar to the Holy Innocents reminds us with a shock how soon that peace was disturbed by the fierce cruelty of Herod. Entering Nazareth one passes near the precipice over which Christ's fellow townsmen tried to cast Him to His death. At Capharnaum and along the shores of the Sea of Galilee it is not difficult to picture to oneself the lowering visages and watchful eyes of the Scribes and Pharisees, who dogged the footsteps of Christ in an effort to catch Him in His speech and to find wherewith they could accuse Him.

BUT at Bethany Christ was among friends. There He enjoyed that peace and security which He could not find elsewhere. Of these friends of Christ, Martha and Mary and Lazarus, we know nothing beyond what is related in the pages of the Gospels, which in their usual laconic, matter of fact manner, offer little satisfaction to our curiosity. But curiosity, like every other demand, creates a supply, and around these figures have been woven numerous legends, giving the details which the Gospels omitted. In the usual manner of such legendary literature, all is known. Details of birth and rank, of character and temperament, together with accounts of their subsequent lives, may be found. Yet, who would care to assert that all is mere legend, that through it all there runs no thread of truth, that all this husk of fiction shelters no kernel of historical fact? Tradition seems to agree that these friends of Christ went to France, after His death. Lazarus is venerated as the first bishop of Marseilles.

How Christ first became acquainted with Lazarus and his two sisters we are not told. The first time they are mentioned in the Gospel, Christ is already received as a friend and welcomed with joy into their house. The picture of Christ in this home at Bethany is one of the most familiar in His life and certainly one of the most beautiful. Martha busied herself with the serving and complained to Jesus of her sister Mary, who, instead of helping her, sat at His feet and listened to His words. It is probable that Christ's Apostles were with Him, so that Martha's task was not inconsiderable and her complaint appeared justified. Christ's answer came as a surprise not only to her, but perhaps also

to the Apostles, whose interests coincided, at least for the moment, with Martha's: "Martha, Martha, thou art careful, and art troubled about many things; but one thing is necessary. Mary hath chosen the best part, which shall not be taken away from her."

There is no more beautiful story in all the Bible than St. John's account of the resurrection of Lazarus. Its charm, simplicity and naturalness reveal a rare beauty of feeling and of conception. No doubt St. John's profound realization of the significance of what he wrote supplied any lack of literary training.

Christ was in the country across the Jordan when Martha and Mary sent to Him to inform Him that Lazarus was sick. He delayed two days and then started toward Bethany. On the way, He informed His disciples that Lazarus was already dead. News of Christ's approach preceded Him and He was met, first by Martha and then by Mary, each in turn greeting Him with the words: "Lord, if Thou hadst been here, my brother had not died." Jesus was brought to the tomb—a cave, the entrance to which had been closed by a large stone. Standing before this tomb Jesus wept. How fortunate the man over whose tomb flowed the tears of the Son of God! Lazarus must surely have been a beautiful character who had merited this friendship. Against the remonstrances of those who stood about, Jesus ordered the tomb opened, and then in a loud voice commanded Lazarus to come forth. He came forth at Christ's bidding and was restored to his family and friends.

Six days before the final Pasch, Christ was again at Bethany, at supper, in the house of Simon the Leper. Martha, in her usual rôle, served the guests. Lazarus reclined at table. He was an object of great curiosity and many had come for no other purpose than to see him. During the supper Mary ap-

proached with an alabaster vase. Long, narrow vases of translucent alabaster were used to contain precious perfumes. In the vase Mary held in her hand, was a pound of precious ointment, perfumed with nard. Breaking the neck of the vase so that the ointment could flow freely and to show that none was to be spared, Mary poured it on the head and feet of Christ and then wiped His feet with her hair. Far from rebuking Mary for this "waste" as the disciples called it, Christ foretold that wherever the Gospel would be preached, Mary's action would be told for a memory of her.

ON the following morning, the first day of the week, Christ left Bethany for His triumphal entry into the city of Jerusalem. The days that followed were days of tense excitement. The pilgrims present in the Holy City for the feast crowded about Christ to hear His words. His enemies bent every effort toward catching Him in His words, to discredit Him with the people. In the evening, weary after the labors of the day, Christ withdrew either to Gethsemane on the slopes of the Mount of Olives, or to Bethany, where He found rest and refreshment with His friends. It was from Bethany that Christ took His departure on Holy Thursday, knowing that this time He was going to His death at Jerusalem.

These events happened centuries ago. Yet the memory of them still clings to this little village of Bethany. This is a spot that Jesus loved. Centuries have passed, changes have been wrought by the hand of man, generation has succeeded to generation, yet here at Bethany are the same hills and rocks and valleys that felt the tread of His foot and echoed to the sound of His voice.

"The pathways of Thy land are little changed

Since Thou wast there.
The busy world through other ways has ranged,
And left these bare.

"The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet.
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep
Men tread it yet.

"Still to the garden o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low.
Before his sheep, the shepherd on it treads—
His voice they know.

"The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,
As once o'er Thee.
Peasants go home at evening up the hill
To Bethany."



A BETHANIAN MOTHER AND CHILD IN
NATIVE COSTUME



THE FOURTH SHEPHERD

★ By Enid Dinnis ★ ★ ★ ★

"I DON'T see why old Cuthbertson shouldn't do it. After all, it's a good idea to let the inmates have a look in, and Cuthbertson would know the ropes."

Dr. Hewsome, stage-manager of the forthcoming *Tableau vivant* show, replaced his pipe in his mouth and smoked the suggestion meditatively. "Not a bad idea," the assistant stage-manager agreed. One of the performers had fallen out and the part of the fourth shepherd in the Nativity scenes was vacant. The collection of young people who were getting up the tableaux for the benefit of the inmates of the Hostel of St. Philomena likewise fell in with the proposition.

"Poor old Cuthbertson," Harry Hewsome said. "The question is, could he tackle a new part? His old head's full of Shakespeare, I doubt if there is room for anything else." He was quite a well-known Shakespearean actor at one time. I can remember my father speaking of him."

"Well, he won't have to learn any lines, anyway." The company was in favor of the experiment. They had all heard the story of Christopher Cuthbertson. It was a sad one: The old actor had fallen on evil times, and finally had been picked up in a well-nigh dying condition in the streets where he had been delivering Shakespearean recitations from the gutter. They had taken him to the Hostel of Mercy, which receives patients of all denominations, and the good Sisters had kept him as a permanent inmate. "Why not give the old fellow a

chance of appearing on the stage just once again?"

So Dr. Hewsome left the committee room and went in search of old Cuthbertson. He was very friendly with him. He felt sympathy with the old actor who had been cut off from the world, which was still for him a stage with a part for the player. The stage over which the Sisters presided was so limited in its possibilities. The gutter, where he had sold shoelaces to supplement a living earned by classical recitations, had been in the limelight. He had sometimes had an intelligent audience. Here it was different. It was a nodding and doddering audience even when there was not an active protest carried to Sister.

Hewsome had kept his eye on the old man and noted, in his capacity of visiting physician, how the figure of the man who sat by himself erect, with tightly-folded arms, in the attitude of defiance adopted on the melodramatic stage, had gradually grown limp, and the pose had relaxed into one of drooping inertia. He had conversed with him on the subject of the modern development of the stage and had discovered that talkies were a subject that could move the old actor to wrath and rhetoric.

He found Christopher Cuthbertson, on this occasion out in the grounds. He was standing before an empty bench (the bench had probably emptied itself quite recently) declaiming the immortal words: "To be or not to be?" Dr. Hewsome ventured to interrupt and invited the other to sit down to a little chat.

"A fine soliloquy, that," he remarked. And then he added, rather tactlessly. "They won't have anything to do with soliloquies on the stage now-a-days. They've scrapped them along with stage 'asides.'" The listener was more upset by his harmless remark than the speaker could have anticipated.

"Soliloquies are my strong point," he sighed. "And it isn't everyone that can manage an aside. How on earth do they get on without them? It's an art in itself!"

"Very badly indeed," Hewsome hastened to assure him. He had unwittingly given another shattering blow to the old man's dream of returning to the footlights. "But I was just wanting to speak to you about something that these questions don't come into. A professional matter." It really was most providential that he should have this sop to throw out: "It's a little matter of business connected with some theatricals that we are getting up for Christmas."

THERE was a slight movement of the limp figure beside him. "It will be only a one-day's show," he explained, apologetically—not much of an engagement. Not a very fat part, either, I'm afraid. It's just one of the shepherds in the Christmas *tableaux* that we are doing here on New Year's Eve."

The change that came over the man seated next to him was curious. It somewhat resembled the effect of the gradual inflation of the collapsible creatures sold in the toy bazaars. The

limp figure of the old actor seemed to fill out. He was sitting up perfectly straight now, with his head in the air.

"I'm willing to undertake it," Christopher Cuthbertson said.

"Not much of the fat of the piece, you say? But I'm willing, perfectly willing."

"It will all be dumb show," Hewsome explained. "No lines to be spoken." then he added, artfully, "that is why I am so anxious to get experienced actors; so much will depend on pose and facial expression."

Mr. Cuthbertson—Chris Cuthbertson, he had been always called, straightened himself still more rigidly. He slipped a thumb into each armhole.

"I'll do it," he said. "When is it to be?"

"Next week. I expect you're a quick study. We shall have rehearsals, of course."

THE great "C. C." considered. "The story's in the Bible, he remarked." "I can get my atmosphere all right. Yes, I'm a quick study."

"That's it. 'Whilst shepherds watched their flocks by night,' don't you know. It's all in the old carol. Any of the kiddies in the school could sing it to you."

"H'm." The old actor had risen to his feet. He stood on them more firmly than he had done for many a year. "Well, Sir, you may take it that I'm willing to undertake this engagement."

"Good! 'Featuring Christopher Cuthbertson as fourth shepherd,'" the producer said. "Awfully sorry this place doesn't run to drinks or we would have clinched the contract that way. I don't suppose that you would object!"

The inmates of the up-and-doing ward in the Hostel became somewhat oppressed during the days that followed by the consequentialness of old Mr. Cuthbertson. He was terribly active and alert. Sister Teresa readily lent him her New Testament—it was the first sign that the old man had given of being interested in religion. Later on, little Johnny Green, after reiterated requests, was brought from the Orphanage to recite, 'Whilst shepherds watched their flocks by night' to the actor who was mugging up atmosphere for his star turn. Johnny performed his part with combined haste and accuracy, whilst Mr. Cuthbertson sat and listened, in the attitude of the king watching the play in *Hamlet*. The simple and concise rhymed narrative, as everyone knows, contains the argument of the Nativity spectacle. The delivery of the lines was uninspired.

"God forgive you, boy," was the old actor's comment. Sister was rather intrigued. Mr. Cuthbertson did not as a rule invoke Heaven, and Johnny had really remembered it quite well. He had not missed out a word.

A day or two later she came upon the

old man in a corner murmuring to himself. She caught the words:

"The angel of the Lord came down
And glory shone around."

It had not struck her before that there was any special or dramatic beauty in the popular hymn.

"Oh, shut up your blooming Shakespeare!" A voice from the ward cried, and Christopher Cuthbertson closed down. Sister went on her way thinking of the angel and the surrounding glory.

Chris Cuthbertson was making an intensive study of his part in the forthcoming performance. He had gained temporary possession of a Missal and a Book of Hours and was studying the Christmastide Liturgy. The Sisters were delighted. If only he could get religion, what a difference it would make to the poor old man. And he was so good. He had been brought to this by helping his poor friends. On the fourth Sunday of Advent Mr. Cuthbertson took his Missal to chapel and made an attempt to follow Mass. He was making a highly intensive study of his part.

Christmas Day, with its feasting and unwonted gaities, proved rather a distraction to the man who had serious business on hand. Roast beef and plum pudding clashed with the atmosphere which he was assiduously soaking in. He crept away into a corner with the old Office Book which had been loaned to him and studied Matins for Christmas morning.

"I am sure he means to become a Catholic," Sister Rose said to Sister Teresa. "He must be very holy to be reading the Divine Office when the others are eating their oranges."

On the day before the dress rehearsal—it was a day or two after Christmas—Christopher Cuthbertson button-holed Dr. Hewsome on his way to the wards.

"I have been thinking," he said, "that it would be a great improvement to introduce some lines into the piece." He scrutinized the stage-manager's face, wistfully.

BUT the other shook his head. It would not do in *Tableaux*.

"Not just a line or two?" Christopher Cuthbertson spoke pleadingly.

The stage-manager, however, remained obdurate. Poor old fellow!

He was aching to spout something. But he never would have been able to commit it to memory, if it had been a play.

The dress rehearsal brought with it a magic breath of old times to the actor who was to play the part of the fourth shepherd. He stalked amongst the performers in the green room, the Christopher Cuthbertson of the old days, meeting the kindly advances of the young people with the patronage which a famous professional bestows on the

amateur. It was a very grandiose C. C., but affable withal. *Tableaux* was a miserable kind of business, but there was a real stage and real footlights. A whiff of the old days came back as he dressed himself for the part. A short, rough, sheepskin tunic reaching to the knees, bare arms and bare legs. It had been decided to leave the fourth shepherd clean-shaven, and his thick mop of snow-white hair was more effective than a wig. There was no denying it that he cut a striking figure.

TRUE, it was not a fat part. The pity of it, that there were no lines to deliver! But he had soaked himself in the spirit of it all. The two-thousand years old drama, that was retold yearly and never lost its freshness, had gripped his histrionic sense. It was good, unspeakably good, to be once more before the footlights.

The hillside scene was the first to be rehearsed. It was the work of a rising artist and both coloring and grouping were perfect. There would be spectacular effects when the angel appeared, and the *Gloria in excelsis* would be rendered by an invisible choir. The fourth shepherd took his place with the others. After many a long year he was once again on the boards.

The producer was critical and painstaking. He scrutinized the living picture from the auditorium. Old Cuthbertson really was a picture. Rigid as a statue, yet with life vibrating in the motionless form. The first part of the evening's entertainment was to be on the anathemized screen—a film abomination. Living pictures were at least alive. Christopher Cuthbertson was in top form.

The stage-manager delivered instructions. "Remember," he said, "this is the 'silent night,' the 'watchful night.' Expectancy is the note. You are waiting; watching."

Old Cuthbertson's lips were moving. He was muttering to himself. That would not do. He must be told about that, perhaps later. He must not forget that he was a picture.

But the fourth shepherd had completely forgotten that he was a picture. He had sprung from his place, risen from his recumbent position with an alacrity that had not been his for twenty years. He stood in the centre of the stage with uplifted arms invoking the starry skies.

"Drop down dew, ye heavens, from above, and let the clouds rain the just; let the earth be opened and bud forth a Savior."

The words came forth like a royal command, and also like the cry of a supplicating race thirsting for its salvation.

The situation had to be adjusted. The star actor had to be tactfully reminded that lines were impossible in the circumstances. He acquiesced sorrowfully

and returned to his place. It had been inadvertent, this suddenly becoming articulate. It would not happen again. It had been put to Christopher Cuthbertson that there was no speaking in the present show and he accepted the dictum quietly enough. He was plainly anxious not to lose his job—the first engagement after twenty years or more.

There was no more trouble with the remaining *tableaux*. At least, not of the same kind. The Nativity scene was beautifully staged. The stage-manager was congratulating himself that the living figures were as motionless as the little carved figure in the manger when once again there was a movement on the part of the fourth shepherd. The latter was kneeling before the crib. This time he was saying to his neighbor:

"The Child's moving in the manger."

THE third shepherd quieted him. "Nonsense," he answered. "It's not alive." It really was rather risky having this potty old fellow in the show. It might spoil the whole thing on the night. He would tell Hewsome so.

"Well, if he's got moving on the brain he'll keep still, anyhow," Hewsome said, when told of the incident. "I can't turn the poor old chap off now. He hasn't tried to spout any more. By the way, that was a gorgeously poetic bit that he quoted. Not Shakespeare, was it?"

"I believe it was out of the Mass for the fourth Sunday of Advent," the third shepherd said.

When New Year's Eve arrived Sister Rose experienced some qualms.

"I hope the excitement won't be too much for poor old Mr. Cuthbertson," she said to Dr. Hewsome.

"Do him good," the Doctor told her; and so there was nothing more to be said. Evidently he knew his patient thoroughly.

All the same, there was some anxiety attached to the casting of the part of the fourth shepherd. The stage-manager, standing in the flies, watched the old actor with some apprehension. It had been a remarkably fine effect, that "gag," but it would not do to have it repeated. A *tableau* is a *tableau*.

As for Christopher Cuthbertson, he was tasting the joy of once more facing an audience with the footlights between. He had a rôle to interpret—he had to get it across without words or signs. Takes some acting—that. But he had soaked himself in the story.

The bright costumes, the scenery, all brought back the thrill of the old life. It was such a grand story. But its magnificence was wrapped in silence. How were they going to get it over? Perhaps, on the whole, Cuthbertson's performance was less perfect than it had been at the rehearsal. His lips which had been parted in expectation on that occasion were now pressed tightly together to keep in the words behind

them when "Silent Night" was being subtly suggested by the orchestra.

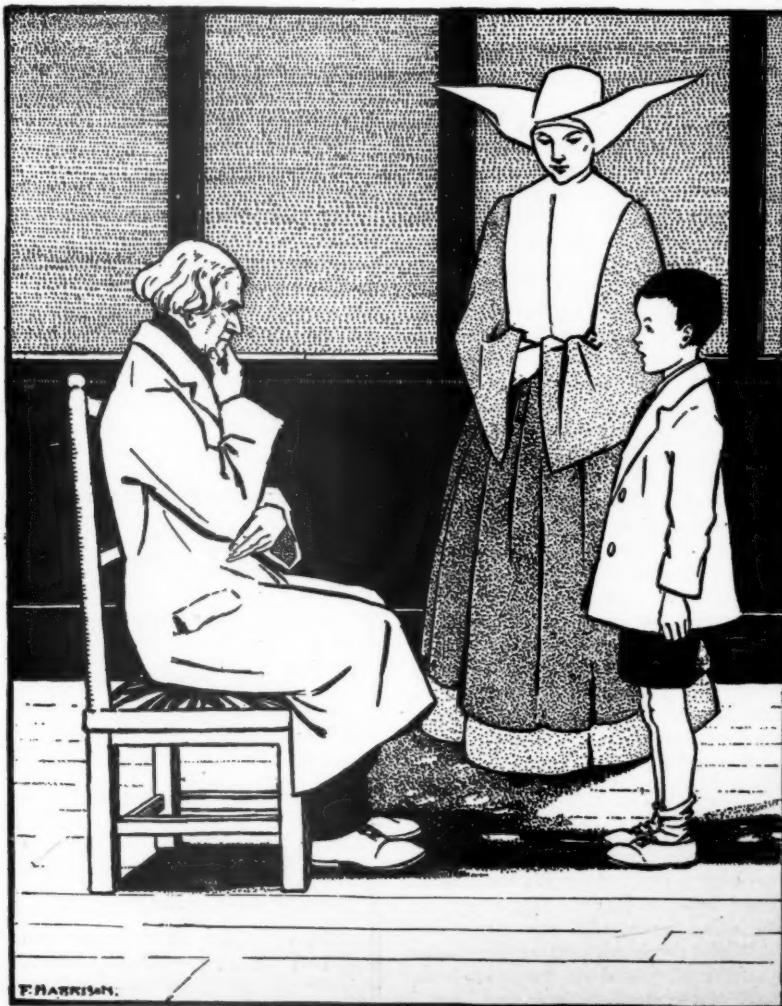
But when the Nativity scene came the old actor had recovered the perfection of his art. The fourth shepherd knelt before the crib in what was a veritable ecstasy, and this time his lips were parted, in wonder, not in preparation for speech. Really the old fellow was a genius. It was a fine piece of acting—magnificent! One would have had to search Holy Writ to find words to express that look of joy mingled with wonder. Daft old Christopher Cuthbertson remained a very great artist.

The performance was over. The artists had bowed their acknowledgments and gone off to remove their stage toggery; Shepherds, and Kings with their attendants. It had been quite a crowd. It was quite a long time before anyone missed old Cuthbertson. Then Sister Teresa became anxious to know what had become of her charge. She penetrated the "green room" and enquired of those who were still congre-

gated there. No, nobody remembered seeing the old gentleman who was acting the part of the fourth shepherd. A search betrayed the fact that the actor in question had not changed back into his ordinary dress. Wherever he was he was still the fourth shepherd.

THERE ensued an anxious hunt throughout the entire building—wards and recreation rooms, even the kitchen premises. But no sign of the man who had been featured as the fourth shepherd! Then Dr. Hewsome made a discovery that formed a clue. The doctor's overcoat was missing from the stand in the entrance hall. A man dressed in a sheep-skin tunic might evade the immediate attention of the police if covered by an overcoat. Cuthbertson could easily have slipped out unnoticed with the members of the audience. But why? What could have induced him to wish to make his escape?

The answer was fairly obvious. The excitement had been too much for the



OLD CUTHBERTSON LISTENED AS JOHNNY RECITED HIS CHRISTMAS POEM

old man. Sister Rose and Sister Teresa had been quite right. He must have lost his head and rushed out. A pretty escapade for the last night of the old year!

It was a matter of a few minutes to ring up the various local police stations. In due course the truant would be returned to his guardians. "But what dreadful rheumatism he'll get in his poor old bare legs," kind little Sister Rose said. "It will be certain to be the death of him, going off like that out into the bitter cold. What could he have been thinking of?" There was nothing for it but to wait until the police station had something to report.

Christopher Cuthbertson strode along through the darkness. The streets were quiet and deserted. He looked round for a group which might form an audience. He stood by the wayside and waited, but no one paused to listen to what he might have to offer. The cold east wind blew up under his borrowed overcoat and benumbed his bare legs. He crept into a doorway and sitting down dropped off to sleep. It was not the first time that he had found repose thus. He woke up an hour or two later. The streets were quieter than ever. He tottered to his feet and struggled on. Down a side street he met a cluster of men; they were turning into the gate of one of the old city churchyards. In a short time now the church would offer them hospitality in the crypt which has been cleared of dead men's bones and could now offer shelter to living derelicts. Others had already staked out their claim near the church door. They were seated on the tombstones and leaning against the wall, a sorry collection of down-and-out human beings.

Suddenly their attention was arrested by the sight of a man, a tall, lean man, standing on the flat tombstone which had covered the remains of the family of Josiah Huggins since the year 1821. An aged man, with a mop of snow-white hair. He stood with folded arms regarding the assembly. Christopher Cuthbertson had found an audience. He unfolded his arms and held them out.

"Behold," he said, "I bring to you glad tidings of great joy." There was a rough sound of laughter; then a voice cried: "Out with it, Gov'nor, tell us the latest news."

The figure on the platform straightened itself. With a sudden, dramatic gesture the strange apparition had flung off its outer garment and stood there dressed in a rough sheepskin tunic, bare-armed and bare-legged. The invitation had been accepted. He started:

"Whilst shepherds watched their flocks by night, all seated on the ground, the angel of the Lord came down!—and—glory shone around!"

"Some angel!" a voice from some-

where shouted, but otherwise there was silence. The dramatic intensity of the narrator held his audience.

"Fear not," quoth he, for mighty dread had seized their troubled mind; "Glad tidings of great joy I bring—to you—and all mankind. To you in David's town this day is born of David's line a Savior who is Christ the Lord!" There was a pause, but no interruptions came. Chris Cuthbertson had "got it across." He was holding his audience spellbound.

"And this shall be the sign: 'The heavenly Babe you there shall find to human view displayed.'" There came a tremor into the voice. The tears were standing in the eyes of the man on the stone platform—"All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands, and"—the voice became still more hushed—"and in a manger laid."

Then there came an interruption. Someone stepped forward. It was a policeman. He laid a hand firmly though kindly on the arm of the man in sheepskin.

"All correct, Daddy," he said, "but I must take you home, they're wanting you."

For a moment the speaker stood silent, then with a twist he wrenched himself free of the other's hold. He faced his audience. His face became illuminated. It really was a grand old face.

"And His name shall be called, Wonderful. Counsellor!"

A young man who had been huddled on a seat sat up with a jerk and gazed at the speaker.

"And He shall reign on the throne of David, his father, and His kingdom shall know no end."

The note of triumph sounded across the mouldering auditorium. "Now, come along, Daddy, you'll be catching

your death of cold," the constable said; and Christopher Cuthbertson went along. He had gotten it across the footlights. All was well.

An hour later a man strode down one of the side streets that led to the river. He had found the hospitable crypt too stuffy. He went and leant over the parapet. A clock was striking twelve.

"Come along, 1935," he said, for whatever the modern dramatist may say people do speak out loud by themselves on occasions. "I thought I was going to give you the slip down there." He glanced down at the rippling surface where it must have been Christ was walking, not on the water of Genesareth but Thames, "but I'm going to have another try."

Of course old Chris Cuthbertson had caught his death of cold on the night of the mad escapade that he had indulged in. A deferred death, perhaps, but the fatal termination would not elude his grasp.

"The acting had got into his head. That was the doctor's verdict. It had intoxicated him. He had rushed off to find his old world, and to speak the lines that were running in his head. The policeman who brought him home had told them that he was reciting the old hymn, 'Whilst shepherds watch their flocks by night.' Poor old chap! He had it well on the brain."

The dying man accepted the ministrations of the chaplain gladly. His general confession was somewhat muddled. It included contrition for having spoken out during the rehearsal of the *tableau*.

"But it went all right at the performance," he remarked, following a sequence of thought interrupted by the words of absolution.

"We didn't one of us move a hair—except the Babe in the manger; but of course *He* would do as *He* chose."

Interrogation At Creation

By Charles J. Quirk, S.J.

WHEN God leaned out of Heaven,
To mould and form this earth,
Did He not think when it would serve
As Cradle for Christ's birth;

That from His silver bundle
Of stars, one star would shine
To guide the weary holy men
Where lay the Babe divine;

Or that earth's great green forest
Would give birth to a tree
From which the pale dead Son of God
Would hang on Calvary?

War Upon God 1934-1935

By G. M. Godden

POPE PIUS XI has told us, in that trumpet call for the defence of Christendom, the Encyclical *Caritate*, that to-day we are confronted with nothing less than a "slaughter of immortal souls." The great arena in which this slaughter is being officially organized is, of course, that sixth part of the world ruled by the Communist International, through its Executive the Soviet Government. The Soviet Government has given its earnest attention to this slaughter from the earliest days of its autocratic power; coupling therewith a considerable massacre of Christian bodies. Innumerable priests and people have died for the Faith during the last sixteen years in Soviet Russia; others have suffered hideously in the penal Settlements of the Arctic.

Early this year a little group of eleven Catholic priests, who had been condemned to the torture of the Northern camps, was exchanged for twenty-four Communists. Among them was Bishop Matulionis, Auxiliary Apostolic Administrator of Leningrad, who has now arrived in Thompson, Connecticut, as the guest of the Marian Fathers, to complete his recovery. How great was the need of a long period of recuperation may be seen by this photograph of Mgr. Matulionis, and his companions, taken directly after their release, and while still wearing their conscript clothes (The Bishop, is the central seated figure). Letters which have eluded the Soviet censors tell us something of the life of Soviet victims in the penal timber camps of the Arctic. "The work is very hard and unfamiliar," we read, "felling trees, sawing them in lengths, splitting and piling them." This work is done on a bread ration; and at the end of fourteen hours of labor, the unhappy conscripts have only verminous unwarmed barracks to which to return, or cabins like the lairs of beasts. "Many die of hunger in the woods, and are simply buried in the snow without clothing. Some are seen lying on the roads too weak to move . . . that dark cloud of terror, starvation is gathering closer above our heads, from day to day." Those are extracts from letters written by the victims of the Soviet Penal Timber Camps; such extracts only indicate the "hunger, the most painful diseases, the long tortures from snow and ice, the endless pains of the dark prisons." From this living death Mgr. Matulionis, on his release, passed into the exultant welcome of the Lithuanian people. At every station

through which he and his companions passed crowds welcomed these almost-martyrs for the Faith, with flowers and garlands. And at Kovno, where the Bishop celebrated his first Pontifical Mass on the Sunday following his arrival, his train was met by a crowd of 20,000 persons. Now, America has the privilege of welcoming one who has suffered so gloriously in the cause of God and His Church.

The release of another Apostolic Administrator of Leningrad, Bishop Malecki was not obtained until martyrdom had been almost achieved. Mgr. Malecki, 73 years old, suffering from arteriosclerosis, and almost speechless from exhaustion, arrived at Warsaw dressed "in the ragged and inadequate peasant's clothing and broken boots with which he had had to resist Siberian winters," on food consisting principally of frozen potatoes. Other Administrators have suffered no less cruelly. Out of five of the Administrators Apostolic sent to Tiraspol, three were imprisoned. The two Administrators of Zitomir have been in prison for six years, and three years respectively. And five of the Archbishops of Mohileff have been imprisoned in succession. The Catholics of America are indeed honored by the presence amongst them of one of the *floridi*, the "crimson witnesses" to the Faith, as Christians were called who, under the Roman Emperors, were maltreated, but not killed.

INFORMATION concerning continued persecution of Christians in Soviet Russia was presented to the Third Session of the International "Pro Deo Commission," held recently in Geneva. The General Report, read at this Meeting, tells us that "the 'Servants of Religion,' and Believers, arrested en masse by the Soviets, continue to suffer and to die in the prisons and forced labor camps; the arrests and deportations continue. If one hears less of executions it is because the Soviet press no longer mentions them; and especially because it is the 'dry guillotine,' that is to say famine and forced labor to the point of death, which play the chief rôle." The 'Servants of Religion,' and those who assist them, continue to be deprived of

It will be recalled that the estimate of deaths during the recent famine in the Southern and South Eastern Provinces of Soviet Russia is from 3 to 4 million, viz. a mortality rate of 10 per cent. These figures are based on Soviet statistics, including statistics from Collective Farms. W. H. Chamberlain. *Fortnightly Review*. October, 1934.

civil rights, and of food cards. Their children and relatives continue to be treated as 'outcasts.'"

THE "News Service" of the *Anti-Komintern* reports that a new wave of persecution against the communities and priests of all denominations set in at the beginning of last year (1934). Countless orthodox priests and laymen were arrested. Some fifty Catholic priests were imprisoned. The German Evangelical clergy have also suffered, five of their number being imprisoned. Among the latter is the Evangelical Prefect of the Ukraine, who has been condemned to ten years penal servitude with hard labor. This is, of course, equivalent to a death sentence.

The immense activity of the "Anti-God Front," firstly in the Soviet Union, and thence throughout the whole world, is highly organized. A reconstitution of the Soviet "Union of Militant Godless" took place early last year. The administrative departments of the Union resemble a Ministry of Anti-Religion, with its central bureau, and its ramifications which cover the whole of Soviet Russia. The President of the Union is a high official of the Soviet Government; the funds of the Union are supplied by the State; the publications of the Union are printed by the State presses. These publications were poured out at the rate of 2,300 during the first twelve years of Soviet Power; that is, an average of between three and four new Anti-God books or pamphlets have been issued every week. These State publications have maintained both their quantity, and the size of their editions. The immense sums spent by the Soviet Government in subsidizing these publications, during a period of admitted scarcity of the necessities of life, is clear proof of the immense importance attached to the official Soviet fight against God.

There is also a special anti-religious Soviet press bureau, which supplies the newspapers with anti-religious articles and information. During 1934 a conference of Soviet librarians was held, to discuss means for perfecting the anti-religious work of the libraries, and methods by which all Soviet literature can be "inspired" with a strictly anti-religious spirit. The use of anti-religious museums appears to be receiving more and more approval. Last June a review was published of "Five Years Activity of the Central Anti-Religious Museum." This "Museum" is in Mos-

cow, and was founded for the propaganda of a "Marxist-Leninist Atheist ideology." This official account claims that hundreds of thousands of workers have visited this museum, including foreigners, since "anti-religious museums do not exist outside the U. S. S. R." This museum moreover has not limited its work to propaganda for those who visit it. The organizers have sent out Anti-religious Exhibitions in all directions; no less than 679 exhibitions of this nature were dispatched in a single year (December, 1932-November, 1933). In view of the efforts of the Soviet Government to disavow responsibility for the work of the "Union of the Militant Godless" in Russia, the Union which controls the Central Anti-Religious Museum, it is well to place on record the fact that a Decree of the People's Commissars of the U. S. S. R., that is of the Soviet Government, formally emphasized the importance of the Central Anti-Religious Museum as "an institution of scientific importance."

THE U. S. S. R. employs, of course, radio and the drama for the purposes of their war upon God; and above all the Cinema. The Soviet "Union of Militant Godless" recommends, especially, no fewer than fifty-nine Anti-God Soviet films. The most recent utterances of the "Union of Militant Godless" emphasize the need of enlisting the aid of scientific writers; we may expect therefore an outburst of pseudo-scientific atheism. In this connection it is significant that the second Conference of the Soviet Scientific Institutes, held in Moscow last June was devoted to Anti-religious propaganda. In August, a Pan-Soviet Conference of Teachers was held at Moscow, convened by the Soviet Commissariat of Public Instruction, the General Council of the Union of Militant Godless, and the Union of Teachers. This Conference was devoted to considering anti-religious work in schools. (*Bulletin of the "Union of Militant Godless,"* August 17, 1934). The Red Army also is to be made vigorously anti-religious (*Ibid.* May 17, 1934); Soviet industrialists are to be told that it is impossible to create the "New Life" unless all "religious ideology" is uprooted from the human mind; and hundreds of the Soviet collective farms are reported to be fighting religion both by speech and by action. (*Ibid.* May 10, 1934).

These documented facts dispose of any suggestions that the Soviet attack upon religion, the Soviet war upon God, is lessening in intensity. On the contrary the official organ of the Komintern, International Press Correspondence, has been calling for a greatly increased anti-religious activity, outside Russia, an activity to be masked under a call to anti-fascist and anti-capitalist struggle. The conflict with religion is to be presented

as part of the conflict with fascism and capitalism. This will enable the anti-religious propaganda to penetrate under cover of attacks on fascism and capitalism, into the heart of the Christian organizations. Sections of the "International Proletarian Freethinkers" are bidden to penetrate more vigorously than heretofore into the organizations of the Church and of fascism. Adherents of this "International of Proletarian Freethinkers" are told to join up with the "World Committee against War and Fascism." The anti-religious press is to be developed. The Fifth World Congress of this International is to be held during the first six months of 1935; and all Sections are urged to promote a United Front of anti-clerical and anti-fascist action. It must be remembered that this "International of Proletarian Freethinkers," although perhaps small in numbers, has behind it the enormous resources of the Soviet State, and of its controlling power, the Third Communist International. The Soviet Government attacks religion in the vast territories under its rule by killing and dispersing priests and clergy; by destroying churches; and by an immense subsidized output of anti-religious propaganda. This attack, moreover, is linked up with that of organizations engaged in an attempt to root out religion throughout the world. The Soviet Power stands both for World Revolution, and for World Proletarian Atheism.

The astute propagandists of Proletarian Atheism do not confine their labor to work among adults. The children of all countries share in the onslaught; but the brunt of the attack falls, of course, on the children of Soviet Russia. It is an attack which has been intensified during the last few weeks. The Soviet Vice-Commissar for Education has ordered every school throughout the Soviet Union to increase "anti-

religious education." This order is formulated in a new Decree, which ordains that School Inspectors shall make a special investigation into "anti-religious education," both in school curricula and outside school hours. Provincial journals for teachers shall publish a monthly review of experience gained in anti-religious work in all schools. School text-books and manuals on all subjects shall include "anti-religious material presented in lively, bright and convincing form." All teachers shall be supplied with special anti-religious manuals for their own use and guidance in atheistic teaching. All schools are to give assistance to children's "cells" of the "Union of Militant Godless." And the Soviet School Authorities, the Central Committee of the "Union of Militant Godless," the Young Communist League, and the Soviet Trade Union Councils were directed to organize a mobilization of the masses against religion, beginning on November 25th last, an "anti-Christmas drive" of one month.

THAT is how 1934 closes in Soviet Russia. In England, a new issue of the Communist children's magazine *Pioneer News* publishes a blasphemous poem under the title of "God to the Hungry Child," with the note "Reprinted from an American Anthology *Poems for Workers*." Not only the workers of the world, but also the children of the world are the objectives of the campaign which is now being waged by the Communist International, and its creature the Soviet Government, against God. This is that "slaughter of immortal souls" in facing which the Holy Father bids us "unite all our forces in one solid compact line against the battalions of evil." Here is a call for American united action, for a United Front, not of Communist destruction, but of Catholic construction, in 1935.



BISHOP MATULIONIS AND HIS COMPANIONS, TAKEN DIRECTLY AFTER THEIR RELEASE, AND WHILE STILL WEARING CONSCRIPT CLOTHES. BISHOP IN CENTER

Some Social Ideals of the Old Testament

By Aloys Dirksen, C.P.P.S., S.T.D.

THE Old Testament has suffered all manner of violent onslaughts at the hands of the enemies of religion. In the second century the Church had to defend itself against the heretic Marcion. In the sixteenth century the Reformers, questioning the inspired character of some sections of the Old Testament, initiated a new attack which has grown particularly violent in the last fifty years. One need only mention such names as Delitzsch, Gunkel, Harnack, and refer to writings of the last three years by such men as Hellpach and Rosenberg, to recall to mind the viciousness of modern attacks on the Old Testament. Except that we know the Old Testament to be God's word, eternally true, we might regard the battle with no little gloom, not because of the intrinsic power of the enemy and the objective might of his weapons, but because of the deplorable present day neglect and ignorance of the Old Testament; for to know the sublime message of the Old Covenant is to accept it, to esteem and defend it.

The earliest attacks on the Old Testament were unavailing chiefly because men still read it and revered its message. It was still a vital force in the lives of men. As it gradually came to be read less, as the influence of its great truths on the souls of men slowly waned the enemy proportionately gained ground. Today Christians must imperatively return to a love and acceptance of the Old Testament. Without it, the New Testament and Christianity must fall, for the latter is the completion of the former and cannot exist without it. The modern world which loves the literary beauty of the great Hebrew Prophets and Psalms must regain its appreciation also of the sublime religious values of the Old Testament, of its exalted moral concepts and of its far reaching social teachings.

It would be too much to discuss the religious, moral and social values of the Old Testament within the limits of this article. It is equally impossible to discuss its social teaching thoroughly. But in these days when great social upheavals are taking place everywhere it will be of particular interest to examine some of the social ideals of the Old Testament, those especially which suggest themselves for consideration to a people much harassed by a severe economic de-

pression and shameful social injustices.

All social ideals, to be sound must be based on God, just as true humanitarianism must have its basis in God to escape being mere sentimentality. Without God all social ideals collapse and the dignity of man, the foundation of true esteem for our fellow, ceases to be. In Old Testament teaching, human society with all its fundamental relations and essential institutions is from God. Man is always assumed to have a moral nature and to be under moral obligations. The social ideals of the Old Testament are at once religious ideals. They are the ordinances of God. In the classic compendium of social ideals (*Lev. XIX: 9-19*), and in fact throughout the Mosaic Law, we find the constant refrain, "I am the Lord. Keep ye my laws." Through Isaiah God says to the faithful Jew who observes the social ordinances of the Old Testament, "Then shall thy light break forth as the morning, and thy health shall speedily arise, and thy justice shall go before thy face, and the glory of the Lord shall gather thee up. Then shalt thou call, and the Lord shall hear; thou shalt cry, and he shall say, Here I am." It is in this that the social teaching of the Old Testament so far surpasses the social ideals of all the civilizations of antiquity. They have a divine sanction and their basis is the divine will.

ONE of the most significant ordinances of the Old Testament social legislation was that safeguarding to each of the Israelitic tribes its portion of the promised land. Each of the tribes, except the priestly tribe of Levi, received its portion and the laws of marriage and inheritance were so fixed that this portion could not be perpetually alienated from the tribe. Accordingly we find the significant legislation in *Lev. XXV: 23-31*, "The land also shall not be sold forever: because it is mine, and you are strangers and sojourners with me." By this law any property inheritance, once alienated, might be redeemed by the former owner or his nearest of kin—the price to be determined by the number of years to the next Jubilee year—because the temporary owner had in reality bought and possessed only the usufruct of the land. In the Jubilee year all prop-

erty reverted to the original owner except a house in a walled city which had not been redeemed within a year after its sale. The legislation on the Sabbath year is none the less explicit (*Deut. XV: 1-12*). In this way the Mosaic Law safeguarded those two fundamental economic and social rights of man; the right of private property and the right of every man to sustenance from the earth. At the same time this legislation effectively checked that monstrous social evil of modern times, the inordinate amassing of property by a few at the expense of the many.

NOT only the Law of Moses, but the Old Testament ideal in general is fundamentally and entirely opposed to the unbridled accumulation of property and wealth, especially at the expense of the need and misfortune of one's fellowman. The social reforms of the prophets were especially directed against this evil. Isaiah cries out: "Woe to you that join house to house and lay field to field, even to the end of the place." (*V: 8*.) Again he calls the grasping and avaricious rich, "most impudent dogs, who never had enough." (*LVI: 11*.) The prophet Jeremiah predicts the heavy visitation of God "because from the least even to the greatest all follow covetousness: from the prophet even to the priest all deal deceitfully." (*VIII: 10*.) The great Ezechiel exhorts the princes of Israel "cease from iniquities and robberies, and execute judgment and justice," as a necessary condition for the restoration after the return when "the princes shall no more rob my people: but they shall give the land to the house of Israel according to their tribes." When Nehemiah was sent to Jerusalem one of his first tasks was to correct such abuses as usury and abnormally disproportionate distribution of possessions which already had brought the young commonwealth established by Esdras to the verge of collapse. (*II Esdras V: 1-12*.)

Usury is as old as money, and has always been the insidious means of the economic enslavement of man. For that reason the Mosaic legislation emphatically prohibits exorbitant interest taking. "Thou shalt not lend to thy brother money to usury, nor corn, nor any other thing; but to the stranger. To thy

brother thou shalt lend that which he wanteth, without usury." (*Deut. XXIII: 19-20.*) "If thy brother be impoverished, and weak of hand, and thou receive him as a stranger and sojourner, and he live with thee, take not usury of him nor more than thou gavest. . . . Thou shalt not give him thy money upon usury, nor exact of him any increase of fruits." (*Lev. XXV: 35-37.*) This ideal is constantly held up to the people in the Old Testament. Among those who shall dwell in the tabernacle of God the Psalmist mentions "he that hath not put out his money to usury." (*Ps. XIV: 5.*) And in picturing the happiness of the Messianic Age he describes the people as freed from the oppressive burden of usury. (*Ps. LXXI: 14.*)

The Mosaic Law is no less emphatic and explicit in its defense of the rights of labor. "Thou shalt not refuse the hire of the needy, and the poor, whether he be thy brother, or a stranger that dwelleth with thee in the land, and is within thy gates: But thou shalt pay him the price of his labor the same day, before the going down of the sun, because he is poor, and with it maintaineth his life: lest he cry against thee to the Lord, and it be reputed to thee for a sin." (*Deut. XXIV: 14-15.*) The same legislation is recorded in Leviticus (*XIX: 13*). How deeply this principle of social justice toward labor permeated the moral consciousness of the God-fearing Jew of the Old Testament can be seen from the advice the aged Tobias gives his son when he thinks himself to be at death's door, "If any man hath done any work for thee, immediately pay him his hire, and let not the wages of thy hired servant stay with thee at all." (*Tob. IV: 15.*)

Perhaps nothing so well shows the condition of labor in the Old Testament as the legislation regarding slavery. Whereas the slaves of the neighbor peoples of Israel were regarded as mere chattel, the Mosaic Law recognizes the essential dignity of man and the rights of his personality in its legislation for slavery. The slave might acquire property. He might procure his freedom. He had a strict right to a normal family life and to live as a unit in the social structure of Jewish life. Any violation of his rights he might bring to the courts and find redress there. (*Job XXXI: 13 & Es. XXI.*)

IF we now turn to the individual in ancient Hebrew society we find a high ideal of social adjustment. Above all, the personality of the individual is sacred. Any infringement on the honor, liberty and dignity of man is an attack on the rights of God. The Hebrews lived in the midst of countries in which the philosophy of state absolutism was traditional and where the individual lost his identity as a cog in the machinery of the

state. The Old Testament indeed recognizes that the individual is part of the state and that the good of the state comes before private good, but the individual is not reduced to the condition of a slave to the state. The episode of Ahab and Naboth (*III Kings XXI: 1-19*) shows this plainly. The great prophets Isaias, Jeremias and Ezechiel especially inveigh against corrupt courts which deny redress to the injured citizen. Isaias writes, "Woe to them that make wicked laws: and when they write, write injustice: to oppress the poor in judgment, and do violence to the cause of the humble of my people: that widows might be their prey and that they might rob the fatherless." (*X: 1-2.*) Similarly Jeremias addresses himself to the king: "Execute judgment and justice, and deliver him that is oppressed out of the hand of the oppressor: and afflict not the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow, nor oppress them unjustly." (*XXII: 3.*)

THE idea of the sacredness of human personality and individuality runs through the whole Old Testament. The Law of Moses already stresses the idea of personal responsibility when it decrees that "every one shall die for his own sin." (*Deut. XXIV: 15.*) So, too, Ezechiel lays down the principle, "the justice of the just shall be upon him and the wickedness of the wicked shall be upon him." (*XVIII: 20.*)

But it is especially in man's private relations to his fellowman that the Old Testament sets up a high ideal. One can do no better than quote Leviticus (*XIX: 11-18*): "You shall not steal. You shall not lie, neither shall any man deceive his neighbor. Thou shalt not swear falsely by my name, nor profane the name of thy God. I am the Lord. Thou shalt not calumniate thy neighbor, nor oppress him by violence. The wages of him that hath been hired by thee shall not abide with thee until the morning. Thou shalt not speak evil of the deaf, nor put a stumbling block before the blind; but thou shalt fear the Lord thy God, because I am the Lord. Thou shalt not do that which is unjust, nor judge unjustly. Respect not the person of the poor nor honor the countenance of the mighty. But judge thy neighbor according to justice. Thou shalt not be a detractor, nor a whisperer among the people. Thou shalt not stand against the blood of thy neighbor. I am the Lord. Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thy heart but reprove him openly lest thou incur sin through him. Seek not revenge, nor be mindful of the injury of thy citizens. Thou shalt love thy friend as thyself. I am the Lord."

Here we have the sum of the Old Testament ideal of man's relation to his fellowman. It embraces so much of what is so sorely lacking today, fundamental though it be to human relations

even from a purely natural viewpoint—honesty, uprightness, and truthfulness without which human intercourse is impossible. Man's good name as well as his person are to be sacred. All the petty faults and the harsh social shortcomings which produce so much jarring discord in modern society are reprobated in this magnificent passage. Injustice and rash judgment, so deadly in disturbing social intercourse; despicable detraction and petty whisperings, no less subversive of true human fellowship; all these are explicitly mentioned and condemned. And as if to make certain that not even the least disturbing in human relations be overlooked, the inspired lawgiver cautions against what appears to be unthinkable low—to take merciless advantage of human affliction and to exploit it. "Thou shalt not speak evil of the deaf, nor put a stumbling block before the blind." The whole summary concludes with the all-encompassing declaration: "Thou shalt love thy friend as thyself. I am the Lord."

This same sublime ideal of care and concern for the good of one's fellow is fundamental to the whole of Old Testament teaching on this point. Deuteronomy (*XXVII: 15-26*) very beautifully sums up these same directions and solemnly attaches a curse to any and all violation of them. But the Old Testament lawgiver could not legislate on all individual cases of social obligations. He merely singles out the more striking, but the ideal is all comprehensive: do good to your fellowman, always and wherever you can. The author of Proverbs says, "Say not to thy friend: Go and come again: and tomorrow I will give to thee: when thou canst give at present." God will reward richly the observance of this ideal as Ecclesiastes says: "Cast thy bread upon the running waters: for after a long time thou shalt find it again." On the other hand God emphatically resents any violation of the rights of an individual or any relaxation of the ideal as is plain from the constantly recurring solemn declaration in Leviticus: "I am the Lord."

PERHAPS nothing so well shows the Old Testament social ideal as the legislation for the care of the poor. This legislation is designed to provide immediately for the care of the poor and needy, to educate the Chosen People in this solemn obligation, and develop in the rich an appreciation of it. The sanction of this legislation is twofold. On the one hand it is based on the universal brotherhood of man and the consideration that all men equally owe their origin and all they are to God. "The rich and poor have met one another: the Lord is the maker of them both." (*Prov. XXII: 2.*) On the other hand it is based on the fundamental and elementary truth that only by the infinite bounty of God had

Israel become the Chosen People and that all material as well as spiritual blessings are equally the gift of this divine generosity. "Remember that thou wast a slave in Egypt, and the Lord thy God delivered thee from thence. Therefore I command thee to do this thing." (*Deut. XXIV: 17.*)

THE general principle of solicitude for the poor is laid down: "If one of thy brethren that dwelleth within the gates of thy city in the land which the Lord thy God will give thee, come to poverty, thou shalt not harden thy heart nor close thy hand, but shalt open it to the poor man; thou shalt lend him that which thou perceivest he hath need of." Thus before the entry into Canaan provision is made for the impoverished. The land was to be divided among the tribes and every individual was to share in the possession of the land. Yet the lawgiver envisaged the hard realities of the future, with its enrichment of some to the impoverishment of others. "There will not be wanting poor in the land of thy habitation, therefore I command thee to open thy hand to thy needy and poor brother, that liveth in the land." (*Deut. XV: 11.*) Hence the Law made adequate provision in principle for the unfortunate by prescribing that no matter what the cause of his plight he remains a fellowman by reason of his origin as one of God's creatures and by reason of his participation in the election of Israel.

But the lawgiver made such provision not only in principle but also in the concrete. Every year the poor and the stranger was entitled to a part of the fruits of the land. Nor could a landowner reap his harvest fully and to the last without violating this sacred right of the needy. "When thou reapest the corn of thy land, thou shalt not cut down all that is on the face of the earth to the very ground: nor shalt thou gather the ears that remain. Neither shalt thou gather the bunches and grapes that fall down in thy vineyard, but shalt leave them to the poor and the strangers to take. I am the Lord your God." (*Lev. XIX: 9-10.*) The prescription found in Deuteronomy (*XXIV: 19-22*) is even more explicit and comprehensive. Even a sheaf forgotten and left in the field is not to be taken because it too is part of the gleanings which are the portion of the needy, particularly of the stranger, the fatherless and the widow.

Such was the ordinary annual provision made by law for the poor. Besides this there were the tithe and the fruits of the Jubilee year which were for the support of the needy. Every three years every landowner, poor and rich, was required by the law to turn over one-tenth of his harvest to the Levites, "and the Levite that hath no other part nor possession with thee, and the stranger and the fatherless and the widow, that are

within thy gates, shall come and shall eat and be filled." (*Deut. XIV: 29.*) The prescriptions of the Sabbatical year are even more sweeping. Every seventh year the fruits of the land were to be for the common support of all. It was to be "a sabbath to the land, of the resting of the Lord." No field, nor vineyard, no orchard was to be cultivated and whatever they yielded was not to be harvested or gathered. "But they shall be unto you for meat, to thee and to thy manservant, to thy maidservant and thy hireling, and to the strangers that sojourn with thee. All things that grow shall be meat to thy beasts and to thy cattle." (*Lev. XXV: 6-7.*)

Thus the Mosaic legislation made adequate and concrete provision for the sustenance and support of the poor. But besides this, these laws served to instill in the Chosen People an appreciation of the rights and needs of the poor. Thus they also served an educative purpose. The yearly gleaning in the fields by the poor, the contribution of the tithe every third year, the provisions of the Sabbatical year and of the Jubilee year, all these factors served to stimulate the growth of a sense of responsibility toward the needy and to emphasize man's obligation to his less fortunate fellowman. But the education of the people in this sense of compassion for the poor was perhaps most effected by the example of exquisite consideration for them shown in the liturgy and the legislation on the prescribed sacrifices. The fundamental principle of this legislation was that the poor were not to be excluded because of their poverty. To that end very special provisions were enacted for them. In the case of sacrifices for sin the poor were exempted from the usual offering of an ewe lamb or a she-goat. Instead he might substitute the inexpensive two turtle-doves or two pigeons. For the very poor, for whom even the turtle-doves or pigeons might be a hardship, a mere handful of meal sufficed. Similarly, a poor

woman was required to offer only the turtle-doves or pigeons for her purification after childbirth.

This consideration for the poor by the liturgy and the concrete provisions for their support made by the law engendered and developed in the people a high appreciation of their obligation to the needy as is evidenced by the speedy cooperation of the people with the reforms of Esdras in the redistribution of wealth and property. Best of all it is seen in the preaching of the prophets who championed the cause of the poor and needy with a passionate devotion unequalled in history. Jeremiah pronounces impending doom on Jerusalem if the oppression of the poor and the affliction of "the stranger, the fatherless, and the widow" cease not. "I swear by myself, saith the Lord, that this house shall become a desolation." (*Jer. XXII: 5.*) Isaiah is no less emphatic in his language. "Woe to them that make wicked laws: and when they write, write injustice: to oppress the poor in judgment, and do violence to the cause of the humble of my people: that widows might be their prey, and that they might rob the fatherless. What will you do in the day of visitation, and of the calamity which cometh from afar? to whom will ye flee for help? and where will ye leave your glory?" (*X: 1-3.*) At another time Isaiah directs his scathing words against the kings and rulers as the "rulers of Sodom." He denounces their externalism in religion and exhorts them "cease to do perversely, learn to do well: seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge for the fatherless, defend the widow." If they do this then they may come to God and no matter what their sins and transgression, they shall be forgiven. (*Is. I: 10-18.*)

OUR survey of Old Testament social legislation has presented its salient features and delineated a well rounded and comprehensive social ideal, far superior to that even of the most cultured of the other great nations of antiquity. The principles of that social legislation safeguarded the fundamental and inalienable rights of man to live his life as a unit of society, to grow and develop as an individual and with the progress of society. These principles guarantee him his material needs and his right to share in the fruits of the earth whether he be poor or rich. They adequately safeguard his personality against the encroachments of society and against the malice or heedlessness of his fellow. For that reason and because they have a divine sanction, these principles have been basic to the social teaching of Christianity, from the time Christ perfected the Law to our own day. They are still valid today and are necessary to an understanding and appreciation of the social teaching of Jesus.

The Beggar

By J. Corson Miller

DAILY He waits at the busy corner
Of life, with out-stretched,
wounded Hands;
Pleading for love—for only a pit-
tance—
Poor and forlorn, He stands.

His Body is torn, His heart is weary,
His eyes hold grief like a piercing cry;
He pleads for love—for only a pit-
tance—

But the hurrying throngs pass by.

ISAAC: SON AND HEIR

A Further Prototype of Christ Is Discovered In the Old Testament

By Herbert McDevitt, C.P.

THE whole life of Abraham was motivated by faith and obedience. By the constant practice of these virtues he was strengthened for a journey which has no earthly parallel except in the journey of Jesus to Calvary. The trials which called forth and increased the tenderness and courage of his paternal heart led him to a point where he became an image on earth of an infinitely merciful and generous Father. The sacred writer is careful to introduce the story of Abraham's Sacrifice with these words: "After these things God tempted Abraham." (*Gen: 22-1*). Through a lifetime of detachment and suffering he had proved himself a faithful pilgrim and a loving father, and in consequence, he had prepared his soul for his part in that scene which is the most beautiful and touching image of the Passion of Christ in the book of Genesis. The preceding types, mostly picture Jesus as the Victim of sin and the Saviour from God's wrath. Here he is shown forth as the Son offering Himself to death, with Infinite Love for His Father and thereby becoming "the Heir of all things" and dispensing to men "the power to be made Sons of God," and co-heirs with Him of eternal life.

For twenty-five years Abraham had one consuming desire. Through all his wanderings, in the midst of all his trials, he longed for a son. During all that time God had repeatedly promised that He would make him the father of a great nation and He would give to him and to his seed, the land of Chanaan for a possession. It was reputed to him unto justice that Abraham believed God and yet, as the weary years went by, his soul was severely tried. There is anguish in his prayers, "Lord God, what wilt Thou give me? I shall go without children. . . . and lo my servant, born in my house shall be my heir." On one occasion, when God repeated His promise, "Abraham fell upon his face and laughed, saying in his heart: Shall a son, thinkest thou, be born to him that is a hundred years old? And shall Sara that is ninety years old bring forth?"

But the Lord only made his promise more explicit. "Sara, thy wife, shall bear thee a son, and thou shalt call his name Isaac, and I will establish my

covenant with him for a perpetual covenant and with his seed after him." Nothing is impossible with God, and so, at a time when Abraham had gone from Mambre to sojourn at Gerara, the longed-for event took place as recorded in the sacred narrative. "And the Lord visited Sara as He had promised: and fulfilled what He had spoken. And she conceived and bore a son in her old age, at the time that God had foretold her. And Abraham called the name of his son, whom Sara bore him, Isaac. And he circumcised him the eighth day as God had commanded him, when he was a hundred years old; for at this age of his father was Isaac born. And Sara said: God hath made a laughter for me: whosoever shall hear of it will laugh with me." Long years of waiting, of desire, of prayer at last brought a reward of supreme joy to the parents—a joy which continued unabated for at least a period of two years. "And the child grew and was weaned: and Abraham made a great feast on the day of his weaning."

The only event recorded of Isaac's boyhood was one that brought grief to Abraham. In some way, by his conduct toward Isaac, Ismael, the son of Agar incurred the displeasure of Sara and she demanded that both he and his mother be expelled from the household. "Abraham took this grievously" but, at the command of God, with his usual prompt obedience, he "rose up in the morning" and sent them away. With the separation of the son of promise and the heir from the son of the bondwoman, there was peace in the house, which, according to human expectation, would last to the end of their pilgrimage. But "after these things, God tempted Abraham."

UP to this point the events recorded by the sacred writer force us to recognize many similar things in the earthly life of God's Son. Centuries of fervent desire and intense longing and ardent prayer preceded His coming. The outburst of Isaias expresses the eagerness of all peoples for the Desired of all nations: "O that Thou wouldest rend the heavens, that Thou wouldest come down!" At length God sent His mes-

senger to a Virgin named Mary with the momentous announcement: "Behold thou shalt conceive in thy womb and shall bring forth a son; and thou shalt call His name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the most High." Mary believed, "because no word shall be impossible with God," (*Luke*) and the mystery was accomplished—the Word was made flesh. From Nazareth in Galilee the Virgin journeyed to Bethlehem in Judea and there she became the happy Mother of the Incarnate God, the World's Savior.

FOR an ecstatic moment Heaven burst its bounds, as the songs of Angeles resounded over the hills, announcing good tidings of great joy, not to one family or nation, but to all the people. (*Luke 2:10*.) "And after eight days were accomplished, that the Child should be circumcised, His name was called Jesus which was called by the angel, before He was conceived in the womb." Forty days after His birth there is joy in the temple at Jerusalem when Simeon and Anna recognized Him as the consolation and the redemption of Israel; and it was a festival of joy when three Wise Men from the East found and adored the Salvation of God under the form of an Infant. The only incident recorded of the Boyhood of Jesus is one that brought grief to His parents who sought Him for three days sorrowing. They returned to the peace of Nazareth, but only until the hour appointed for Jesus to undertake another journey in fulfillment of the one prefigured by Isaac.

There are texts in Holy Scripture that should be read slowly, so packed are they with meaning. A life-time of bitter trial and heroic endurance is summed up in the sentence: "After these things, God tempted Abraham." What follows is equally condensed. Every phrase is sharpened by brevity into so many swords hacking at the fully developed hopes of the pilgrim and piercing to the depths of the father's heart!

"Take thy only begotten son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and go into the land of vision: and there thou shalt offer him for a holocaust upon one of the mountains which I will show thee." Where now are his hopes of possessing this land,

of becoming the father of a great nation? Will he argue with God? Will he engage in a long, earnest humble prayer for himself and his boy as he did for the people of Sodom? There is no mention of it, but only of his prompt and loving obedience. "So Abraham, rising up in the night saddled his ass: and took with him two young men and Isaac his son: and when he had cut wood for the holocaust he went his way to the place which God had commanded him."

IT requires one who has experienced the agonies of anticipated suffering to know what went on in the mind and heart of Abraham during that three days' journey. There is only one Who experienced a greater grief, and more prolonged agony. Jesus became Man out of love and obedience to His Father and promptly, freely, generously offered Himself as a Victim for sin. For thirty-three years He knew what awaited Him on Calvary with a vividness which only the Divinity within Him enabled Him to support. Was He, perhaps, thinking of His prototype, Isaac when He replied to those who told Him that Herod had a mind to kill him: "Behold, I cast out devils and do cures today and tomorrow and on the third day I am consummated. . . . I must walk today and tomorrow and the day following because it cannot be that a prophet perish out of Jerusalem." (*Luke 13:32-33*.) "And when He drew near, seeing the city He wept over it," (*Luke 19:41*), because He would suffer in vain for this obstinate people whom He desired to make children of God.

On the third day Abraham lifting up his eyes saw the place afar off. Bidding the young men to remain there, he took the wood for the holocaust and laid it upon Isaac; and he himself carried in his hands fire and a sword, a sword with which to slay the victim and fire with which to consume it. As they two went on together, the unsuspecting Isaac spoke: "My father." And he answered: "What wilt thou, son?" "Behold," said he, "fire and wood: where is the victim for the holocaust?" The self-control of the tormented father is manifest in his calm answer, "God will provide Himself a victim, my son." And so they went on together in silence. Arrived on the mount Abraham built an altar and laid the wood in order upon it. And now the dread moment had come to tell Isaac the awful truth. The Scripture is silent about this affecting scene but he must have learned from his grief-stricken father that he must become the victim of the holocaust. It was to be a sacrifice and not a murder and consequently, it required that Isaac should know and consent. Father and son must be of one mind, inspired by the same faith and obedience and upheld by a mutual love in order to make this scene a fitting type of the Passion of Christ.

The events so far beautifully foreshadow the story told by the Evangelists; Jesus, steadfastly setting His face to go to Jerusalem, knowing what awaited Him there—Jesus, entering the Garden to begin His sufferings and bidding His companions to "remain here while I go yonder to pray,"—Jesus, communing with His Father and in spite of His agony, using the tender words of love and confidence, "My Father,"—Jesus, after the terrible scourging and the shameful crowning with thorns, bearing His own Cross to Calvary. He had foreknowledge of all this and yet He embraced it freely in order to turn away the sword of Divine Justice which hung over guilty man and to enkindle in the hearts of men the fire of Love which burned in His own.

In his day, then, Isaac must have accepted his sentence with a willing obedience, though the effort must have been painful beyond words. He was in the prime of life, innocent of all wrongdoing, beloved of his father, with the promise of a great future. Meekly, silently and obediently he allowed himself to be bound and laid on the altar upon the pile of wood. And Abraham put forth his hand and took the sword to sacrifice his son. But the Lord called to him and stayed the uplifted sword. "Lay not thy hand upon the boy . . . now I know that thou fearest God and hast not spared thy only begotten son for my sake." In the will of Abraham the sacrifice was offered and it was accepted by God. During the whole time of this bitter trial "he staggered not by distrust, but was strengthened in faith, giving glory to God." (*Rom. 4:20*.) And he was rewarded by receiving back his son Isaac, as though raised from the dead. Joyfully he looked about him and saw "a ram amongst the briers, sticking fast by the horns which He took and offered for a holocaust instead of his son."

WITH what gratitude he offered it we can more easily imagine than express, for the faithful and obedient pilgrim had found joy at the end of his most sorrowful journey; the tender and courageous father was gladdened by the restoration of his only beloved son. "Whereupon," says St. Paul, "he received him for a parable," a type of the future Redeemer Who would be slain and rise again from the dead. Some commentators say that it was of this moment that Jesus spoke when He said to the Jews: Abraham your father rejoiced that He might see My day: he saw it and was glad." (*John 8:56*.) How much of the future God revealed to him we know not. We do know—and our hearts should be gladdened by the knowledge—that we have in the Holy Gospels the divine fulfillment of the ancient type.

We find there Jesus, so silent that He answers not a word in self-defense,—Jesus, so meek that He accepts without

resentment blows and blasphemies,—Jesus, so innocent that He cannot be condemned except through lying testimony and the violation of all justice,—Jesus so divinely endowed with the powers of eloquence and miracles that He might have astounded and won over the Greek and Roman world had He any thought for material success,—Jesus, beloved of His Father, with more than twelve legions of angels at His command to escape torment and shame. All that He could do, He put aside in order to accomplish what sinful man could not do—make satisfaction for sin. He is the substitute for guilty humanity, suffering the penalty of man's disobedience. Bound with nails to the altar of the Cross, He brought about the restoration of the ancient relationship—the return of condemned and exiled children to a loving and forgiving Father.

THE story of Abraham's heroic sacrifice ends when God pronounces the praise of Abraham in words that seem to vibrate with human emotion. "By My own Self have I sworn, saith the Lord; because thou hast done this thing, and hast not spared thy only begotten son for My sake, I will bless thee and I will multiply thy seed as the stars of heaven. . . . In thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed, because thou hast obeyed My voice." (*Gen. 22:16-18*.) The son that he had offered in obedient and loving sacrifice became the heir of the promises. Through him would God pass on the hope of a Redeemer, Who would bring salvation to every son of Abraham. (*Luke 19:9-10*.) With equal vehemence does the all-Holy Father speak to the Son in Whom He is well pleased. "Ask of Me and I will give Thee the Gentiles for Thy inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for Thy possession." (*Ps. 2:8*.) All His Life Jesus asked it and finally merited it by His sufferings and death. "We see Jesus . . . for the suffering of death crowned with glory and honor." (*Hebr. 2:9*.) And the Father has given to His Son "power over all flesh that He may give eternal life to all whom Thou hast given Him." (*John 17:2*.)

The first exercise of this power occurred when the Son had returned to the bosom of His Father. He sent the Holy Ghost, the Promised of the Father, the bond of Their mutual, eternal, infinite Love. Through His coming we "have received the spirit of adoption of sons whereby we cry: Abba, Father. For the Spirit Himself giveth testimony to our spirit that we are the sons of God. And if sons, heirs also; heirs indeed of God and joint-heirs with Christ." (*Rom. 8:15,17*.) An eternal inheritance awaits us, "yet so, if we suffer with Him." It behooved Christ, holy, undefiled, to suffer in order to enter into His glory and to become the Heir of all things.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

THE MAKING OF A PULPIT ORATOR. By John A. McClorey, S.J. Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.00.

The title of this book is a bit misleading. One would infer from it that, although this is not a textbook, it contains a clear, systematic treatment of the qualities of a pulpit orator, and of the means by which these qualities can be cultivated. As a matter of fact, this sort of treatment is lacking.

Parts I and II (more than half the book) are preparatory and only remotely related to the theme as announced in the title. Part III treats of "Constituents of the Sacred Orator." While there are here some excellent passages wherein certain essentials of oratory are emphasized, even Part III does not give the clear, systematic treatment desired. There are, however, a few chapters in this section that are excellent and really to the point. By far the best chapter in the book is "Intellect in Oratory."

The purpose of this book is to plead for eloquence in preaching—eloquence in the sense defined by Webster as: "The expression of strong emotion in a manner adapted to excite corresponding emotion in others." Hence, the author rightly emphasizes the need of imagination, of emotion and of feeling what one preaches. In his enthusiasm for this worthy cause he makes a rather sweeping assertion: "The reason for writing *The Making of a Pulpit Orator* was to resurrect among clerical students and priests interest in an art which is nearly defunct. One hears a hundred arguments for the neglect of preaching." One is tempted to question this. Is preaching so commonly neglected? Is it true that the art of oratory is nearly defunct among priests? This is a serious indictment against our seminaries and preaching orders. Have our bishops been so indifferent about the matter? Have the missionary communities taken no pains to train good speakers? Has the Apostolic Mission House been doing nothing all these years?

Father McClorey confounds preaching with oratory; implying thereby that the former must always share in the qualities of the latter. What about certain classes of homilies, and plain, clear, doctrinal and moral instructions, in which there is little place for imagination and emotion? Are not these classified as preaching? The purpose of oratory and eloquence is to persuade to action, as Fr. Donnelly, S.J., so well insists in his excellent and useful book, *Persuasive Speech*. Hence, the need of eloquence or oratory in sermons in which

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persuasion is aimed at. But what about sermons in which the aim is to enlighten?

Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV issued pronouncements on preaching. Their complaint was not that preaching was defunct, but that it was not of the right type; that there was too much attempt at mere eloquence without proper attention to clear and plain instruction. It was this latter type of preaching that they exalted, meanwhile not condemning eloquence rightly employed. Pius X said: "It happens too frequently that highly ornate sermons, which win the applause of the crowds, fail to touch the heart; they merely tickle the ears." Benedict XV wrote: "Regarding this matter, it is decreed by the Council of Trent that the bishops are to choose only the suitable, that is, those who can fruitfully fulfill the office of preaching. Fruitfully is the word used, and note it, for it sets the standard in this matter. It does not say eloquently, nor with the applause of hearers but with fruits to souls, for this is the end to which all preaching is directed."

Near the end of his book, Fr. McClorey pleads for what some have called, "high-brow preaching." He dogmatically asserts: "Contrary to the common view, it is my opinion that a preacher need not regulate the material and style of his sermons by the mentality of the meanest members of his flock. The better minds will be fewer, but their needs must not be overlooked. The term 'meanest members' is in bad taste. It is as if our good ordinary Catholics are mean, whilst the cultured few are the better. Of course, the needs of the fewer must not be overlooked, but their spiritual needs are the same as those of the meanest. What the latter can grasp, the cultured can also

grasp. The reverse is not true. Why, then, preach over the heads of the majority for the sake of these few better (?) ones.

Pope Pius X, pleading for simple preaching, cited the example of Christ and His Apostles and quoted St. Gregory the Great as saying: "They took the greatest care to preach to the ignorant, not sublime and difficult matters, but those that are easy and intelligible." The saintly Pontiff continued, "Nowadays, in matters of religion, the majority of men must be considered as ignorant."

AS LITTLE CHILDREN. By A. Howarth Lord. Washbourne & Bogan Ltd.

There are few tasks as hard to achieve with success as the telling of a delightful simple story, particularly a story for children. Either there is the tendency to patronize, to "talk down" to the youngsters, or else there is the other extreme of simpering—of becoming childish.

Happily, both extremes have been avoided in *As Little Children* by A. Howarth Lord. The book contains ten short stories for children, with a foreword by Owen Francis Dudley. They appeared originally in the *Catholic Times*, of London. Every one of the stories told is charming. There is a freshness, a naïveté about them, that appeals even to grown-ups, and cannot fail to charm youngsters.

They are simple little tales that do not strain one's belief or do violence to one's fancy. And each of them has a simple little moral—not thrust to the foreground but charmingly interwoven throughout. Religion is put in its proper light and atmosphere. It is seen, not as something foreign to the life of the child, but as a vital factor in their most insignificant joys and sorrows. It is the most essential, the dominating reality of life.

The illustrations are airy pen and ink drawings, quite fresh and effective. There are two or three color plates done in attractive pastels. One would wish that all religious and moral lessons might be taught as charmingly.

ADVANCED MARIOLOGY. By A. M. Mayer, O.S.M. Sanctuary of Our Sorrowful Mother, Portland, Oregon.

This is not the type of book that would make profitable spiritual reading for the average Catholic. The thesis, set in its abstract mould, with its technical terms and mathematical precision, does not

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create in the unfamiliar mind that bond of intimacy between book and reader which is essential for the proper communication of knowledge. For a proper reception of its rich doctrinal content, the book presupposes a mind attuned to the more complex processes of reasoning.

The subject of the book as the name implies is the Mother of God and her exalted functions towards the human race. The author tells us that due to the lack of definite Scriptural statement much of the previous matter has been merely inferential in nature, producing an effect which was highly devotional but logically inconclusive. To prove decisively that this is not the case but on the contrary that the functions of Mary really exist because of a positive declaration, is the purpose of this book. With lucid and conclusive arguments he discusses, Mary's Consortship with Christ, Her Motherhood over the Human Race and Her Office of Mediatrix. The text is replete with quotations from the Encyclicals of Leo XIII and Pius XI in whose writings the author has discovered kindred convictions. This book is above all things a sound refutation to the irreligious minds who discredit the prerogatives of Mary as the product of fervid and strained imaginations. Those who will make a study of this book will derive from it a more intimate knowledge of her for whom faith has endowed them with an instinctive love.

SEVENTEEN CRISES IN WORLD HISTORY. By Sister M. Fides Shepperson, Ph.D., Whittet & Shepperson, Richmond, Va. \$3.00.

To write such an ambitious book requires an encyclopedic knowledge of world history, a fine choice of events and a calm judgment; for such a work maps the course of universal history as accurately as channel posts mark the course of a channel. It is a brave undertaking.

Leaping back through the centuries Sr. M. Fides Shepperson, Ph.D., finds her first world crisis at Marathon, and her last upon the field of Waterloo. With rolling periods, and bits of quotable poetry she chronicles the turning points of history between. Interspersed are occasional pious conclusions as: "Can men, as Cato sings to Lesbia, both 'adore and scorn' the same object at the same time? . . . Psychologists take note."

The choice of events is undoubtedly sound. Of the seventeen battles recorded in *Seventeen Crises in World History*, fourteen are taken from an admirable work by E. S. Creasy, published in 1851, *The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World from Marathon to Waterloo*. Of the remaining three crises one, The Battle of Adrianople, is almost entirely a discourse on "If rivers could write

history." The other two, The Battle of Lepanto and The Battle of Naseby, are events that have been energetically and constantly sounded by Hilaire Belloc as being crises in world history. A description of History given at the beginning of the work is enlightening. "History lies as a land of oppressive valleys diversified by peaks red with the blood of battles." But undoubtedly it is more than that. One may even dispute that crisis and battle are synonymous. It is difficult to deny that the Depression is a crisis, yet it has not been a passage at arms. Sister Fides has all the charm of the story teller.

Her account of a group of girls visiting the British Museum manifests the verve of a boarding school adventure. Sample: "'O tomfoolery!' said a dashing girl, previously addressed as Alice, 'I don't believe a word of it.'" In the Preface, where we are informed that *Seventeen Crises in World History* contains "graphic descriptions" with "dates, facts and reflections presented in attractive form," the suggestion is made that it be used as a college textbook. We fear that this book would not be of practical value for such a purpose.

THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND. By Abbé G. Constant; translated by the Rev. R. E. Scantlebury. Sheed & Ward, New York. \$4.00. **THE PROTESTANT REFORMATION IN GREAT BRITAIN.** By Joseph Clayton. Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$2.00.

Of all periods in English Church History there is none comparable to the Reformation for interest and significance. This period marks the zenith of that attitude of mind which is felt over the English-speaking world today, and which is aptly called the Protestant "mind." The violent opposition to the papacy, the cry of foreign domination and divided allegiance, the stinging and opprobrious epithets—such as "papistical" and "Roman," the insistence on wealth and social qualities as signs of divine favor, such things are in great measure directly traceable to their English Reformation spring.

It is difficult to set forth in adequate terms the true worth of the Abbé Constant's books. It is surely the best thing which has come into our hands. The learning of the author is marvelous. He seems to have read everything of importance on the period of which he writes. Though a Frenchman, and therefore supposedly under a handicap in treating of English affairs, he moves with ease and assurance through the intricacies of English History. Mr. Belloc, who writes an enthusiastic Preface, is astonished at the manner in which the author was able to escape the influence of "official" English Church History, and to go direct to the sources for his information. Throughout

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his work the Abbé maintains an objective attitude, never attempting to interpret for the reader, but allowing him to make his own conclusions. One thing is certain; whoever reads this book with an open mind will be convinced that the realm had really become schismatic. There are several Appendices and an Index. The translator is to be congratulated for turning out such a perfect work.

Mr. Clayton's book covers a wider range. He traces the history of the Reformation in England, Scotland, and Wales. His is the more popular work, in that there is little documentation, though he appends a partial Bibliography. There is plenty of interpretation by the author, who contrasts the Church before and after the Reformation.

This is natural, for the author is a convert. He is in a position to view the Anglican Church and the Catholic Church, at least as they are today, from the inside. He brings out vividly that the time of the Reformation was a time of trial. Many succumbed to the King and the State, in defiance of their convictions, and many who endeavored to remain faithful to the old religion were gradually worn down by oppressive taxation and excessive penalties. But there was always a remnant which held firm and who hoped that the realm would be permanently restored to the Church. The loot which the new nobility stole from the Church, however, was too great for them to consider its restoration, and the new freedom from papal authority was too pleasant for them to renounce. So England repudiated the Pope and formed her own church "as by law established," which exists to this day; and will last so long as the law upholds it—a mere creature of the State. Scotland cast her lot with John Knox and Calvinism. Wales sided with England.

From these two books one can obtain both a scientific and a popular study of the Reformation as it affected England and the surrounding countries. Both are warmly recommended. Those who give books for Christmas have in these two worthwhile presents. The clergy and ecclesiastical students, especially, will welcome them. Both have Indexes, which, however, could be made more serviceable by giving sub-topics under headings which have many page references.

THE CHALLENGE OF CHRIST,
By Father James, O. M. Cap., M.A., Ph. D., D. Litt. Burns, Oates and Washbourne Ltd., London, Eng.

One of the great needs of our time is a vigorous, lucid presentation of Christian doctrine. The long period of bitter controversy following in the wake of the Protestant Revolution tinged most theological writings with a dryness that made them unpalatable. The very word

"dogma" came almost to connote drabness.

Hence it is gratifying to meet with a work such as the present one which invests the discussion of doctrine with the stimulating charm that should belong to it; which presents Christian truths not as theorems to be proven, but as so many facets revealing the ever varying splendor of the Light of the world—Christ.

The Challenge of Christ is a work "which might be said to contain something, if only a fraction, of what Jesus Christ means to educated Catholics." It is a series of lectures delivered by the author in the National University chapel in Dublin.

Throughout, these lectures are colored by the fundamental theme: religion is not only a relation, it is a Person—Christ! Hence sin is not merely a breach of an abstract moral code, it is treason to Christ. The present economic chaos is not a matter of mere social philosophy, it is the direct result of apostasy from Christ.

Throughout the book the ring of its title reëchoes. The figure of Christ dominates it. Of particular merit is the chapter on "Christ and Woman". Here Christ stands forth as the first, the sole real Liberator of woman. It is especially apropos in these days when woman in her quest for false freedom is losing the greatest dignity she can achieve—Christian modesty.

Father James has a happy facility with the pen. He writes with charm and lucidity. These qualities, brought to play on Christian dogma, have produced a work which is enlightening, stimulating and edifying. Such is the *Challenge of Christ*.

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UNCHARTED SPACES

By Monica Selwin-Tait \$2.00

A novel that is wholesomely Catholic. Rarely has the story of a conversion been so touchingly written.

A PRIMER OF PRAYER. By Rev. Francis McSorley, C.S.P., Longmans, Green & Co., New York, \$1.25.

A brief treatise on the various methods of prayer and the hindrances and helps that may retard or advance progress in this spiritual science *A Primer of Prayer* treads well worn ground. Vocal Prayer, Meditation and Beyond Meditation—Higher Union—are explained in simple terms, suggestions being added to facilitate progress in the form of prayer one engages in.

Thus, if Fr. McSorley merely followed the traditional method of clarifying these important subjects his book would hardly be a worthwhile contribution to religious literature. An originality of expression, however, combined with a direct and sympathetic style marks its departure from stereotyped manuals of prayer. Starting with the simple idea that "prayer is a lifting up of mind and will to God" the author points out the various methods available, as well as the necessity of adapting some form of prayer if a well regulated Christian life is to be attained. Therefore, set and vocal prayers, or the gentle aspirations of the spirit in meditative union with God must have a practical value. This idea the author emphasizes throughout, namely, that prayer and practice go hand in hand. Worthy of note are the simple plans of prayer and helpful suggestions that will make the Catholics' progress in prayer easier and more beneficial. A clear and understanding style is used throughout.

A Primer of Prayer is not intended

for personal use only; it can be studied with benefit by priests and those devoted to teaching spiritual exercises. It is a thoroughly practical manual of prayer.

OUR LITTLE VATICAN-CITY COUSIN. By Mabel A. Farnum. L. C. Page & Co. \$1.00.

The Vatican holds a perennial charm for all Catholic children. They love to conjure up in their mind's eye the splendor of the palace of the Popes; to imagine the pomp and glory of St. Peter's and the regal dignity of the Pontiff.

Hence the present work *Our Little Vatican-City Cousin* by Mabel A. Farnum will have a peculiar appeal to children. In its pages we are introduced to the Grant family of Boston who are visiting in Rome. With them, accompanied by a small Italian youngster, a chance acquaintance of Richard Grant, we tour Rome, study St. Peter's, catch glimpses of the priceless treasures of the Vatican, and finally meet the Holy Father himself.

All in all the book will prove of great interest to children. Scattered throughout its pages is much valuable information about the history, the art and the policy of the Vatican. All this will be educational as well as entertaining. The book will do much to increase the interest of the young in Rome and the Vatican.

IT'S UP TO US, by James P. Warburg. Alfred A. Knopf, New York. \$2.00.

The success following on Mr. Warburg's first book—*The Money Muddle*—has moved him to bring out this second study of the economic situations. It is a potpourri of magazine articles, foreign correspondence of Colonel Knox, publisher of the *Chicago Daily News* and addresses delivered by the author before various groups. Mr. Warburg is principally concerned with inflation and regimented business and banking. He marshals his arguments against both in a very effective manner.

The author's purpose in the book is to arouse the citizen to evaluate the present condition of economics, and then, after having sized them up with some degree of certainty, to set about remedying them so far as he is able. The viewpoint of the author is predominantly material, as most people would expect the attitude of a Big Banker to be. The larger issues which confront the American people—such as the necessity of furthering the cause of social justice—do not appear to concern him. He wants business to be left alone, as it was before the New Deal, but he is honest enough to allow that unregulated methods of business might need some adjustment. His style is nervous and

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jumpy—characteristic of a man thoroughly acquainted with his side of the case, but not so conversant with the perfect whole. Apropos of his objection to the regimentation of business and production by order of government, it is somewhat disconcerting to read in *Harper's* for September that Warburg, when associated with the President and his secretary Raymond Moley, advocated the very thing which he criticises in this book. Mr. John T. Flynn impishly adds—"Warburg is now off the reservation. He is criticising the Administration for regimenting business. Perhaps someone can dig up that document to confound him."

HENRY FOR HUGH. By Ford Madox Ford. J. B. Lippincott, Philadelphia. \$2.50.

In a previous book, *The Rash Act*, the author told of the circumstances which led to the suicide of the wealthy Englishman, Hugh Monckton Allard Smith and those which forced Henry Martin Aluin Smith of Springfield, Ohio, to take his place in life.

In *Henry for Hugh*, Mr. Ford continues the story of the impersonation. He brings out very well the various difficulties with relatives, women and business affairs. The story is well told but is "spotty" in places. The too numerous coincidences detract from the convictions of the story.

Mr. Ford considers this his best work. Done in the modern manner with much self introspection by the various characters, it will have an appeal for those who like this type of writing. It is hardly the sort of book that will find a place on the best seller lists.

THE LITTLE BOOK ABOUT GOD, by Lauren Ford. Doubleday, Doran & Co., New York. \$1.50.

One of the hardest things is to be simple, especially to be simple when telling the story of Almighty God and His dealings with His creatures. Lauren Ford, however, had the gift of being

simple, for in this book she employs the best child psychology and presents the story of God and His creatures in a fascinating manner. Illustrations which tickle the eyes abound on every page. The story is brought down to the birth of Our Lord of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Those in charge of the training of children will find this little book a great aid in forming religious ideas in their plastic minds.

THE MASS OF THE WESTERN RITES, by Abbot Cabrol, O. S. B., B. Herder & Co., St. Louis. \$1.50.

Anything that Abbot Cabrol writes about the Mass is sure to be worthwhile. He is one of the foremost living authorities on the subject. This book is no exception to the general excellence of his work. He traces the growth of the liturgy of the Mass from the first century to the present time, but principally in so far as that growth refers to the Western Rites. He shows how various countries, as Africa, Spain, Gaul, and Great Britain, added to or subtracted from the original liturgy, and how distinct liturgical practices were introduced in Rome and Milan. There is also an interesting chapter on the liturgical uses proper to the different Religious Orders—as the Cuthusians, Benedictines, Carmelites, Franciscans,

and Dominicans. This variety among Roman Catholics in the manner of offering the Holy Sacrifice, is, of course, accidental, in no way affecting the substance of the Mass itself, but expressing more or less eloquently and beautifully the majesty and sublimity of the Eucharistic Offering. Many Catholics imagine that the only liturgy is that of the Roman Rite, as practised in the churches of this country. This book reveals how varied in accidentals the offering of Mass has been and still is. It explains the composition of the Mass, which to some minds seems to be without method of purpose, to those desirous of knowing more about it. Unfortunately, there is no index.

THE CATHOLIC MISSAL—A translation of the *Missale Romanum* for daily use. By Charles J. Callan, O. P., and John A. McHugh, O. P., 18mo. Gold edges, 1,248 pages. Illustrated. Bindings \$3.00 to \$7.00. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York.

It is gratifying to see the pains that publishers are taking in order to put into the hands of Catholics who really wish "to pray the Mass" a translation and arrangement of the Roman Missal which will be thorough and easily managed. There are many features about THE CATHOLIC MISSAL which are deserving of praise. The format is convenient, the appearance is handsome, the type is legible, and the arrangement is easy to follow. All the prayers and directions are in English except the Ordinary of the Mass, which gives the Latin and English in double columns. A distinct feature of this book is the marker for the Ordinary of the Mass, which springs the book open without being removed. All these features are certainly desirable, for the following of the Mass by the laity should be made as easy and speedy as possible—some of the clergy are so fast in celebrating it. There is also a fine explanation of the Mass and the appurtenances thereof in the beginning.

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UNCHARTED SPACES. By Monica Selwin-Tait. (\$2.10.) This is a novel that is emphatically and wholesomely Catholic. It is a book that will edify as well as interest. Rarely has the story of a conversion been so beautifully done in fiction. Priests, especially, will find the book particularly touching.

PRINCIPLES OF SOCIAL ECONOMY. By Valère Fallon, S.J. Translated by Rev. John L. McNulty and Bert C. Goss. (\$3.35.) This is a very valuable textbook, cogent, smooth and readable. Priests should read it, employers should study it, and those interested in political and labor questions will profit immensely from a perusal of its pages. As for the average reader, he will find it interesting and, despite the fact that it is a textbook, enjoyable.

PREFACE TO POETRY. By Theodore Maynard. (\$2.90.) A book of valuable information. It introduces one to the beauty and magic of poetry, and helps one to derive from poetry much that, perhaps, has been heretofore missed or unappreciated.

THE WAY OF THE CROSS FOR THE SICK. By Rev. John J. Croke. (\$1.10.) This splendid and inspiring little book is one that should be placed in every room and ward in every Catholic hospital throughout the land. With this book in the sick-room many an idle moment can be put to profitable use, and the long, weary hours of suffering can be immeasurably lightened and shortened.

WORTHWHILE BOOKS

CATHOLIC writers are producing many fine books from month to month, books that establish a viewpoint on the many questions of modern life; books that should not be missed by intelligent Catholics. **THE SIGN** has selected the works named below as some of the best examples of the Catholic literature being created today. To facilitate its readers in obtaining these books, **THE SIGN** is offering a new service. Simply send a card to **THE SIGN, Union City, N. J.**, for any of the books named below. Prices in parentheses include free delivery.

UNDER HIS SHADOW. By Francis Shea, C.P. (\$1.60.) There is an unction in these pages that cannot but warm the heart with love for Jesus Crucified. The author presents sublime thoughts in a striking and appealing manner. For priests, religious, or lay-folk.

NOW I SEE. By Arnold Lunn. (\$2.60.) Such a wholly delightful book must not be missed. It is just the book for your non-Catholic friends or for the prospective convert. As for the rest of us, none can read this book of "reasoned arguments which are the preamble to the act of faith" without enjoyment and edification.

THE LOVE OF THE CRUCIFIED. By Rev. Karl Clemens, C.S.S.R. Translated by Rev. John B. Haas, C.S.S.R., and Rev. Thomas W. Mullaney, C.S.S.R. (\$5.00.) This is a book that religious communities will find to be of great value. Priests will find in it much useful material for their own spiritual advancement and for use in sermons. Whether read aloud in public or privately this book should lead to a greater love for Jesus Crucified.

FISH ON FRIDAY. By Rev. Leonard Feeney, S.J. (\$1.60.) There is an indefinable charm and delicacy about these essays. It is a new, and at the same time, an ancient Catholicism which pulsates and inspires on every page. A delicious humor, shot through with a sort of painless theology, pervades each chapter.

ENID DINNIS' BOOKS

MR. COLEMAN, GENT	\$2.00
SHEPHERD TO WEEPINGWOLD	\$2.10
THE ROAD TO SOMEWHERE	\$1.35
ONCE UPON ETERNITY	\$1.60
GOD'S FAIRY TALES	\$1.60
THE THREE ROSES	\$2.10
TRAVELLER'S TALES	\$1.60
THE ANCHORHOLD	\$2.10
MYSTICS ALL	\$1.60
MORE MYSTICS	\$1.60
OUT OF THE EVERYWHERE	\$1.60

GREAT MAGDALENES. By Hugh Blunt, LL.D. (\$1.10.) Thrilling and dramatic stories of lives which have furnished material for many a scarlet page in the world's literature. Father Blunt describes a feature of their lives seldom dwelt upon—their return to God as humble penitents.

THE CROSS OF PEACE. By Philip Gibbs. (\$2.60.) This novel is not a novel in the ordinary acceptance of the word. Around the slender romance of Captain Armand Gatières' emotional life as portrayed in his relationship with two women the author has constructed an impassioned argument in the cause of world peace.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN. By J. Elliot Ross. (\$3.00.) Father Ross reveals Cardinal Newman no less great in his sanctity than in his intellect. His book might be appropriately regarded as a supplement to Edmund Sheridan Purcell's *Life of Manning*.

THE OXFORD MOVEMENT. By J. Lewis May. (\$3.65.) This is a layman's estimate of the history and future of the Oxford Movement. It cannot fail to engross the reader. There are two divisions. The first traces the Movement from its inception to the conversion of Newman; the second from that event to the present day, together with a glimpse into the future.

THE CHURCH AND SPIRITUALISM. By Rev. Herbert Thurston, S.J. (\$2.85.) A profound and thorough study of the subject of necromancy. When it comes to matters demanding careful research and scholarly study, Father Thurston, S.J., is unexcelled.

A WATCH IN THE NIGHT. By Helen C. White. (\$2.10.) This book nearly won the Pulitzer Prize this year. It tells, in romantic style, the life story of Jacopone da Todi. The rich prose of Miss White possesses a striking vitality and smoothness.

THIS OUR DAY. Approvals and Disapprovals. By James M. Gillis, C.S.P. (\$4.25.) The writings in this book have a timeliness that makes them worthy of present and future perusal. They are scholarly and forcible approvals or disapprovals of prominent issues in the contemporary politics, morals and religion.

THE GATES OF HELL. By Erik R. v. Kuhnelt-Leddihn. Translated by I. J. Collins. (\$2.65.) This is an amazing and a tremendous book. It is the first Catholic novel to treat of the present-day Russian scene. It is a highly dramatic story and an unforgettable picture of Middle Europe today.

Gemma's League of Prayer

GEMMA'S LEAGUE is an association of those who carry on a systematic campaign of intercessory and united prayer.

The Object: To bring the grace of God to others and to merit needed blessings for ourselves. In a very particular way to pray for the conversion of the millions of pagan souls in the Passionist Missions in Hunan, China, and to obtain spiritual comfort and strength for our devoted missionary priests and Sisters in their difficult mission field.

The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer and sacrifice.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly spiritual society. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist Missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular



BLESSED GEMMA GALGANI

SPIRITUAL TREASURY FOR THE MONTH OF DECEMBER

Masses Said	9
Masses Heard	34,066
Holy Communions	25,257
Visits to B. Sacrament	33,160
Spiritual Communions	143,421
Benediction Services	14,517
Sacrifices, Sufferings	51,519
Stations of the Cross	11,050
Visits to the Crucifix	76,725
Beads of the Five Wounds	12,092
Offerings of PP, Blood	104,378
Visits to Our Lady	110,150
Rosaries	33,155
Beads of the Seven Dolors	5,047
Ejaculatory Prayers	2,700,082
Hours of Study, Reading	26,298
Hours of Labor	36,844
Acts of Kindness, Charity	35,184
Acts of Zeal	48,070
Prayers, Devotions	357,420
Hours of Silence	33,695
Various Works	68,144
Holy Hours	332

money contributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle "for their spiritual and corporal works of mercy."

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Recently she has been beatified and we hope soon to call her Saint Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Ecl. 7: 39.) ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠ ✠

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

PIETRO CARDINAL GASPARRI
MOST REV. JOHN JOSEPH COLLINS, S. J.
RT. REV. MSGR. PATRICK W. SMITH
RT. REV. MSGR. LEGRIS, D. D.
VERY REV. JOHN P. MCCLANCY
REV. FRANCIS J. KENNEY
REV. WILLIAM J. DWYER
REV. ISRAEL J. MCGOVERN
REV. MICHAEL O'SHEA
REV. FR. KIEFER, S. J.
REV. LADISLAUS EZAPRAN
REV. LAWRENCE DUEMELER
REV. JOHN H. DOOLEY
REV. JOHN J. LEONARD
REV. MARTIN LYDON
MOTHER M. IRENAEA
SR. MARY JOHN
SR. M. PLACIDE
SR. M. REDEMPTA
SR. M. ALCUIN
SR. M. THELMA
SR. M. COLETTA
IDA MILLER
NICHOLAS ANDERSON
TINA HANAHAN
MISS HILLAN
TIMOTHY MC DONOUGH
J. B. WELCH
MISS HUSTEDDE

THOMAS P. FINNEGAN
GEORGE SWANTON
MRS. F. MAGNUSSEN
MR. J. J. DUFFY
EMMA FARR
PETER BURNS
JOHN J. CANNEY
MARGARET SHERMAN
MARGARET O'HANLON
JAMES CUNNEFFE
JOHN P. VAHEY
I. M. MCLOUGHLIN
JOHN M. CURLEY
JAMES GALLAGHER
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MARY SIPE
MICHAEL CLANCY
FRANK MCMAHON
KATE CARMODY
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LAWRENCE A. FAHEY
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MARY McDONALD
EDWARD MCCORMICK
MRS. FRED RACH
JEREMIAH HAYES

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

FOR CHRIST'S CAUSE:

≡ 3 SUGGESTIONS ≡

MISSION NEEDS



1 Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars.

STUDENT BURSES



2 Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

YOUR LAST WILL



3 It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest this special provision to be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

The above clause incorporated in your last Will and Testament will enable the Passionist Missions properly and legally to receive whatever bequest you may care to make for their benefit, and your generosity will be kept in spiritual remembrance.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., UNION CITY, N. J.

Where Put Your Money?

GET A LIFE INCOME

What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What determines the rate of interest?

The age of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

♦ ♦ ♦

When do payments cease?

On the death of the Annuitant.

♦ ♦ ♦

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?

By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?

Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

♦ ♦ ♦

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?

Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

♦ ♦ ♦

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?

No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

You can't take it
with you!

—

Will you hoard it
or spend it?

—

Give it away or
make a Will?

—

Why not buy Life
Annuities?

HELP CHRIST'S CAUSE

How can I get an Annuity Bond?

Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

♦ ♦ ♦

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

♦ ♦ ♦

What are its purposes?

Its purposes, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the education of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

♦ ♦ ♦

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. **PERMANENCE:** An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. **ABUNDANT YIELD:** The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. **SECURITY:** Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. **FREEDOM FROM WORRY:** Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. **ECONOMY:** There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. **STEADY INCOME:** The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. **CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST:** An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

For Further Information Write to

PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., *Care of The Sign*, UNION CITY, NEW JERSEY

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